



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

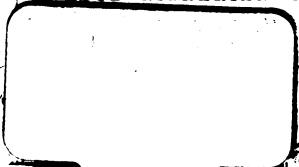
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



KR 1468
(2)



Bought with
THE INCOME FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
SAMUEL SHAPLEIGH,
(Class of 1789,)
LATE LIBRARIAN OF

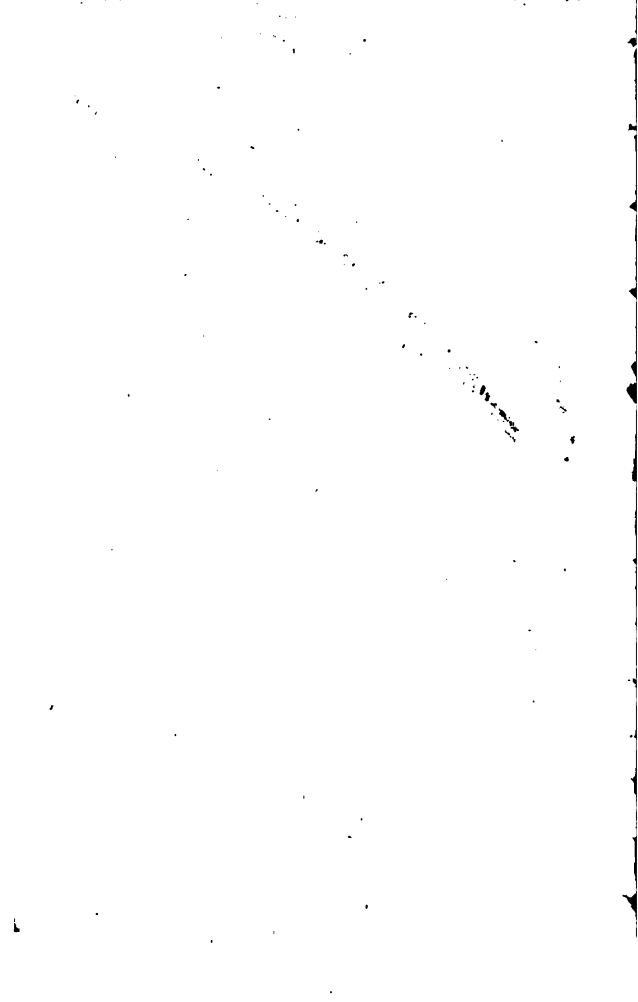




THE
HARP
of
Caledonia
VOL. II.



*At Barn or Byre thou shalt na drudge
Nor naething else to trouble thee
But stray among the heather bells
An' tent the waving Corn wi' me.*



THE
HARP
OF
CALEDONIA:
A COLLECTION OF
SONGS,
Ancient and Modern,
(CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.)

WITH
AN ESSAY ON SCOTTISH SONG WRITERS.

BY
JOHN STRUTHERS,

Author of the Poor Man's Sabbath, Peasant's Death, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

GLASGOW:

Printed by Knell, Blackie, & Co.

FOR ARCHIBALD FULLARTON, & CO. EDINBURGH.

Sold by John Smith & Son, James Brash & Co. Reid and Henderson,
M. Ogle, Wm. Turnbull, T. Ogilvie, and Wardlaw & Cunninghame,
Glasgow; Wm. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and
George Cowie & Co. London.

1821.

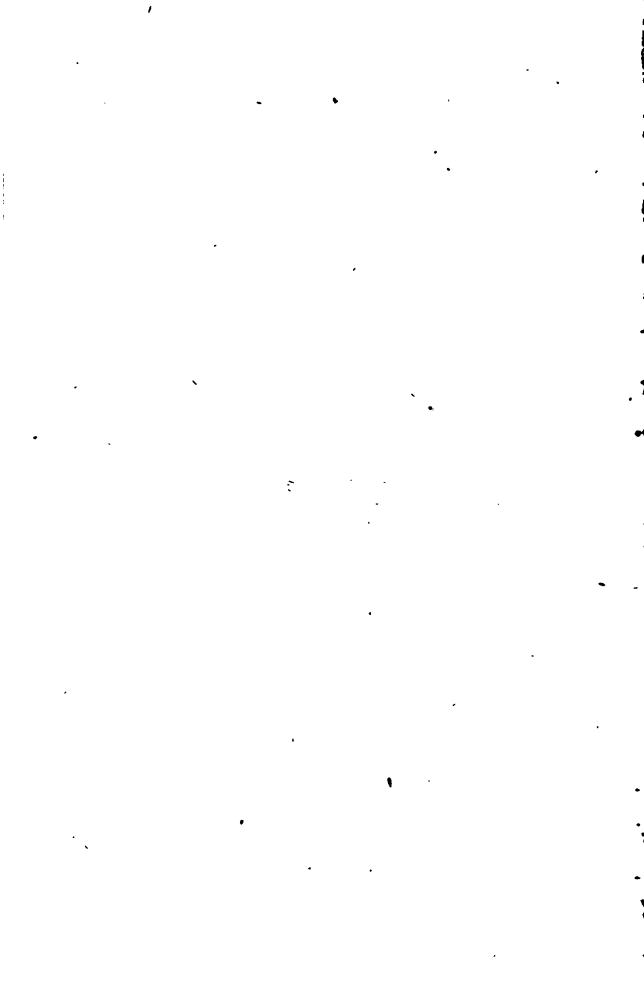
~~25263.12~~

KPC 1468 (2),

1860, May 12,

MICROFILMED
AT HARVARD

SONGS.



The Harp

OF

CALEDONIA.

PART I.

Lobe Songs.

BONNIE JEAN.

BURNS.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie:
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang e'er witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist'na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me!
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

SONG.

(ORIGINAL.)

AIR—"Ca' the ewes to the knowes."

O COME my love and let us stray,
Along by Kelvin's flowery brae,
The summer smiles, a' nature's gay,
Joy wings the hours fu' cheerie.

The day has lang to close his e'e;
The larks are in the lift sae hie;
The warblers frae ilk bush and tree,
Tune their sweet notes to cheer you.

And while we walk yon trees among
We'll hear the Cuckoo sweet and strong;
We'll hear the Mavis chaunt his song
Midst native scenes sae cheerie.

Sweet is the hour, O come away,
On wing the insect world are gay,
A' sporting in the sunny ray,
They hum and dance fu' cheerie.

Love dwells amid yon birken bowers;
There beauty paints the blooming flowers;
There pleasure fills the passing hours
When spent with thee, my dearie.

Tho' nature a' these sweets can gie,
Tho' midst these charms I roam sae free,
Thy smile is sweeter far to me,
For nane I lo'e sae dearly.

A.

LOVE SONGS.

SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *The muckin' o' Geordie's byre.*"

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

*Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare :
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.*

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is simplicity's child.
Awa, &c.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa, &c.

LOVE SONGS.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

Awa, &c.

SONG.

REV. J. NICOL.

TUNE—" *Bide ye yet.*"

WHILE some to distant regions sail
Thro' storms that on the ocean roar;
Or dye wi' blude the flowerie vale,
Where love an' pleasure reigned before;
Or, o' stern povertie afraid,
Their countless sums o' goud conceal;
I, joyfu', sing the bonnie maid,—
The bonnie maid I lo'e sae weel!

Did e'er the roses on the green,
Or lilies bath'd in mornin' dew,
Attract thy sight?—Then thou hast seen
Her dimplin' cheek's untainted hue!
The mornin' star didst thou e'er see
In skies, which not a cloud conceal?
Then thou beheld the sparklin' e'e
O' the sweet maid I lo'e sae weel.

My fleecie flock I'll tend secure;
My little orchard dress wi' care;
Wi' blushin' flowerets deck my bower,
A pleasant dwellin' for my fair!
O! wad she spend her days wi' me,
What joy, what happiness I'd feel!
The pleasure o' my life wad be
To please the maid I lo'e sae weel!

When day expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.*



SONG.

(ORIGINAL.)

TUNE—"From thee Eliza I must go."

O HELEN when I think on thee
 I feel that love's divine,
 Tho' others have ten thousand charms,
 They never can be mine.

I careless view their witching smiles,
 Tho' joy beams in ilk e'e;
 Nae smiles like thine can cheer my toils,
 For nane's sae dear to me.

Where'er I roam, where'er I stray,
 Thou'rt present still with me!
 Remembrance dear brings back the hours
 That I have spent with thee.

O Helen tho' thou'rt far frae me,
 Nae charms compare with thine;
 And could I get my soul's first wish,
 Thou ever should'st be mine.

A.

SONG.

REV. J. NICOL.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kain."

BLAW saftlie, ye breezes! ye streams, smoothlie murmur!
 Ye sweet scented blossoms deck every green tree!
 'Mang your wild-scatter'd flow'rets aft wanders my
 charmer,

The sweet lovely lass, wi' the black rollin' e'e!
 But round me let nature a wilderness seem,
 Blast each flow'ret that catches the sun's earlie beam,
 For pensive I ponder, an' languishin' wander,
 Far frae the sweet rose-bud on Quair's windin' stream!
 Why, Heaven! wring my heart with the hard hand o'
 Anguish?

Why torture my bosom 'tween Hope an' Despair?—
 Whan absent frae Nancy, I ever maun languish!—

That dear angel-smile shall it charm me nae mair!
 Since here life's a desert, an' pleasure's a dream!
 Bear me swift to these banks, which are ever my theme,
 Where mild as the mornin' at simmer's returnin',
 Blooms the sweet, lovely rose-bud on Quair's windin'
 stream.



MARY, THE MAID O' MONTROSE.

LAING.

TUNE—"O tell me the way for to woo."

O SWEET is the calm dewy gloaming,
 When saftly by Rossie-wood brae,
 The merle an' mavis are hymning
 The e'en o' the lang summer's day:
 An' sweet are the moments, when o'er the blue ocean,
 The broad moon arising in majesty glows;
 An' I, breathing over ilk tender emotion
 Wi' my lovely Mary, the maid o' Montrose.

The fopling sae fine an' sae airy,
 Sae fondly in love wi' himsel',
 Is proud wi' his ilka new dearie,
 To shine at the fair an' the ball.

But gie me the grove where the broom's yellow blossom,
 Waves o'er the white lily, an' red smiling rose,
 An' ae bonnie lassie to lean on my bosom,
 My ain lovely Mary, the maid o' Montrose.

O what is the hale world's treasure,
 Gin nane o' its pleasures we prove,
 An' where can we taste o' true pleasure
 Gin no wi' the lassie we love.

O sweet are the smiles an' the dimples o' beauty,
 Where lurking the loves an' the graces repose,
 An' sweet is the form an' the air o' the pretty,
 But sweeter is Mary, the maid o' Montrose.

O Mary, 'tis nae for thy beauty,
 Tho' few are sae bonnie as thee:

O Mary, 'tis nae for thy beauty,
 Tho' handsome as woman can be,

The rose bloom is gane, when the chill autumn's low'ring;
 The aik's lovely form, when the wild winter blows:
 But the charms o' thy mind are the ties mair enduring—
 These bind me to Mary, the maid o' Montrose.



SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Oran-gail."

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
 Sever'd from thee can I survive?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part.

I'll often greet this surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail:
 "E'en here I took the last farewell;
 "There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While fitting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
 Happy thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be!
 While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me.



SONG.

REV. J. NICOL.

TUNE—"Oran-gaol."

THE eastern clouds war' fring'd wi' goud,
 The lavrock hail'd the risin' day,
 Thro' fragrant birks the burnie row'd,
 Whar' pensively I took my way:
 There sweet as flowers that prank the lawn,
 Blythe as the bird that sings to bless ye,
 An'-mild an' blushin' as the dawn,
 Appear'd a bonnie, black e'ed lassie!

While on her lovely face I gaz'd,
 A' sorrow vanish'd frae my breast;
 An', wi' her peerless charms amaz'd,
 Her lilie-hand I gently prest;
 Then sigh'd: sweet maid! sure a' divine
 Maun be the charms that can surpass ye!
 Adieu to wealth, gin ye war' mine,
 My bonnie, bloomin', black-e'ed lassie!

I boast nae haughs nor hills on Tweed,
Wealth never made the shepherd vain;
I only heir this rustic reed,
An' feed a hirsel no my ain!
But if a heart that glows wi' love,
An' arms thus willin' to caress ye,
Hae onie charms thy mind to move,
Then come, my bonnie, black-e'd lassie!

I've learn'd to bear the simmer sun,
To brave the wearie, winter snaw!
My pennie fee, sae sairly won,
Shall keep thy beauties snod an' brow!—
Whan fortune's frown my heart alarms,
Clasp'd to my bosom I'll embrace ye!
An' lose my cares within thy arms,
My bonnie, bloomin', black-e'd lassie!

My flute shall mak' the woodlands ring,
An' echo answer to thy praise;
The speckled birds shall learn to sing
Thy beauties in their native lays!
Thy name shall fill the whisperin' gales,
Whan simmer forms a wreath to dress ye,
An' everie flower that gems the vales
Shall mind me o' my black-e'd lassie!

Come then, my Nancy! come away!
While youth and beauty grace your bower;—
These balmy flowers are fresh an' gay,
But chilly is the wintry shower!—
I'll bless the hour I saw ye here,
'Twill be my pleasure to caress ye!
Nae sorrow then will daur appear
Wi' thee, my bonnie, black-e'd lassie!

FAIR JENNY.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Saw ye my Father.*"

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
 That danc'd to the lark's early song?
 Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
 At evening the wild woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim, surly winter is near?
 No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known:
 All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

~~~~~

SONG.

TUNE—" *She rose an' let me in.*"

GIN living worth could win my heart,  
 Ye shou'dna sigh in vain;  
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,  
 Never to rise again.

My waefu' heart lies low wi' his  
 Whose heart was only mine;  
 And what a heart was that to lose!  
 But I maun not repine.

Yet oh! gin heaven in mercy soon  
 Would grant the boon I crave,  
 And tak this life, now naething worth,  
 Sin' Jamie's in his grave!  
 And see his gentle spirit comes  
 To shew me on my way;  
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,  
 Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear;  
 And oh! wi' what good will,  
 I follow wheresoe'er ye lead,  
 Ye canna lead to ill.  
 She said; and soon a deadly pale  
 Her faded cheek possest,  
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,  
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.



## SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—"The Quaker's wife."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,  
 Thine, my lovely Nancy;  
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,  
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,  
 There to throb and languish:  
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,  
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,  
 Rich with balmy treasure:  
 Turn away thine eyes of love,  
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?  
 Night without a morning:  
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,  
 Nature gay adorning.



SONG.

REV. J. NICOL.

TUNE—" *Could frosty morning.*"

WHEN love's pleasing passion, in life's cheerful morning,  
 First taught me to warble the name I ador'd,  
 Forth walk'd smiling nature, the landscape adorning,  
 And beauty and joy to the vallies restor'd:  
 With th' glow of fine feeling my bosom was swelling,  
 I thought love the source of each blessing below,  
 And wonder'd to hear sage experience telling  
 Affection was often the parent of woe!

In the maid of my heart, I more graces discover'd,  
 Than fancy e'er pictur'd in love's raptur'd hour,  
 And could I suspect, that such beauty e'er cover'd  
 A heart that ne'er melted with pity's soft power;  
 Love oft was my theme, and with pleasure she heard me,  
 And smil'd when I stole the sweet kiss from her mouth!  
 I hop'd, she design'd with her hand to reward me,  
 And crown, with her heart, my affection and truth!

But trust not in Beauty!—I found it deceitful!—  
 A swain, with whose fortune mine could not compare,  
 Saw the charms of my Nancy, and, ah! how ungrateful!  
 She left me, abandon'd to grief and despair!  
 Then coldly she told me, her former affection  
 Was friendship!—how cruel such friendship to me!  
 For now I must sigh at the sad recollection,  
 That love can the parent of misery be

## BANKS OF CREE.

BURNS.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,  
 All underneath the birken shade;  
 The village-bell has told the hour,  
 O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;  
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale;  
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,  
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!  
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,  
 His little faithful mate to cheer,  
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come! and art thou true  
 O welcome dear to love and me!  
 And let us all our vows renew,  
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.



## SONG.

REV. J. NICOL.

TUNE—"The lark was up," &amp;c.

COME, lovely maid! the balmy gale,  
 Breathes fragrance o'er the smiling vale;  
 The mavis, in his leafy bower,  
 Harmonious hails the evening hour;  
 The winds are hush'd in calm repose;  
 The silver moon resplendent glows,  
 And round, her trembling radiance throws:—  
 Come, then, where Quair's sweet waters rove,  
 We'll careless stray, and talk of love!

Why should my fair one eve fear,  
 When love and innocence are near?  
 No noxious dew, no stormy gale,  
 No prying eye to tell the tale,  
 No word severe, no footsteps rude,  
 Dare on our hallow'd haunts intrude,  
 Sacred to love and solitude.—  
 Come, then, where Quair's sweet waters rove,  
 We'll careless stray, and talk of love!

From thee, thou maid enchanting, flow  
 All, all the pleasures which I know;  
 And when my heart's to grief a prey,  
 Thy smile can banish it away.—  
 Oft have my vows, devoid of art,  
 And eyes, which ever truth impart,  
 Express'd the passion of my heart.—  
 Come, then, where Quair's sweet waters rove,  
 We'll careless stray, and talk of love!

Thy lovely image, in my soul,  
 Shall live, while round the seasons roll,  
 And Fortune's power shall be too weak  
 Affection's stronger bands to break.—  
 Whatever land I wander through,  
 Whatever dangers may ensue,  
 I'll only live for love and you!—  
 Come, then, where Quair's sweet waters rove,  
 We'll careless stray, and talk of love!

## ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

BURNS.

TUNE—"O'er the hills," &c.

How can my poor heart be glad,  
 When absent from my sailor lad?  
 How can I the thought forego,  
 He's on the seas to meet the foe?

Let me wander, let me rove,  
 Still my heart is with my love;  
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day  
 Are ay with him that's far away.

## CHORUS.

*On the seas and far away,  
 On stormy seas and far away:  
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day  
 Are ay with him that's far away.*

When in summer's noon I faint,  
 As weary flocks around me pant,  
 Haply in this scorching sun  
 My sailor's thundering at his gun:  
 Bullets, spare my only joy!  
 Bullets, spare my darling boy!  
 Fate do with me what you may,  
 Spare but him that's far away!

*On the seas, &c.*

At the starless midnight hour,  
 When winter rules with boundless power;  
 As the storms the forest tear,  
 And thunders rend the howling air,  
 Listening to the doubling roar  
 Surging on the rocky shore,  
 All I can—I weep and pray,  
 For his weal that's far away.

*On the seas, &c.*

Peace, thy olive wand extend,  
 And bid wild war his ravage end,  
 Man with brother man to meet,  
 And as a brother kindly greet;  
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales,  
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,  
 To my arms their charge convey,  
 My dear lad that's far away.

*On the seas, &c.*

TO MISS MARY R——, BRAES OF ANGUS.

LAING.—(ORIGINAL.)

TUNE—" *My only Jo and dearie, O.*"

My early love I canna rue,  
 My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O!  
 I ne'er will break the bosom vow,  
 Is plighted to my dearie O!  
 A fairer form I canna see,  
 A fairer face there canna be,  
 Nane bears a heart sae leal as thee,  
 My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O!

Thy form's the pine in brushwood bower,  
 My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O!  
 Thy mien the modest daisy flower,  
 Among the braes sae briery, O!  
 Thy hair, the glossy fallin' stream,  
 Thy brow, the milky river feam,  
 Thy cheek, the rosy morning beam,  
 My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O!

I ne'er made love to ane but thee,  
 My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O!  
 Thou ne'er own'd love to ane but me,  
 My ain, my only dearie, O!  
 My morn o' love—the morn o' thine,  
 And a' our happy days sinsyne,  
 The roll o' memory canna tine,  
 My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O!

While morning lifts his gowden eye,  
 An' glints o'er a' sae cheery, O!  
 While e'enin' veils the face o' day,  
 And starnies gild the carry, O!  
 My early love—my bosom vow,  
 My plighted faith, I'll never rue,  
 But live in love and bliss wi' you,  
 My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O!



## O BONNIE BUDS YON BIRKEN TREE.

(ORIGINAL.)

TUNE—" *The mill mill O.*"

O BONNIE buds yon birken tree,  
 The western breeze perfuming;  
 And saftly smiles yon sunny brae,  
 Wi' gowans gayly blooming.  
 But sweeter than yon birken tree,  
 Or gowans gayly blooming,  
 Is she, in blushing modesty,  
 Wha meets me there at gloaming.

O happy! happy, there yestreen,  
 In mutual transport ranging,  
 Among these lovely scenes, unseen  
 Our vows of love exchanging,  
 The moon with clear unclouded face,  
 Seem'd bending to behold us,  
 And breathing birks, with soft embrace,  
 Most kindly to enfold us.

We bade each tree record our vows—  
 And each surrounding mountain,  
 With every star on high that glows  
 From light's o'erflowing fountain.  
 —But gloaming grey bedims the vale,  
 On day's bright beam encroaching;  
 With rapture once again I hail  
 The trysting hour approaching.

Z.

## SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Onagh's Water-fall.*"

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,  
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching  
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.

Her smiling sae wyling,  
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto thsee rosy lips to grow:  
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,  
 When first her bonnie face I saw,  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;  
 Her pretty ankle is a spy  
 Betraying fair proportion,  
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.  
 Sae warming, sae charming,  
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;  
 Ilk feature—auld nature  
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair:  
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,  
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
 And gaudy shew at sunny noon;  
 Gie me the lonely valley,  
 The dewy eve, and rising moon  
 Fair beaming, and streaming,  
 Her silver light the boughs amang;  
 White falling, recalling,  
 The amorous thrush concludes her sang:  
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove  
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

## SAW YE MY PHELY.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *When she cam ben she bobbitt.*"

O saw ye my dear, my Phely?  
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely?  
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,  
 She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?  
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely?  
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,  
 And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!  
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!  
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,  
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.



## SONG.

TUNE—" *Yellow hair'd Laddie.*"

ON Whitsunday morning  
 I went to the fair;  
 My yellow-hair'd laddie  
 Was selling his ware;  
 He gied me sic a blythe blink  
 With his bonny black e'e,  
 And a dear blink, and a fair blink  
 It was unto me.

I wist not what ail'd me  
 When my laddie came in,  
 The little wee starnies  
 Flew aye frae my een;  
 And the sweat it dropt down  
 Frae my very ee-brie,  
 And my heart play'd ay  
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

I wist not what ail'd me,  
 When I went to my bed,  
 I tossed and tumbled,  
 And sleep frae me fled.  
 Now, its sleeping and waking  
 He's aye in my e'e,  
 And my heart play'd aye  
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.



SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Could Kail in Aberdeen.*"

How long and dreary is the night,  
 When I am frae my dearie;  
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

*For oh, her lanely nights are lang;  
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;  
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,  
 That's absent frae her dearie.*

When I think on the lightsome days  
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;  
 And now what seas between us roar,  
 How can I be but eerie?

*For oh, &c.*

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;  
 The joyless day how dreary!  
 It was nae sae ye glinted by,  
 When I was wi' my dearie.

*For oh, &c.*



## THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

BURNS.

TUNE—"De'il tak the Wars."

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature;  
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,  
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature  
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy;  
 Now thro' the leafy woods,  
 And by the reeking floods,  
 Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly, stray;  
 The lintwhite in his bower  
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;  
 The lav'rock to the sky  
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,  
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' the morning,  
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,  
 Nature gladdening and adorning;  
 Such to me my lovely maid.

When absent frae my fair,  
 The murky shades o' care  
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky;  
 But when, in beauty's light,  
 She meets my ravish'd sight,  
 When through my very heart  
 Her beaming glories dart;  
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

~~~~~  
 THE RIVAL.

WYCHERLY.

Of all the torments, all the care,
 By which our lives are curst,
 Of all the sorrows that we bear,
 A rival is the worst.
 By partners in another kind
 Afflictions easier grow;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions in our woe.

Sylvia, for all the griefs you see,
 Arising in my breast,
 I beg not that you'd pity me,
 Would you but slight the rest.
 Howe'er severe your rigours are,
 Alone with them I'd cope;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *My Lodging is on the cold ground.*"

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,  
 The primrose banks how fair:  
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,  
 And wave thy flaxen hair,

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,  
 And o'er the cottage sings;  
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string  
 In lordly lighted ha':  
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,  
 Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey  
 Our rustic dance with scorn;  
 But are their hearts as light as ours  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen  
 In shepherd's phrase will woo:  
 The courtier tells a finer tale,  
 But is his heart as true!

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck  
 That spotless breast o' thine:  
 The courtiers' gems may witness love—  
 But 'tis na love like mine.



### YOUNG ROGER OF THE MILL:

*This and the following four Songs are inserted as specimens  
 of what may properly be denominated English.*

YOUNG Roger of the mill,  
 One morning very soon,  
 Put on his best apparel,  
 New hose and clouted shoon;  
 And he a wooing came  
 To bonnie buxome Nell,  
 Dear lass, cries he, coud'st fancy me,  
 I like thee wondrous well.

My horses I have drest,  
 And gi'en them corn and hay,  
 Put on my best apparel;  
 And having come this way,  
 Let's sit and chat a while  
 With thee, my bonnie Nell,  
 Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,  
 I'se like thy person well.

Young Roger, you're mistaken,  
 The damsel then reply'd,  
 I'm not in such a haste  
 To be a ploughman's bride;  
 Know, I then live in hopes  
 To marry a farmer's son:  
 If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go;  
 Sweet mistress, I have done.

Your horses you have drest,  
 Good Hodge, I hear you say,  
 Put on your best apparel,  
 And being come this way,  
 Come sit and chat a while.  
 O no indeed, not I,  
 I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prat,  
 I've other fish to fry.

Go take your farmer's son,  
 With all my honest heart;  
 What tho' my name be Roger,  
 That goes at plough and cart!  
 I need not tarry long,  
 I soon may gain a wife;  
 There's buxome Joan, it is well known,  
 She loves me as her life.

Pray, what of buxome Joan?  
 Can't I please you as well?  
 For she has ne'er a penny,  
 And I am buxome Nell,



And I have fifty shillings:  
 (The money made him smile:)  
 Oh, then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,  
 And chat with thee a while.

Within the space of half an hour  
 This couple a bargain struck,  
 Hoping that with their money,  
 They both would have good luck.  
 To your fifty I have forty,  
 With which a cow we'll buy;  
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,  
 Then who but you and I?



### OH! WHAT A PLAGUE IS LOVE.

*This Song is mentioned by the milk-woman in Walton's Complete Angler, Printed at London, 1653, and was then, in all probability, an old Song.—The Answer is modern.*

O WHAT a plague is love,  
 I cannot bear it;  
 She will unconstant prove,  
 I greatly fear it;  
 It so torments my mind,  
 That my heart faileth;  
 She wavers with the wind,  
 As a ship saileth;  
 Please her the best I may,  
 She loves still to gainsay,  
 Alack, and well-a-day!  
 Phillada flouts me.

At the fair t' other day,  
 As she pass'd by me,  
 She look'd another way,  
 And wou'd not spy me.

I woo'd her for to dine,  
 But cou'd not get her;  
 Dick had her to the Vine,  
 He might entreat her.  
 With Daniel she did dance,  
 On me she wou'd not glance;  
 Oh, thrice unhappy chance!  
 Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,  
 Do not disdain me;  
 I am my mother's joy;  
 Sweet, entertain me.  
 I shall have when she dies,  
 All things that's fitting;  
 Her poultry, and her bees,  
 And her goose sitting;  
 A pair of mattress beds,  
 A barrel full of shreds;  
 And yet, for all these goods,  
 Phillada flouts me.

I often heard her say,  
 That she lov'd posies;  
 In the last month of May  
 I gave her roses,  
 Cowslips, and gilly-flowers,  
 And the sweet lily,  
 I got to deck the bowers  
 Of my dear Philly.  
 She did them all disdain,  
 And threw them back again;  
 Therefore, 'tis flat and plain,  
 Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream  
 All the year lasting,  
 And drink the crystal stream,  
 Pleasant in tasting:

Swigg whey, until you burst,  
 Eat bramble-berries,  
 Pye-lid, and pastry crust,  
 Pears, plumbs, and cherries;  
 Thy garments shall be thin,  
 Made of a weather's skin;  
 Yet all's not worth a pin.  
 Phillada flouts me,

Which way soe'er I go,  
 She still torments me;  
 And whatsoe'er I do,  
 Nothing contents me;  
 I fade and pine away  
 With grief and sorrow;  
 I fall quite to decay,  
 Like any shadow;  
 I shall be dead I fear,  
 Within a thousand year,  
 And all, because my dear  
 Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,  
 And in time take me;  
 I can have those as fair,  
 If you forsake me:  
 There's Doll, the dairy-maid,  
 Smil'd on me lately,  
 And wanton Winnifred  
 Favours me greatly;  
 One throws milk on my clothes,  
 T' other plays with my nose;  
 What pretty toys are those!  
 Phillada flouts me.

She has a cloth of mine,  
 Wrought with blue Coventry,  
 Which she keeps as a sign  
 Of my fidelity:

But if she frowns on me,  
 She shall ne'er wear it;  
 I'll give it my maid Joan,  
 And she shall tear it.  
 Since 'twill no better be,  
 I'll bear it patiently;  
 Yet, all the world may see,  
 Phillada flouts me.



# THE ANSWER,

BY MR. A. BRADLEY.

Oh! where's the plague in love,  
 That you can't bear it?  
 If men wou'd constant prove,  
 They need not fear it.  
 Young maidens, soft and kind,  
 Are most in danger;  
 Men waver with the wind,  
 Each man's a ranger;  
 Their falsehood makes us know,  
 That two strings to our bow  
 Is best, I find it so:  
 Barnaby doubts me.

'Tis I that shou'd despair,  
 'Tis you that slight me.  
 What tho' when at the fair  
 Dick did invite me;  
 Tho' Daniel with me danc'd,  
 You may believe me,  
 I often on thee glanc'd,  
 I'd not deceive thee;  
 I saw thee look awry,  
 I knew the reason why—  
 I can see with one eye,  
 Barnaby doubts me.

Thou young and silly boy,  
Do I disdain thee?  
Because thou'rt mother's joy,  
I'd entertain thee;  
Yet, wish I not her death,  
For ought she'd leave thee,  
Nor, when time stops her breath,  
Will I deceive thee,  
What care I for her geese,  
Or beds of carded fleece?  
Since this quite breaks my peace,  
Barnaby doubts me.

What tho' when I did say  
That I lov'd posies,  
You, in the month of May,  
Brought me sweet roses?  
You never shew'd the thing,  
That most wou'd please me;  
A gay gold wedding-ring  
Wou'd soon have eas'd me.  
I should not with disdain  
Have thrown it back again;  
I think 'tis flat, and plain,  
Barnaby doubts me.

Talk not of curds and cream,  
Pears, plumbs, and cherries,  
Nor of the crystal stream,  
Or bramble-berries:  
Most surely you forget  
Our wonted frisking,  
The cock'ril on the spit,  
And the pork grisking;  
With more that might be said,  
When I got dame to bed;  
Yet, oh! unhappy maid,  
Barnaby doubts me.

You say, whate'er you do,  
 Nothing contents thee;  
 I pray it may be so,  
 Whilst thou torment'st me:  
 I pine, and sigh, all night,  
 And wish for morrow,  
 I can have no delight,  
 I'm full of sorrow.  
 Oh! if I die, I fear,  
 Within a thousand year,  
 My ghost will make't appear,  
 Barnaby doubts me.

I knit thy worsted hose,  
 To save the penny,  
 But wou'd not spot thy clothes,  
 Like idle Winny:  
 Yet wanton Winnifred  
 You like much better:  
 Or Doll the dairy-maid,  
 If you cou'd get her.  
 Ungrateful Barnaby,  
 How can'st thou threaten me?  
 But I knew how 'twould be,  
 Barnaby doubts me.

The cloth I have of thine,  
 Wrought with blue Coventry,  
 Which thou gav'st as a sign  
 Of thy fidelity,  
 I'll give it back again,  
 To thee as token,  
 That by a perjur'd swain,  
 My sad heart's broken.  
 Oh! Barnaby, unkind,  
 Thou'lt quite distract my mind,  
 Too late, alas! I find,  
 Barnaby doubts me.

## SMIRKY NAN.

TUNE—"My Nannie, O."

AH! woes me, poor Willy cry'd,  
 See how I'm wasted to a span!  
 My heart I lost when first I spy'd,  
 The charming, lovely milk-maid, Nan,  
 I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze  
 Of dusky Roger's winnowing fan  
 Would blow me o'er yon beachy trees,  
 And all for thee, my smirky Nan,

The ale-wife misses me of late,  
 I us'd to take a hearty can;  
 But I can neither drink nor eat,  
 Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.  
 The baker makes the best of bread,  
 The flour he takes, and leaves the bran,  
 The bran is every other maid,  
 Compar'd with thee, my smirky Nan.

But Dick of th' green, that nasty lown,  
 Last Sunday to my mistress ran,  
 He snatch'd a kiss; I knock'd him down,  
 Which hugely pleas'd my smirky Nan.  
 But hark! the roaring soger comes,  
 And rattles tantara taran,  
 She leaves her cows for noisy drums;  
 Woes me, I've lost my smirky Nan.



## SONG.

MR. HENRY CAREY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,  
 There's none like pretty Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

There is no lady in the land  
Is half so sweet as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,  
And thro' the street does cry 'em;  
Her mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em;  
But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely;  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely;  
But let him bang his belly full,  
I'll bear it all for Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
The Saturday and Monday;  
For then I'm drest in all my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed,  
Because I leave him in the lurch,  
As soon as text is named;  
I leave the church in sermon-time,  
And slink away with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.



When Christmas comes about again,  
 O then I shall have money;  
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,  
 And give it to my honey:  
 And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,  
 I'd give it all to Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all  
 Make game of me and Sally,  
 And (but for her) I'd better be  
 A slave and row a galley;  
 But when my seven long years are out,  
 O! then I'll marry Sally,  
 O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
 But not in our alley.



## SONG.

*Altered from an old English one.*

BURNS.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

It was the charming month of May,  
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,  
 One morning, by the break of day,  
 The youthful, charming Chloe;  
 From peaceful slumber she arose,  
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,  
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

*Lovely was she by the dawn,  
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,  
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
 The youthful, charming Chloe.*

The feather'd people, you might see  
 Perch'd all around on every tree,  
 In notes of sweetest melody,  
 They hail the charming Chloe;

Till, painting gay the eastern skies,  
 The glorious sun began to rise,  
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes  
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.

*Lovely was she, &c.*



## SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Nancy's to the Greenwood," &c.

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows  
 Around Eliza's dwelling!  
 O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes  
 Within my bosom swelling:  
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,  
 And yet in secret languish,  
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,  
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
 I fain my griefs would cover:  
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,  
 Betray the hapless lover.  
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;  
 But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,  
 For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy voice I heard,  
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me;  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
 Till fears no more had sav'd me;

Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,  
The wheeling torrent viewing;  
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last  
In overwhelming ruin.



## DUET.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *The Sow's Tail.*"

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day  
When roving through the gather'd hay,  
My youthfu' heart was stown away,  
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, ay I bless the grove  
Where first I own'd my maiden love,  
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above  
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songster's of the early year  
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,  
So ilka day to me mair dear  
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose  
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,  
So in my tender bosom grows  
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,  
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,  
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye  
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,  
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,  
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,  
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour,  
Sips nectar in the opening flower,  
Compar'd with my delight is poor,  
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet,  
When evening shades in silence meet,  
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet,  
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,  
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;  
My thoughts are a' bound up in aye,  
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie!  
I care na wealth a single flie;  
The lad I love 's the lad for me,  
And that's my ain dear Willy.

## SONG.

BARTON BOOTH, ESQ.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,  
More fragrant than the damask rose,  
Soft as the down of turtle dove,  
Gentle as wind when zephyr blows ;  
Refreshing, as descending rains,  
To sunburnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun,  
Constant as gliding waters roll,  
Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;  
From every other charmer free,  
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,  
The dam the tender kid pursues,  
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers  
Of verdant spring her note renews ;  
All follow what they most admire,  
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,  
And vary as the seasons rise ;  
As winter to the spring gives place,  
Summer the approach of autumn flies :  
No change on love the seasons bring,  
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time with stealing pace,  
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;  
And marble towers and walls of brass  
In his rude march he levels low :  
But time destroying far and wide,  
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart  
 The gentle godhead can remove,  
 And drive him from the bleeding heart  
 To mingle with the blest above,  
 Where known to all his kindred train,  
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair the soul,  
 Twin-born from heaven together came:  
 Love will the universe control,  
 When dying seasons lose their name;  
 Divine abodes shall own his power,  
 When time and death shall be no more.



# CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

BURNS.

TUNE—"Roy's Wife."

CHORUS.

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?  
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?  
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,  
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?*

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,  
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?  
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—  
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?  
*Canst thou, &c.*

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear  
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!  
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—  
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.  
*Canst thou, &c.*

## MY NANIE'S AWA.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *There'll never be peace,*" &c.

Now in her green mantle blithe nature arrays,  
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,  
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;  
 But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;  
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
 They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,  
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,  
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',  
 Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,  
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:  
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
 Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

## SONG.

GAY.

ALL in the downs the fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board:  
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?  
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,  
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro;  
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:  
 The cord slides gently thro' his glowing hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)  
 And drops at once into her nest:  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!  
 My vows shall ever true remain,  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
 We only part to meet again:  
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
 They'll tell, that sailors when away,  
 In every port a mistress find:  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
 Thy skin is ivory so white;  
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,  
 Makes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn,  
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
 William shall to his dear return:



But, I, to gloomy cares a prey,  
 Pursue the windings of the glen,  
 To shun the beams of cheerful day,  
 And the gay haunts of happier men.

O wad the lass I darna name,  
 But deign ae kindly smile on me,  
 Spring yet might renovate my frame,  
 And light anew my languid e'e.

Then, O ! ye warblers on the tree,  
 How sweet wad be your melting strain—  
 But ae kind look she winna gie,  
 And a' your joys I view with pain. R. M'C.



### SONG.

BURNS.

Now spring has clad the groves in green,  
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers ;  
 The furrow'd, waving corn is seen  
 Rejoice in fostering showers ;  
 While ilka thing in nature join,  
 Their sorrows to forego,  
 O why thus all alone are mine  
 The weary steps of woe !

The trout within yon wimpling burn  
 Glides swift, a silver dart,  
 And safe beneath the shady thorn  
 Defies the angler's art :  
 My life was ance that careless stream,  
 That wanton trout was I ;  
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,  
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,  
 In yonder cliff that grows,  
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,  
 Nae rader visit knows,  
 Was mine: till love has o'er me past,  
 An' blighted a' my bloom,  
 And now beneath the withering blast  
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,  
 And climbs the early sky,  
 Winnowing blythe her dewy wings  
 In morning's rosy eye;  
 As little reekt I sorrow's power,  
 Until the flowery snare  
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,  
 Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,  
 Or Afric's burning zone,  
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,  
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!  
 The wretch whose doom is, "hope nae mair,"  
 What tongue his woes can tell!  
 Within whase bosom, save despair,  
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.



## BONNIE CHIRSTY.

RAMSAY.

How sweetly smells the simmer green!  
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry:  
 Painting and order please our e'en,  
 And claret makes us merry:  
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,  
 And wine, though I be thirsty,  
 Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,  
 Compar'd with those of Chirsty,

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,  
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,  
 How lightsome 'tis to hear the lark,  
 And birds in concert chanting?  
 But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,  
 I'm rapt in admiration;  
 My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,  
 And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,  
 I take the happy omen,  
 And aften mint to make advance,  
 Hoping she'll prove a woman;  
 But dubious of my ain desert,  
 My sentiments I smother;  
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,  
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,  
 His Chirsty did o'er-hear him;  
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,  
 But e'er he wist drew near him.  
 She spake her favour by a look,  
 Which left nae room to doubt her:  
 He wisely this white minute took,  
 And flang his arms about her.

My Chirsty!—witness, bonnie stream,  
 Sic joy frae tears arising!  
 I wish this may na be a dream!  
 O love the most surprising!  
 Time was too precious now for tank;  
 This point of a' his wishes  
 He wadna wi' set speeches bauk,  
 But wair'd it a' on kisses.

## O WERT THOU, LOVE, BUT NEAR ME.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Let me in this ae night.*"

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,  
 Far, far from thee, I wander here;  
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe  
 At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

*O wert thou, love, but near me,  
 But near, near, near me;  
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,  
 And mingle sighs with mine love.*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,  
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy;  
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,  
 Save in those arms of thine, love.  
*O wert, &c.*

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,  
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—  
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,  
 And say, that fate is mine love.  
*O wert, &c.*

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,  
 O let me think we yet shall meet!  
 That only ray of solace sweet  
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.  
*O wert, &c.*

## I LOV'D A LASS, A FAIR ONE.

MR. GEO. WITHERS, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1606.

I Lov'd a lass, a fair one,  
As fair as ere was seen,  
She was indeed a rare one;  
Another Sheba queen;  
But fool as I then was,  
I thought she lov'd me too,  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero lero loo.

Her hair like gold did glister,  
Each eye was like a star:  
She did surpass her sister,  
Who past all others far:  
She would me honey call,  
She'd, O! she'd kiss me too,  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero lero loo.

In summer time to Medley,  
My love and I would go,  
The boatman there stood ready,  
My love and I to row;  
For cream there would we call,  
For cakes, and for prunes too,  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero lero loo.

Many a merry meeting  
My love and I have had;  
She was my only sweeting,  
She made my heart full glad;  
The tears stood in her eyes,  
Like to the morning dew,  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero lero loo.

And as abroad we walked,  
As lover's fashion is,  
Oft as we sweetly talked,  
The sun would steal a kiss,  
The wind upon her lips  
Likewise most sweetly blew,  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero lero loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherrie,  
Her skin as white as snow,  
When she was blyth and merrie,  
She angel like did show:  
Her waist exceeding small,  
The Five's did fit her shoe,  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero lero loo.

In summer time or winter,  
She had her heart's desire,  
I still did scorn to stint her,  
From sugar, sack, or fire;  
The world went round about,  
No cares we ever knew,  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero lero loo.

As we walked home together,  
At midnight through the town,  
To keep away the weather,  
O'er her I'd cast my gown;  
No cold my love could feel,  
Whate'er the heavens could do,  
But now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero lero loo.

Like doves we would be billing,  
And clip and kiss so fast,  
Yet she would be unwilling  
That I should kiss the last.

They're Judas kisses now,  
Since that they prov'd untrue,  
For now, alas! she's left me,  
Falero lero loo.

To maiden's vows and swearing,  
Henceforth no credit give,  
You may give them the hearing,  
But never them believe;  
They are as false as fair,  
Unconstant, frail, untrue;  
For mine, alas! hath left me,  
Falero lero loo.

'Twas I that paid for all things,  
'Twas others drunk the wine,  
I cannot now recal things,  
Live but a fool to pine:  
'Twas I that beat the bush,  
The bird to others flew,  
For she, alas! hath left me,  
Falero lero loo.

If ever that dame Nature,  
For this false lover's sake,  
Another pleasing creature  
Like unto her would make,  
Let her remember this,  
To make the other true,  
For this, alas! hath left me,  
Falero lero loo.

No riches now can raise me,  
No want make me despair,  
No misery amaze me,  
Nor yet for want I care:  
I have lost a world itself,  
My earthly heaven adieu,  
Since she, alas! hath left me,  
Falero lero loo.

## THE PROMIS'D JOY

TUNE—" *Carle and the king come,*

*When we meet again, Phely,  
When we meet again, Phely,  
Raptures will reward our pain,  
And loss result in gain, Phely.*

Long the sport of fortune driv'n,  
To despair our thoughts were giv'n,  
But our odds will all be even,  
When we meet again, Phely,  
*When we meet again, Phely, &c.*

Now in dreary distant groves,  
Tho' we moan like turtle doves,  
Suffering best our virtue proves,  
And will enhance our loves, Phely.  
*When we meet again, Phely, &c.*

Joy will come in a surprize ;  
Till its happy hour arise,  
Temper well your love-sick sighs,  
For hope becomes the wise, Phely.

*When we meet again, Phely,  
When we meet again, Phely,  
Raptures will reward our pain,  
And loss result in gain, Phely.*

## FRAGMENT.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *The Caledonian hunt's delight.*"

WHY, why tell thy lover,  
Bliss he never must enjoy ?  
Why, why undeceive him,  
And give all his hopes the lie ?



O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,  
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme;  
 Why, why wouldst thou cruel,  
 Wake thy lover from his dream.



## MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Druimion dubh.*"

MUSING on the roaring ocean,  
 Which divides my love and me;  
 Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,  
 For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow  
 Yielding late to nature's law;  
 Whisp'ring spirits round my pillo  
 Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
 Ye who never shed a tear,  
 Care untroubled, joy surrounded,  
 Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;  
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw;  
 Spirits kind, again attend me,  
 Talk of him that's far awa.



## LOVE INVITING REASON.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—" *Cha mi ma chattel, na duskar mi.*"

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,  
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,  
 E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,  
 How lovely, and loving, and bonnie was she!

Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,  
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy ajee;  
 O! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and canny,  
 And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen?  
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee!  
 Can lap dogs and monkees draw tears frae these e'en,  
 That look with indifference on poor dying me?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,  
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;  
 O! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and canny,  
 And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah! shou'd a new gown or Flanders lace head,  
 Or yet a wee cottie, tho' ever sae fine,  
 Gar thee grow forgetfu' and let his heart bleed,  
 That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,  
 And dinna prefer your fleegairies to me:  
 O! as thou art bonnie, be solid and canny,  
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sawny,  
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,  
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie,  
 And aim at these bennisons promis'd to me?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,  
 And never prefer a light dancer to me;  
 O! as thou art bonnie, be constant and canny,  
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,  
 That slade awa' saftly between thee and me,  
 E'er squirrels, or beaux, or fopp'ry had power  
 To rival my love, and impose upon thee.  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,  
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;  
 O! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and canny,  
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

## THE ROSE IN YARROW.

TUNE—" *Mary Scot.*"

'Twas summer, and the day was fair,  
Resolv'd a while to fly from care,  
beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,  
I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow ;  
Till then despising beauty's power,  
I kept my heart my own secure ;  
But Cupid's art did there deceive me,  
And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive !  
No ransom take for Mary's slave ?  
Her frowns, of rest and hope deprive me,  
Her lovely smiles, like light, revive me.  
No bondage may with mine compare,  
Since first I saw this charming fair :  
This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,  
In nature's garden, has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,  
I'd ask to lie on Mary's breast ;  
There would I live or die with pleasure,  
Nor spare the world one moment's leisure ;  
Despising kings and all that's great,  
I'd smile at courts and courtiers' fate ;  
My joy complete in such a marrow,  
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,  
Contented still I'll wear my chain,  
In hopes my faithful heart may move her ;  
For leaving life I'll always love her.  
What doubts distract a lover's mind ?  
That breast all softness must prove kind ;  
And she shall yet become my marrow,  
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

## TAM GLEN.

BURNS.

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie;  
Some counsel unto me come len';  
To anger them a' is a pity;  
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fallow,  
In poortith I might make a fen';  
What care I in riches to wallow,  
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,  
"Guid day to you," brute, he comes ben:  
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
But whan will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minny does constantly deave me,  
And bids me beware o' young men;  
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;  
But wha can think sas o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten:  
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,  
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreén at the Valentines dealing,  
My heart to my mou' gied a sten';  
For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin  
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;  
His likeness cam thro' the house staukin,  
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry :  
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

~~~~~  
 THROUGH THE WOOD LADDIE.

RAMSAY.

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn ?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please ;
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' woods now are bonnie, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith evening and morning ;
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When through the wood, laddie, I wander my sell.
 Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
 When through the wood, laddie, well dance, sing and
 play.

~~~~~  
 AFTON WATER.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Yellow hair'd Laddie.*"

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,  
 Ye wild whist'ling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;  
 There, daily, I wander, as noon rises high,  
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valies below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;  
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented hirk shades my Mary and me.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.



## THE PENITENT.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—"The Lass of Livingston."

PAIN'D with her slighting Jamie's love  
 Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear;  
 Conceal'd within a green alcove,  
 The streamlet near—the streamlet near.  
 She pour'd the praises of the youth,  
 From faltering tongue—from faltering tongue,  
 Which now converted was to truth;  
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung,

Blest days when our ingenious sex,  
More frank and kind—more frank and kind,  
Did not their lov'd adorers vex ;  
But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.  
Repenting now she promis'd fair,  
Would he return—would he return,  
She ne'er again would give him care,  
Or cause to mourn—or cause to mourn.

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,  
Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,  
When he my yielding heart did gain,  
To own my flame—to own my flame ?  
Why took I pleasure to torment ;  
And seem'd too coy—and seem'd too coy ?  
Which makes me now, alas ! lament  
My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,  
Own your desire—own your desire,  
While love's young pow'r with his soft wing,  
Fans up the fire—fans up the fire.  
O do not with a silly pride,  
Or low design—or low design,  
Refuse to be a happy bride,  
But answer plain—but answer plain,

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,  
With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes,  
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,  
With sweet surprise—with sweet surprise,  
Some chance had led him to the grove :  
His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,  
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,  
I'm now reveng'd—I'm now reveng'd.

## BONNIE BELL.

BURNS.

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,  
 And surly winter grimly flies :  
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,  
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies :  
 Fresh o'er the mountain breaks forth the morning,  
 The evening gilds the ocean's swell ;  
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,  
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,  
 And yellow autumn presses near,  
 Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,  
 Till smiling spring again appear.  
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,  
 Old time and nature their changes tell,  
 But never ranging, still unchanging,  
 I admire my bonnie Bell.

~~~~~

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

RAMSAY.

JOHNNY.

Tho' for seven years and mair, honour should reave
 me,

To fields where cannons rair, thou needs na grieve thee :
 For deep in my spirit thy sweets are indented ;
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me,

NELLY.

O Johnny, I'm jealous, whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover ;
 And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart sairer,
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, Oh ! it wad grieve me
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye;
 Your blooming soft beauties first kindled love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
 And gin ye prove fause, to ye'er sell be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, ah! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid ice-sheughles hammer read gauds on the study,
 And fair summer morning nae mair appear ruddy,
 Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.



FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

BURNS.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake o' somebody.
 Oh-hon! for somebody!
 Oh-hey! for somebody!
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody !
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh-hon for somebody !
 Oh-hey for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not !
 For the sake o' somebody.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

Ask me not how calmly I  
 All the cares of life defy ;  
 How I baffle human woes,  
 Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,  
 You, like me, may cares defy ;  
 All the pangs the heart endures,  
 Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,  
 Feats of arms and drunken joys ;  
 I have pleasures more divine ;  
 Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than fools can know,  
 More than fortune can bestow,  
 Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,  
 Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,  
 Broken vows, and faithless hearts ;  
 Tell the wretch who pines and grieves,  
 Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,  
 More than folly can bestow ;  
 Wealth of worlds and crowns of kings,  
 Woman, woman, woman brings.

## MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED RED ROSE.

BURNS.

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June :  
O, my luve's like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I:  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luve!  
And fare thee weel a while !  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.



## THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

RAMSAY.

THIS is no my ain house,  
I ken by the rigging o't ;  
Since with my love I've changed vows,  
I dinna like the bigging o't.  
For now that I'm young Robie's bride,  
And mistress of his fireside,  
My ain house I like to guide,  
And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell, to my father's house,  
I gang where love invites me ;  
The strictest duty this allows,  
When love with honour meets me,

When Hymen moulds us into ane,  
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,  
 And to refuse him were a sin,  
     Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in my ain house,  
     True love shall be at hand ay,  
 To make me still a prudent spouse,  
     And let my man command ay;  
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,  
 The common pest of married life,  
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,  
     And breaks the kindly band ay.



## ADDRESS TO A LADY.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Lass o' Livingston.*"

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,  
     On yonder lea, on yonder lea;  
 My plaidie to the angry airt,  
     I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:  
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
     Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy beild should be my bosom,  
     To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
     Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
 The desert were a paradise,  
     If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
     Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;  
 The brightest jewel in my crown,  
     Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

## MY DADDY FORBADE, MY MINNY FORBADE.

RAMSAY.

WHEN I think on my lad,  
I sigh and am sad,  
For now he is far frae me :  
My daddy was harsh,  
My minny was warse,  
That gart him gae yond the sea:  
Without an estate,  
That made him look blate,  
And yet a brave lad is he :  
Gin safe he come hame,  
In spite of my dame,  
He'll ever be welcome to me.  
Love speers nae advice  
Of parents o'er wise,  
That hae but a bairn like me,  
That looks upon cash,  
As naething but trash,  
That shackles what shou'd be free.  
And tho' my dear lad,  
Not ae penny had,  
Since qualities better has he;  
Albeit I'm an heiress,  
I think it but fair is,  
To love him, since he loves me.  
Then my dear Jamie,  
To thy kind Jeanie,  
Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,  
To her wha can find  
Nae ease in her mind,  
Without a blythe sight of thee.  
Tho' my daddy forbade,  
And my minny forbade,  
Forbidden I will not be;  
For since thou alone  
My favour hast won,  
Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,  
 Nor without their leave  
 Gie my hand as a wife to thee;  
 Be content with a heart,  
 That can never desert  
 Till they cease to oppose or to be.  
 My parents may prove  
 Yet friends to our love,  
 When our firm resolves they see :  
 Then I with pleasure  
 Will yield up my treasure,  
 And a' that love orders to thee.



## SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Morag.*"

O WHA is she that loes me,  
 And has my heart a keeping?  
 O sweet is she that loes me,  
 As dew's o' simmer weeping,  
 In tears the rose buds steeping.

## CHORUS.

*O that's the lassie o' my heart  
 My lassie ever dearer ;  
 O that's the queen o' woman kind,  
 And ne'er a one to peer her.*

If thou shalt meet a lassie,  
 In grace and beauty charming,  
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
 Ere while thy breast sae warming,  
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming.  
*O that's, &c.*

If thou hadst heard her talking,  
 And thy attention's plighted,  
 That ilka body talking,  
 But her by thee is slighted;  
 And thou art all delighted,  
*O that's, &c.*

If thou hast met this fair one;  
 When frae her thou hast parted,  
 If every other fair one,  
 But her thou hast deserted,  
 And thou art broken-hearted,—  
*O that's, &c.*



### SONG.

DR. BYROM.

TUNE—"Alloa-house."

My time, O ye muses, was happily spent,  
 When Phebe went with me wherever I went;  
 Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast;  
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest:  
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,  
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!  
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,  
 I thought 'twas the spring; but alas! it was she!

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,  
 To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;  
 I was so good humour'd, so cheerful and gay,  
 My heart was as light as a feather all day:  
 But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,  
 So strangely uneasy as never was known;  
 My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,  
 And my heart, I am sure, it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,  
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,  
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,  
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear :  
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,  
And still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide ;  
Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain ?  
Peace then with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When lambkins around me would oftentimes play,  
And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,  
How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,  
When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime  
But now, in their frolics, when by me they pass,  
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass ;  
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,  
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see,  
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;  
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,  
Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head :  
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,  
Cry, Sirrah, and give him a blow with my crook :  
And I'll give him another : for why should not Tray  
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away ?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen !  
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green !  
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,  
The corn fields and hedges, and every thing made !  
But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,  
They none o' them now so delightful appear ;  
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,  
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both, all the wood thro',  
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too ;  
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,  
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet :



But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,  
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone :  
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,  
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?  
And where is the violet's beautiful blue ?  
Does ought of their sweetness the blossoms beguile ;  
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile ?  
Ah ! rivals, I see why it was that you drest,  
And made yourselves fine—for a place in her breast ;  
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,  
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps till my Phebe return !  
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn !  
Methinks, If I knew whereabout he would tread,  
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down  
the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,  
And rest so much longer for't when she is here,  
Ah ! Colin, old time is yet full of delay,  
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,  
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?  
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove,  
But what swain is so silly as to live without love ?  
No deity bids the dear nymph to return,  
Tho' ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.  
Ah ! what shall I do ! I shall die with despair !  
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

## SONG.

BURNS.

JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,  
 O'er the mountains he is gane;  
 And with him is a' my bliss,  
 Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luvie, ye winds that blaw,  
 Plashy sleets and beating rain!  
 Spare my luvie, thou feathery snaw,  
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep  
 O'er the fair day's gladsome e'e,  
 Sound and safely may he sleep,  
 Sweetly blithe his waukening be!

He will think on her he loves,  
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;  
 For where'er he distant roves,  
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.



## TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND.

EARL OF DORSET.

(*Written at sea, in 1665, the night before an engagement.*)

TUNE—"The topsails shiver in the wind."

To all you ladies now at land,  
 We men at sea indite:  
 But first would have you understand  
 How hard it is to write:  
 The muses now, and Neptune too,  
 We must implore to write to you.

For tho' the muses should prove kind,  
 And fill our empty brain:

Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,  
To wave the azure main,  
Our paper, pen and ink, and we  
Roul up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not every post,  
Think not we are unkind,  
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost  
By Dutchmen, or by wind :  
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.

The king with wonder and surprise,  
Will swear the seas grow bold,  
Because the tides will higher rise  
Than e'er they did of old.  
But let him know it is our fears  
Bring floods of tears to Whitehall stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know  
Our sad and dismal story,  
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,  
And quit their fort at Goree ;  
For what resistance can they find  
From men who've left their hearts behind ?

Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind :  
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,  
No sorrow we shall find :  
'Tis then no matter how things go,  
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,  
We throw a merry main ;  
Or else at serious ombre play,  
But why should we, in vain,  
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?  
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,  
And cast our hopes away,  
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,  
Sit careless at a play :  
Perhaps permit some happier man  
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,  
That dies in every note,  
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,  
For being so remote ;  
Think then, how often love we've made  
To you, when all these tunes were play'd.

In justice you cannot refuse  
To think of our distress,  
When we, for hopes of honour, lose  
Our certain happiness ;  
All our designs are but to prove  
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,  
And likewise all our fears :  
In hopes this declaration moves  
Some pity for our tears ;  
Let's hear of no inconstancy,  
We have too much of that at sea.



## SONG.

BURNS,

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume,  
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen :  
 For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,  
 A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,  
 And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave;  
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud  
 palace,  
 What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave !  
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,  
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;  
 He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,  
 Save love's willing fetters the chains o' his Jean.



## THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

CAMPBELL.

TUNE—" *Captain O'Kean.*"

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,  
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er :  
 O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd my true love,  
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?  
 What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd :  
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,  
 When bleeding and low, on the heath, she descri'd,  
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was stream-  
 ing,  
 And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,  
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,  
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war.

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight !  
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !  
 Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,  
 To cheer the lone heart of thy wounded Hussar ?

Thou shalt live, she replied : Heaven's mercy relieving  
 Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn.  
 Ah ! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving ;  
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return :  
 Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,  
 Ye babes of my love, that await me afar.—  
 His falt'ring tongue scarcely could murmur, adieu !  
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar.



## MY BONNIE MARY.

BURNS.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
 An' fill it in a silver tassie ;  
 That I may drink before I go,  
 A service to my bonnie lassie ;  
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;  
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the fern ;  
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
 And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are ranked ready ;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;  
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore  
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

## THE FAITH ON HER LIP I HAVE SWORN.

THE shadows of eve 'gan to steal o'er the earth,  
 To Eliza my heart I confess'd ;  
 Love sanction'd the moment to hope that gave birth ;  
 On her lip a soft kiss I impress'd.  
 I saw her warm cheek like heav'n's canopy glow,  
 When Aurora empurples the morn,  
 She loves me !—my faith let me never forego,  
 The faith on her lip I have sworn.

THIS bosom, tho' fervid with youth and with health,  
 In all else shall persuasion control ;  
 Bid me fly from the charm of ambition or wealth,  
 Or the joys of the bright sparkling bowl !  
 But Eliza, dear maid ! till in earth I'm laid low,  
 In my heart shall her image be borne :  
 While she loves me, my faith I will never forego,  
 The faith on her lip I have sworn.

~~~~~

 SONG.

BURNS.

FARE thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy :
 But to see her, was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Wha can say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Still my heart is in thy bosom,
Thou my first and only chosen.



MARY, I BELIEV'D THEE TRUE.

T. MOORE.

MARY, I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew,
A girl so fair and so deceiving.

Few have ever lov'd like me,
Oh! I have lov'd thee too sincerely;
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,
Alas! deceiv'd me too severely!

Fare thee well!—yet think a while,
On me, whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee:
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee,

Fare thee well!—I'll think of thee!
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken.

THE SIGH O' SWEET RETURN.

LAING.

TUNE—"Country Lassie."

WHERE low the winding Lemno fa's,
 An' flow'rets gem the infant year;
 An' where aboon surrounding shaws
 Finhaven's ruins rise in air,
 'Twas here o' luve I breath'd the sigh,
 An' there wi' Peggy by the burn,
 Ae night enfauld'd 'neath the brae,
 I hail'd the sigh o' sweet return.

Dear scenes o' rapture—doubly dear,
 Where luve is paid wi' luve agen,
 Where stounlins, for the hatefu' sneer,
 Wi' loupin hearts we meet at e'en;
 We hae nae mony words to say—
 But aften till the dawn o' morn,
 Below the scroggie Castle-brae,
 We breathe the sigh o' sweet return.

'Tis nae in a' the art o' praise,
 Tho' lovely woman lend her ear;
 'Tis nae to gie an' proffer braws,
 Tho' lovely woman wish to wear:
 Na, na,—the lowin' hours o' bliss,
 The silent tauk o' luve we learn—
 The balmy kiss—the fond embrace—
 The meltin' sigh o' sweet return.



THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

BURNS.

O HOW can I be blythe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;
 But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a',
 But I hae ane will tak my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
 And silken snoods he gave me twa;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will clead the birken-shaw;
 And my sweet babie will be born,
 And he'll come hame that's far awa.



SONG.

R. M'DOUGAL.

(ORIGINAL.)

TUNE—" *The banks of the Devon.*"

By Cart's gentle stream as I'm pensively straying,
 And mixing my moan with the flower-shaking gale,
 'Tis pleasant to see the young lambkins a playing,
 And cropping the blue bells that grow in the dale.
 But my thoughts ever wander awa to my Jamie,
 Now sailing afar on the wide spreading sea,
 The press-gang unfeelingly tore my love frae me,
 And left me to wander alane on the lea.

Though simmer's gay mantle bedecks the green mountain,
 Though the blackbird sings sweetly in ilka lone shaw,
 Yet weary I wander, the slow moments counting,
 My heart's wi' my Jamie who's far far awa.

The dew droukit primrose nae pleasure can gie me,
 The sang o' the gowdspink is tastless to me,
 Since the press-gang unfeelingly tore my love frae me,
 And left me to wander alane on the lea.

O calm be the swell of the blue curling billow,
 Saft be the breath of the sail-bending breeze,
 Waft hame my Jamie again to my pillow,
 Secure from the dangers and toils of the seas.
 For the rude shock of battle nae mair he'll need lea' me,
 The war's at an end, a' the nations are free!
 Then haste hame my sailor, my hero, my Jamie,
 To rove wi' your Jean on this flower cover'd lea.



ANNA'S URN.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,
 An angel's virtue's lay:
 Too soon did heav'n assert it's claim,
 And call'd its own away.
 My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
 Can never more return!
 What then shall fill these widow'd arms?
 Ah me! my Anna's urn!

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,
 Which, bless'd with her, I knew?
 Our hearts in sacred bonds entwin'd,
 Were bound by love too true.
 That rural train, which once were us'd
 In festive dance to turn,
 So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
 Now weeping deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
 She clasp'd me to her breast.
 "To part with thee is all my pain!"
 She cried, then sunk to rest!

While mem'ry shall her seat retain,
 From beauteous Anna torn,
 My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
 Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove
 Laments her murder'd mate:
 There Philomela, lost to love,
 Tells the pale moon her fate.
 With yew and ivy round me spread,
 My Anna there I'll mourn;
 For all my soul, now she is dead,
 Concentres in her urn.



YOUNG JOCKEY.

BURNS.

Young Jockey was the blithest lad
 In a' our town or here awa;
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the guad,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'!
 He roos'd my e'en sae bonnie blue,
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma;
 An' ay my heart came to my mou,
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, through frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
 An' ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he taks me a';
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

BEN JOHNSON.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that in my soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee,
 As giving it in hope, that there
 It would not wither'd be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me;
 Since when, it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.



WAE IS MY HEART.

BURNS.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
 Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me:
 Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
 And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures; and deep hae I loved;
 Love, thou hast sorrows; and sair hae I proved:
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O if I were, where happy I hae been;
 Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green:
 For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
 Wha would soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

SONG.

PARNELL.

WHEN thy beauty appears in graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
 At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my eye.

But when without art, your kind thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
 When it darts in your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
 Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride in our sex, she replied,
 And thus, might I gratify both I would do:—
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman to you.



SONG.

PARNELL.

My days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds, that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream?
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught,
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fixed upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines !
Ye swains that haunt the grove !
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds !
Ye close retreats of love !

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design ;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
To make fair Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair ;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
Is mixed with soft distress ;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.



TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

LOVELACE.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine ALTHEA brings
To whisper at the grates :
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye—
The birds, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When hearts and thoughts go free—
Fishes, that tinkle in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king :
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great shall be—
Enlarged winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my love am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.



SONG.

REV. THOMAS RUSSELL.

'Tis not a cheek that boasts the ruby's glow,
The neck of ivory, or the breast of snow;
'Tis not a dimple known so oft to charm,
The hands soft polish, or the tapering arm;
'Tis not the braided lock of golden hue,
Nor red'ning lip that swells with vernal dew;
'Tis not a smile that blooms with young desire,
'Tis not an eye that sheds celestial fire :
No, dearest, these are not the charms that move
My heart to fold thee in eternal love;
But 'tis that soul which from so fair a frame,
Looks forth and tells us 'twas from heaven it came.

THE FAREWELL.

REV. THOMAS RUSSELL.

ADIEU, thou darling of my heart,
Whom never more these eyes shall view !
Yet, once again, before we part—
Nymph of my soul again adieu.

Yet one kiss more ! this kiss the last
That I will ask or thou shalt give,
Though on my lips it dies too fast,
Shall always in my mem'ry live.

But then each tender thought of me
Blot out for ever from thy breast ;
Nor heed what pangs I feel for thee,
While with another *thou* art blest !

To *him*, whom heaven has made thy mate,
Thus, thus thy beauties I resign:
He boasts, alas ! a happier fate,
But not a purer heart than mine.

Yet let him make thy bless his care,
As I (thou knowest it) would have done ;
My love for thy sake he shall share,
My envy only for his own.



THE INVITATION.

RICHARDSON.

FAIR lady, leave parade and show,
O leave thy courtly guise awhile ;
For thee the vernal breezes blow,
And groves and flowery vallies smile :

For no conceited selfish pride
Corrupts thy taste for rural joy;
Nor can thy gentle heart abide
The taunting lip, or scornful eye.

Nor scorn nor envy harbour here,
Nor discord, nor profane desires:
No flattery shall offend thine ear,
For love our faithful song inspires.

When smiling morn ariseth gay,
Gilding the dew-drops on the lawn;
Our flocks on flowery uplands stray,
Our songs salute the rosy dawn.

When noontide scorcheth all the hills,
And all the flowers and herbage fade,
We seek the cool refreshing rills,
That warble through the greenwood glade,

But when the lucid star of eve
Shines in the western sky serene,
The swains and shepherdesses weave
Fantastic measures on the green.

O lady! change thy splendid state,
With us a shepherdess abide;
Contentment dwells not with the great,
But flies from avarice and pride.

The groves invite thee; and our vale,
Where every fragment bud that blows,
And every stream, and every gale,
Will yield thee pastime and repose.

A SLAVE to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.

O lay thy loof, &c.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof, &c.



O ONCE I LOV'D A BONNIE LASS.

BURNS.

O ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
 And ay I love her still,
 And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
 And mony full as braw,
 But for a modest gracefu' mein
 Her like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the e'e,
 But without some better qualities
 She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
 And what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
 Baith decent and genteel;
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart,
 But its innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul;
 For, absolutely, in my breast
 She reigns without control.



MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T,

*My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
 And gowden spraings sae rare upon't:
 But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
 My lord thinks muckle mair upon't,*

My lord a hunting he is gane,
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane,
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
 And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude,
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,
 Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,

There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass'
A lily in a wilderness.

My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns:
The diamond-dew in her e'en sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to mak him blest.

My lady's gown, &c.



AULD ROB MORRIS.

BURNS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows, and wale of auld men,
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine;
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay!
As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
The wounds I maun hide, that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express!



WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YOU

BURNS.

*O whistle an I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle an I'll come to you, my lad;
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad.*

But warrilly tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come nae unless the back yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back stile and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin to me,
 And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest ye care na for me,
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court nae anither, tho' jokin ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

O POORTITH CAULD.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *I had a Horse?*."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye !
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twerna for my Jeanie.

*O why should fate such pleasure have.
 Love's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?*

This world's wealth, when I think on,
 Its pride, and a the lave o't,
 Fie, fie, on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.

O why, &c.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray,
 How she repays my passion ;
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,
 She talks of rank and passion.

O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?

O why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate?
 He wooes his simple dearie :
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never mak' him eerie.

O why, &c.

DUNCAN GRAY.

BURNS.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 On blythe yule night, when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
 Look'd asklent an' unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
 Grat his een baith blear'd an' blin',
 Spak o' louping o'er a lin,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time an' chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die;
 She may gae to France—for me!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Meg grew sick—as he grew well,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief, a sigh she brings,
 An' oh! her een they spak sic things;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath:
 Now they're crouse and canty both,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.



YARROW BRAES.

• MURNS.

TUNE—"Galla Water."

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' Flo'e him better;
 An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla-water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
 An' tho' I hae na meikle tocher—
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla-water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands an' bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chieftest wauld's treasure!

SONG.

BURNS.

The last first Stanza was omitted.

TUNE—"Hughie Graham."

"O ~~can~~ my love were yon red rose,
 "That grows upon the castle wa',
 "And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 "Into her bonnie breast to fa'!
 "O! there, beyond expression blest,
 "I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
 "Seal'd on her silk-staft faulds to rest,
 "Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus light."

O were my love yon liliac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
 And I, a bird, to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing;

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

~~~~~

TRESSY.

WOOD.

(ORIGINAL.)

Of all the gay flowers on the Don blooming fair,  
 Young Tressy, alone, with fond transport I see;  
 She's the joy of my heart—she's the balm o' my care—  
 She's my ne'er failing fountain of goodness and glee.  
 O blest were the ~~moments~~ when first I met Tressy,  
 And blest was the smile that attracted my e'e—  
 More blest was the time when my ain dearest lassie  
 Confess'd the regard which she bears unto me.

Her return was not that of a soft flattering tongue,  
 That speaks of fond love when the false heart is free,  
 To feelings more noble her bosom is strung,  
 And the transport of truth fills her blue rolling eye.  
 O grant me! kind heaven, but health and my Tressy,  
 All else do thou deal as seems meet unto thee;  
 I ne'er can be poor when I ha'e my dear lassie—  
 She is wealth, she is fame, and contentment to me.



### I'VE BEEN COURTING.

I've been courting at a lass,  
 These twenty days and mair:  
 Her father winna gie me her,  
 She has sic a gleib of gear.  
 But gin I had her where I wou'd,  
 Amang the heather here,  
 I'd strive to win her kindness,  
 For a' her father's care.

For she's a bonnie sonsie lass,  
 An armsfu', I swear;  
 I wou'd marry her without a coat,  
 Or e'er a plack o' gear.  
 For, trust me, when I saw her first,  
 She gae me sic a wound,  
 That a' the doctors i' the earth  
 Can never mak me sound.

For when she's absent frae my sight,  
 I think upon her still;  
 And when I sleep, or when I wake,  
 She does my senses fill.  
 May Heaven guard the bonnie lass  
 That sweetens a' my life;  
 And shame fa' me gin e'er I seek  
 Anither for my wife.

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

HERE awa', there awa', here awa' Willie,  
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;  
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,  
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,  
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,  
 Whatever betide us, naught shall divide us;  
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,  
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;  
 Come Love, believe me, naething can grieve me,  
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.



BANKS OF FORTH.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray  
 The sun returning glads the day;  
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,  
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows,  
 The trees regain their verdant pride,  
 The turtle wooes his tender bride,  
 To love each warbler tunes his song,  
 And Forth in dimples glides along.

O more than blooming daisies fair!  
 More fragrant than the vernal air!  
 More gentle than the turtle dove,  
 Or streams that murmur through the grove!  
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,  
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring;  
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy;  
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S  
LAMENT.

BALOW, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:  
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,  
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.  
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
Thy father bred me great annoy.

*Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep*

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,  
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile:  
But smile not as thy father did,  
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;  
For in thine eye his look I see,  
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

When he began to court my love,  
And with his sugar'd words to move,  
His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,  
In time to me did not appear;  
But now I see that cruel he  
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth  
That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth;  
Let never any after me  
Submit unto thy courtesy:  
For, if they do, O! cruel thou  
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I was too cred'lous at the first,  
To yield thee all a maiden durst,  
Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;  
But quick as thought, the change is wrought,  
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I wish I were a maid again,  
From young men's flattery I'd refrain,  
For now unto my grief I find,  
They all are perjur'd and unkind:  
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,  
Witness my babe lies in my arms.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I take my fate from bad to worse  
That I must needs be now a nurse,  
And lull my young son on my lap,  
From me, sweet orphan, take the pap,  
Balow, my child, thy mother mild  
Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee.  
Nor pity her deserved smart,  
Who can blame none but her fond heart;  
For, too soon trusting latest finds,  
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,  
When he the thriftless son has play'd,  
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he  
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me:

But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine  
Make him eat acorns with the swine.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

But curse not him; perhaps now he,  
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee;  
Perhaps at death; for who can tell,  
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,  
By some proud foe has struck the blow,  
And laid the dear deceiver low.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I wish I were into the bounds,  
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,  
Repeating, as he pants for air,  
My name, whom once he call'd his fair;  
No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
But she'll forgive, though not forget.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,  
Then quickly to him would I make  
My smock, once for his body meet,  
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.  
Ah me! how happy had I been,  
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:  
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:  
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,  
God grant thee patience when they come;  
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,  
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

*Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

## JOCKEY SAID TO JENNY.

JOCKEY said to Jenny, Jenny wiltu' do't?  
 Ne'er a bit, quo' Jenny, for my tochergood;  
 For my tochergood, I winna marry thee.  
 E'ens ye like, quo' Jockey, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,  
 I hae seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh,  
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,  
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byre,  
 A stack before the door, I'll mak a ranting fire;  
 I'll mak a ranting fire, and merry shall we be;  
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockey, Gin ye winna tell,  
 Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel';  
 Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free,  
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.



## FEE HIM, FATHER, FEE HIM.

Saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,  
 Saw ye Johnny cumin.  
 Saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,  
 Saw ye Johnny cumin;  
 Saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,  
 Saw ye Johnny cumin;  
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
 And his dogie rinnin, quo' she,  
 And his dogie rinnin?



Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 For he is a gallant lad,  
 And a weel-doin;  
 And a' the wark about the house,  
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,  
 Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, mizzie,  
 What will I do wi' him?  
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back  
 And I ha'e nane to gi'e him.  
 I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,  
 And ane o' them I'll gie him;  
 And for a merk o' mair fee  
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,  
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
 Weel do I lo'e him;  
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
 Weel do I lo'e him.  
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en.



### WALY, WALY.

O WALY waly up the bank,  
 And waly waly down the brae,  
 And waly waly yon burn-side,  
 Where I and my love were wont to gae.

I leant my back unto an airt,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,  
 Sae my true love did lyghtlie ma.  
 O waly waly but love be bonnie  
 A little time while it is new;  
 But when its auld it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades awa' like morning dew.  
 O wherefore shou'd I bask my head?  
 Or wherefore shou'd I hame my hair?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,  
 The sheets sall na'er be fyked by me;  
 Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.  
 Marti'mas wind, whan with thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?  
 For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;  
 'Tis nae sic cauld that maks me cry,  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow town,  
 We were a comely sight to see;  
 My love was cled i' the black velvet,  
 And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I Kiss'd,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,  
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.  
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I mysel' were dead and gone!  
 Since my true love's forsaken me.

## THE ABSENT LOVER.

MISS BLAMIRE.

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?  
 What ails this wat'ry e'e?  
 What maks me ay turn as cauld as death,  
 When I tak leave o' thee?  
 When thou art far awa',  
 Thou'lt dearer grow to me,  
 But change o' fouk and change o' place,  
 May gar thy fancy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,  
 Just by yon spreading tree,  
 And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,  
 I'll ca't a word frae thee.  
 Syne I'll gang to the bower,  
 Which thou with roses tied,  
 'Twas there by monie a blushing bud  
 I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot  
 Whare I hae been wi' thee;  
 I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale,  
 By ev'ry burn and tree.  
 'Tis hope that cheers the mind,  
 Tho' lovers absent be,  
 And when I think I see thee still,  
 I'll think I'm still wi' thee.



## DONALD AND FLORA.

MACNEIL.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,  
 Careless of ought but play,  
 Poor Flora slipt away,  
 Sad'ning to Mora:

Loose flow'd her yellow hair,  
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,  
And thus to the troubled air,  
She vented her sorrow:

Loud howls the northern blast,  
Bleak is the dreary waste;  
Haste then, O Donald, haste,  
Haste to thy Flora.  
Twice twelve long months are o'er,  
Since on a foreign shore  
You promis'd to fight no more,  
But meet me in Mora.

Where now is Donald dear?  
(Maids cry with taunting sneer);  
Say, is he still sincere  
To his lov'd Flora?—  
Parents upbraid my moan;  
Each heart is turn'd to stone;  
Ah, Flora! thou'rt now alone,  
And friendless in Mora!

Come then, O come away!  
Donald! no longer stay!  
Where can my rover stray  
From his lov'd Flora?  
Ah! sure he ne'er could be  
False to his vows and me!  
Heavens! is't not yonder he,  
Comes bounding o'er Mora?

Never, O wretched fair!  
(Sigh'd the sad messenger,)  
Never shall Donald mair  
Meet his loved Flora!  
Cold as yon mountain's snow,  
Donald, thy love, lies low!  
He sent me to sooth thy woe,  
While weeping in Mora.

Well fought our valiant men  
 On Saratoga's plain;  
 Thrice fled the hostile train  
 From British glory.

But, though our foes did flee,  
 Sad was each victory!  
 For youth, love, and loyalty,  
 Fell far, far from Mora!

Here, take this love-wrought plaid,  
 Donald, expiring, said;  
 Give it to yon dear maid,  
 Drooping in Mora;  
 Tell her, O Allan, tell!  
 Donald thus bravely fell.  
 And that in his last farewell  
 He thought on his Flora!

Mute stood the trembling fair,  
 Speechless with wild despair!  
 Striking her bosom bare,  
 She sigh'd, Poor Flora!  
 Oh Donald!—well-a-day!—  
 Flora no more could say;  
 At length the sound died away  
 For ever in Mora!



### SONG.

J. BROWN.

SINCE my uncle's dead I've lads enew,  
 Wha never came before to woo,  
 But to the laddie I'll be true,  
 That lo'ed me first o' onie, O,  
 I've lads enew since I gat gear,  
 Before, my price wad never spier,  
 But there's nane to me is half sae dear,  
 As my true lover Johnnie, O.

O weel I mind me o' the time,  
 Whan they did laugh at me and mine,  
 But I'll pay them back in their ain coin,  
     And show them I lo'e Johnnie, O;  
 I'll ne'er forget the youthfu' days,  
 Whan I hae oft been gath'ren aces,  
 And rowin' in the breckan braes,  
     Wi' the flower o' Caledonia.

The laird comes in an' tells my dad,  
 Says surely I am growing mad,  
 And tells my mam, I lo'e a lad  
     That's neither rich nor bonnie, O.  
 The laird is but a silly gowk,  
 For tho' my Johnnie hae nae stock,  
 He is the flower o' a' the flock,  
     And the pride o' Caledonia.

And now my wedding day is set,  
 Nae langer I will hae the pett,  
 But pleasantly I'll pay the debt,  
     I've lang been awn to Johnnie, O.  
 The fiddler now cast aff your coat,  
 We'll dance a reel upo' the spot,  
 Gie's Jockie made a wedding o't,  
     Or snod your Cockernonie, O.

Now laddies hand your lassies til't,  
 And lassies a' your coaties kilt,  
 And we shall hae a hearty lilt,  
     Since I hae got my Johnnie, O.  
 I've got my Johnnie hard and fast,  
 Tho' monie frowns between us past,  
 But now I hae him safe at last,  
     May peace crown Caledonia !

## SONG.

YE flow'rs that so lately, fresh blooming and gay,  
 With blossoms of gold, did my cottage adorn,  
 I behold you now languish, and droop, and decay,  
 And my bosom with grief and with anguish is torn.

O bloom still, and flourish, lest Fate from my mind,  
 Or misfortune, should cause the remembrance to flee,  
 Of the lily-white hand, and the heart warm and kind  
 Of Anna, who brought you from Ednam to me.

Say, what must I do to preserve your fair hue?  
 No flow'rets were e'er so much lov'd or so dear;  
 Shall I warm you with sighs? Shall I often bedew  
 Your petals and soft downy leaves with a tear?

Ah, no! 'tis in vain; you are ceasing to bloom,  
 Your fragrance is fled, and your bright tints decay;  
 Faithful emblems of me, thus my old age will come;  
 Thus my youth and its raptures will vanish away.

But old age may come, and youth's raptures may flee;  
 Fate combine with misfortune to sadden my heart;  
 O Anna, my friend! the remembrance of thee  
 Shall never, till death, from my bosom depart.



## COME AWA' WI' ME, JENNY.

O COME awa', come awa',  
 Come awa' wi' me, Jenny;  
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane  
 Whase smiles anes ravish'd me, Jenny.  
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find  
 That aught sall alter me, Jenny;  
 or you're the mistress of my mind,  
 Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart  
 You seem'd to favour me, Jenny;  
 But now, alas ! you act a part  
 That speaks unconstancy, Jenny.  
 Unconstancy is sic a vice,  
 'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny;  
 It suits not with your virtue nice  
 To carry sae to me, Jenny.



THE ANSWER.

HAUD AWA' FRAE ME DONALD.

O HAUD awa', haud awa',  
 Haud awa' frae me, Donald;  
 Your heart is made o'er large for aye,  
 It is not meet for me, Donald;  
 Some fickle mistress thou may'st find  
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;  
 To ilka twain she will prove kind,  
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething such,  
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald;  
 I'll ne'er love monie—I'll love much,  
 I hate all levity, Donald.  
 Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend  
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;  
 For words of falsehood ill defend,  
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own  
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;  
 Apparent worth and fair renown  
 Made me believe you true, Donald.  
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn  
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald;  
 But now the mask fallen aff, I scorn  
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.



And now, for ever, haud awa',  
 Haud awa' from me, Donald;  
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,  
 And come nae mair to me, Donald;  
 For I'll reserve mysel' for ane,  
 For ane that's liker me, Donald;  
 If sic a ane I canna find,  
 I'll ne'er lo'e man nor thee, Donald.

Then I'm the man, and false report  
 Has only tald a lie, Jenny;  
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,  
 The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.  
 When this ye prove, and still can love,  
 Then come awa' wi' me, Donald:  
 I'm weel content, ne'er to repent  
 That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.



## OCH HEY, JOHNNY LAD.

TANNAHILL.

Och hey, Johnny lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye soud ha'e been,  
 Och hey, Johnny lad!  
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.  
 I waited lang beside the wood,  
 Sae wae an' weary a' my lane;  
 Och hey, Johnny lad!  
 It was a waefu' night yestreen.

I looked by the whinny knowe,  
 I looked by the firs sae green,  
 I looked o'er the spunkie howe,  
 An' ay I thought ye wad hae been.  
 The ne'er a supper crost my craig,  
 The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een,  
 Och hey, Johnny lad!  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye soud hae been.

Gin ye war waitin' by the wood,  
 Its I was waitin' by the thorn,  
 I thought it was the place we set,  
 An' waited maist till dawning morn,  
 But be nae vex, my bonnie lass,  
 Let my waiting stan' for thine;  
 We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,  
 An' steek the joys we tint yestreen.



### KATE OF BOGIE.

R. HATRICK.

TUNE—" *Could Kail in Aberdeen.*"

THE night had gently edg'd away  
 Behind the western ocean,  
 And beaming morn's impurpl'd ray,  
 Gave nature fresh emotion.

The rake who shuns the light of day,  
 Had finish'd his last cogie,  
 When through the fields I hied away,  
 The bonnie haughs o' Bogie.

The lazy mist o'erspread the lawn,  
 The cottage, and the palace,  
 Till by the orient breezes blawn,  
 Frae Bogie's fertile vallies.

There I espied beside a tree,  
 With her pipe, her crook, and dogie,  
 Tending sheep with rural glee,  
 My Kate, the pride of Bogie.

Her face was of the fairest hue,  
 With ilka grace adorning;  
 Like roses blushing in the dew,  
 When Phœbus sheds the morning.

She, all unconscious, void of guile,  
 Nor sour, nor idly vogie;  
 Would condescending, sweetly smile  
 On a' the swains o' Bogie.

The birds were chaunting 'midst the bowers,  
 Ilk to its loving marrow;  
 While she attun'd her vocal pow'rs,  
 To sing of Tweed and Yarrow.

When thus her charms giv' true delight,  
 May ill befa' the roguie  
 Who in his bosom carries spite,  
 Or guile to Kate o' Bogie.

Were I as rich as I am poor,  
 I'd make her queen o' Bogie;  
 But love shall with my life endure;  
 She's welcome to my cogie.

Kings may reign with powerful sway,  
 And courtiers dress so vogie;  
 But I am proud and blest as they,  
 With Kate the pride o' Bogie.



## SONG.

A. JAMIESON.

(ORIGINAL.)

TUNE—"O'er the Muir among the Heather."

THE cowslips sweet the banks adorn;  
 The meadows green the snaw-white lily;  
 'The crimson'd rose, the blooming thorn,  
 Breathe mingled fragrance down the valley.

How sweet to roam these scenes sae gay !  
 Where scented woodbines twine thegither ;  
 But sweeter far for me to stray,  
 Wi' Jessie 'mang the blooming heather.

The Lav'rock hails the early dawn,  
 At heaven's gate her song renewing ;  
 And, briak, across the dewy lawn,  
 The maukin whids, his mate pursuing :  
 While, bursting, nature's general song,  
 Invites the morning sweets to gather,  
 And at her call I hie along  
 To Jessie 'mang the blooming heather.

When dinsome mirth is hush'd to rest,  
 And toil is on her couch reposing,  
 O then ! with her I'm doubly blest,  
 My every tender thought disclosing,  
 Nor sordid gowd, nor titled wealth,  
 My free born soul shall ever tether ;  
 Give me content and rosy health,  
 Wi' Jessie 'mang the blooming heather.



## ADIEU.

A. JAMIESON.

ADIEU my love—yon purpled east  
 Proclaims approaching day,  
 That glass has ceaseless run its last,  
 And bids us haste away.  
 Still could I linger in thy arms—  
 Still breathe the melting sigh ;  
 For here, methinks, 'twere matchless bliss,  
 To live—to love—to die.

Relentless, though the stern decree  
 Has fix'd the hour we part,

Nor time, nor place, how wild soe'er,  
 Can change this faithful heart.  
 That sparkling tear I'll kiss away,  
 A true love pledge to me;  
 Reflected in the crystal drop,  
 Methinks thy thoughts I see:

Methinks, they say, "Let fortune smile,  
 Or frown, yet I'll be true,  
 Till, with our latest breath, we make  
 The long, the last adieu."  
 Then with this kiss we seal our love—  
 Let Heaven a witness be—  
 And this, and this,—betokening, true,  
 Thy plighted faith to me.

~~~~~

SONG.

(ORIGINAL.)

TUNE—"The Poie."

I'll through the lonely valley by yonder spreading tree,
 Where nature blithe rejoicing smiles, the evening sun to
 see
 Now glittering o'er the dewy fields, where sportive ze-
 phyrs blow,
 Among the leaf-clad birks that bloom in yon green shaw.
 Upon the bending saugh-tree 'mong leaves o' silver grey,
 The blackbird chaunts his lay of love, the lintie down
 the brae
 Sings sweetly frae the slaethorn, whare ilk a thing looks
 braw,—
 The mavis frae the blooming birks in yon green shaw.
 She's lately cross'd the meadow and thro' the yellow
 broom,
 Where stands the bonnie woodbine bower that's a' sae
 full in bloom,

To meet me 'neath the hawthorn by the tinklin' bur-
 nie's fa',
 Among the leaf-clad birks that bloom in yon green shaw.
 There, scorning wealth and grandeur, at ease we will
 recline,
 While round us in the hymn of eve the woodland chorus
 join;
 And sweet the kiss—sincere the vow, shall pass between
 us twa,
 Among the leaf-clad birks that bloom in yon green shaw.
 X.

LOVELY JEAN.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM ALLAN, OF ABEROATH.

THE splendours of the evening sky
 Had gilded yonder cliffs with gold,
 The western breeze was heard to sigh,
 And brush the white waves as they roll'd;
 And sinking in the closing west—
 The beaming star of day was seen,
 When last those winding shores I trac'd,
 In converse with my lovely Jean.

Delusive hope inspir'd the while,
 My heart with more than wonted glee;
 And fondly deem'd her angel smile,
 The pledge of pleasures yet to be:
 And oft, as with delighted eyes
 I view'd her mild and melting mein,
 My frequent prayer to heaven would rise,
 For lasting bliss to lovely Jean.

The rosy moon on dew bright wing,
 Has chac'd afar the shades of night;
 And o'er the flow'ry bosom'd spring,
 Pours her pure streams of purple light:

Has waken'd with her whispering breath,
 The wood-lark in the covert-green;
 But ah! the clay-cold hand of death
 Has clos'd the eyes of lovely Jean.

Below that trodden sod she lies,
 A cold, a barren wintry tomb,
 Nor ceaseless time, as yet, supplies
 The long green grass, the daisie's bloom.
 But coming days shall shortly bring,
 To dress that sod, the liveliest green;
 And widow'd linnets there shall sing
 The plaintive dirge of lovely Jean.



OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

BURNS.

TUNE—"Bonnie House of Airly."

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh;
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh.

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, Oh;
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to the pains frae thee, Oh.

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh;
 Fause friends, fause love, fareweel! for mair.
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
 My true love she cry'd, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, Oh.

SONG.

TUNE—" *The Bonnie Lass of Branksome.*"

As I came in by Teviot side,
 And by the braes of Branksome,
 There first I saw my bonnie bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome;
 Her skin was safter than the down,
 And white as alabaster;
 Her hair a shining wavy brown;
 In straitness none surpass'd her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising:
 Nae silken hose with gushets fine,
 Or shoon wi' glancing laces,
 On her bare leg, forbade to shine
 Well-shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her claithing;
 Even these o'er mickle;—mair delyte
 She'd given clad wi' naithing.
 She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
 By which a burnie trotted;
 On her I glowr'd my saul away,
 While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,
 And, but designing, charm'd me.
 Hurry'd by love, close to my breast
 I clasp'd this fund of blisses;
 Wha smil'd and said, Without a priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I couldna want her;
 What she demanded, ilka charm
 Of her's pled, I shou'd grant her.
 Since heaven had dealt to me a rowth,
 Strait to the kirk I led her;
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.



THE SILKEN SNOODED LASSIE.

Coming through the broom at e'en
 And coming through the broom sae dreary,
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 Which cost her many a blirt and blear e'e.

Fair her hair, and brent her brow,
 And bonnie blue her een when near ye;
 The mair I prie'd her bonnie mou,
 The mair I wish'd her for my dearie.

The broom was lang, the lassie gay,
 And O but I was unco cheerie;
 The snood was tint, a well a day!
 For mirth was turn'd to blirt and blear e'e.

I prest her hand, she sigh'd, I woo'd,
 And spier'd, What gars ye sob, my dearie?
 Quoth she, I've lost my silken snood;
 And never mair can look sae cheerie.

I said, Ne'er mind the silken snood,
 Nae langer mourn, nor look sae dreary;
 I'll buy you ane that's twice as good,
 If you'll consent to be my dearie.

Quoth she if you will aye be mine,
 Nae mair the snood shall make me dreary:
 I vow'd, I seat'd, and bless the time,
 That in the broom I met my dearie.

TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

O! I HAE lost my silken snood,
 That tied my hair sae yellow;
 I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd,
 He was a gallant fellow.

*And twine it weel, my bonnie dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 In pu'ing o' the breckan.*

He prais'd my een sae bonnie blue,
 Sae lily white my skin, O,
 And syne he prie'd my bonnie mou,
 And said it was nae sin, O.

And twine it weel, &c.

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
 His own true love forsaken;
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood,
 I lost among the breckan.

And twine it weel, &c.



THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

My love has built a bonnie ship, and sent her on the sea,
 With seven score good mariners to bear her company;
 There's threescore is sunk, and threescore dead at sea,
 And the lowlands of Holland has twin'd my love and me

My love he built another ship, and set her on the main,
 And nae but twenty mariners for to bring her hame;
 But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout,
 My love then and his bonnie ship turn'd withershins about.

There shall neither comb come on my head, nor comb
 come in my hair,
 There shall neither coal nor candle light shine in my
 bower mair;

Nor will I have another love until the day I die:
For I never lov'd a love but one, and he's drown'd in
the sea.

O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be stål and be
content;

There are mair lads in Galloway, ye needna sair lament.
O! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me:
For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the
sea.



RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

RED gleams the sun on yon hill tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs through her glens the Spey,
Around Kinrara rowin.

Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass!

Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting e'e
Would ever, ever cheer me.

The lavrock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheerie,
And I sit weeping by the birk;

O where art thou my dearie!
Aft may I meet the morning dew;
Lang greet till I be weary;
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid!
Thou canna be my dearie.



WHAR' ESK ITS SILVER STREAM.

WHAR' Esk its silver current leads,
'Mang green woods gay wi' mony a flower,
I hied me aft to dewy meads,
In happy days, and built my bower.

I call'd upon the birds to sing,
 An' nestle in ilk fragrant flower,
 While in the liv'ry of the spring,
 I deck'd my sweet enchanted bow'r.
 'Twas there I found, ah ! happy time,
 The sweetest flower, and sic a flower ;
 I cropt it in its virgin prime
 To deck my sweet, my shady bower.
 But soon the blast howl'd in the air,
 That robb'd me of this matchless flower,
 And sorrow since and mony a care
 Ha'e stript and wither'd a' my bower.



CAPTAIN O'KAINE.

GALL.

Row saftly, thou stream, thro' the wild spangl'd valley ;
 O green be thy banks, ever bonnie an' fair !
 Sing sweetly, ye birds, as ye wanton fu' gaily,
 Yet strangers to sorrow an' strangers to care.
 The weary day lang
 I list to your sang,
 An' waste ilka moment sad cheerless alane ;
 Each sweet little treasure,
 O' heart-cheering pleasure,
 Far fled frae my bosom wi' Captain O'Kaine.
 Fu' aft on thy banks ha'e we pu'd the wild gowan,
 An' twisted a ringlet beneath the hawthorn.
 Ah ! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowing !
 Sweet days o' delight, which can never return !
 Now ever, wae's me !
 The tear fills my e'e !
 An' sair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain !
 Nae prospect returning
 To gladden life's morning,
 For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'Kaine !

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

It was a' for our rightfu' King,
We left fair Scotland's strand !
It was a' for our rightfu' King,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land, &c.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain :
My love and native land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun, &c.

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore, my dear,
With adieu, &c.

The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main,
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet, &c.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep ;
I think on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang, &c.

COLIN CLOUT.

CHANTICLEER wi' noisy whistle,
Bids the housewife rise in haste :
Colin Clout begins to hirsle,
Slawly frae his sleepless nest,
Lòve that raises sic a clamour,
Drivin' lads and lasses mad ;
Waes my heart ! had coost his glaumir,
O'er poor Colin, luckless lad.

Cruel Jenny, lack a daisy !
Lang had gart him greet and grane,
Colin's pate was haffins crazy,
Jenny laugh'd at Colin's pain.
Slawly up his duds he gathers,
Slawly slawly trudges out,
An' frae the fauld he drives his wedders,
Happier far than Colin Clout.

Now the sun rais'd frae his nappie,
Set the orient in a lowe,
Drinkin' ilka glancin' drappie,
I' the field, an' i' the knowe.
Mony a birdie, sweetly singin,
Flaffer'd briskly round about ;
An' monie a dainty flowerie springin,
A' were blithe but Colin Clout.

What is this ? cries Colin glow'rin,
Glaiked like, a' round about,
Jenny ! this is past endurin' :
Death maun ease poor Colin Clout.
A' the night I toss and tumble,
Never can I close an e'e,
A' the day I grane an' grumble,
Jenny, this is a' for thee.

O MARY YE'SE BE CLAD IN SILK.

O MARY ye'se be clad in silk,
 And diamonds in your hair,
 Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
 Nor think on Arthur mair,
 O wha wad wear a silken gown,
 Wi' tears blinding their e'e?
 Before I'll break my true love's heart,
 I'll lay me down and die.

For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,
 Brave Arthur's fate to share,
 And he has gien to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.
 The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith
 I'll lay me down and die.

So trust me when I swear to thee,
 By a' that is on high,
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye couldna buy;
 For langest life can ne'er repay,
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.



I CARE NA FOR YOUR EEN SAE BLUE.

I CARE na for your een sae blue,
 Unless your heart to me is true,
 Nor yet that dimpl'd cheek o' thine,
 Till ev'ry smile ye hae be mine.

D'ye think I'll roose your shape an' air,
 Or ca' you bonnie, sweet, an' fair,
 Unless ye can to me impart,
 A look which says ye hae my heart.

I care na for your witching tongue,
 Which pleases a', and pierces some,
 Until I hear that tongue declare
 Nane but mysel your heart shall share.
 An' gin that saft and melting e'e,
 Doth beam on me, and only me,
 My fate is seal'd, then I am thine,
 An' let me die when I repine.



MY BLITHE AN' BONNIE LASSIE.

TUNE—"Neil Gow's Farewell to Whisky."

How sair my heart, nae man shall ken,
 When I took leave o' yonder glen,
 Her faithfu' dames, her honest men,
 Her streams sae pure and glassy, O;
 Her woods that skirt the verdant vale,
 Her balmy breeze sae brisk an' hale,
 Her flower of every flower the wale,
 My blithe an' bonnie lassie, O!

The night was short, the day was lang,
 An' ay we sat the birks amang,
 Till o'er my head the blackbird sang,
 Gae part wi' that dear lassie, O.
 When on Langaro's tap sae green
 The rising sun-beam red was seen,
 Wi' aching heart I left my Jean,
 My blithe an' bonnie lassie, O.

Her form is graceful as the pine ;
 Her smile the sunshine after rain ;
 Her nature, cheerfu', frank, an' kind,
 An' neither proud nor saucy, O.
 The ripest cherry on the tree,
 Was ne'er sae richly pure to see,
 Nor half sae sweet its juice to me,
 As a kiss o' my dear lassie, O,

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Yon glen shall ay be dear to me ;
 Her banks an' howms sae fair to see ;
 Her braes sae green and grassy, O ;
 For there my hopes are center'd a' ;
 An' there my heart was stown awa ;
 An' there my Jeanie first I saw,
 My blithe and bonnie lassie, O.



THE BONNIE LASS O' LEVEN-SIDE.

RANKEN.

TUNE—" *Up among the Cliffy Rocks.*"

How sweet are Leven's silver streams
 Around her banks the wild-flowers blooming,
 On ev'ry bush the warblers vie
 In strains of bosom soothing joy.
 But Leven's banks that bloom sae braw,
 And Leven's stream sae pure out-welling,
 Sic joy and beauty coudna shaw,
 An't warn a for my lassie's dwelling.
 Her presence fills them a' wi' pride,
 The bonnie lass o' Leven-side.

When sober eve begins her reign,
 The little birds to cease their singing,
 The flowers their beauty to renew,
 Their bosoms bathe in diamond dew;
 When far behind the Lomonds high,
 The wheels of day are downward rowing,
 And a' the western closing sky,
 Wi' varied tints of glory lowing,
 'Tis then my eager steps I guide,
 To meet the lass o' Leven-side.

The solemn sweetness Nature spreads,
 The kindly hour to bliss inviting,
 Within our happy bosoms move,
 The softest sigh o' purest love;
 Reclin'd upon the velvet grass,
 Beneath the bakmy birken blossom,
 What words cou'd a' my joy express,
 When clasped to her beating bosom.
 How swells my breast wi' rapture's tide,
 When wi' the lass o' Leven-side!

She never saw the splendid ball,
 She never blaz'd in courtly grandeur,
 But like her native lily's bloom,
 She cheerfu' gilds her humble home;
 The pert reply, the modish air,
 To soothe the soul were never granted;
 When modest sense and love are there,
 The guise o' art may well be wanted.
 O fate! gie me to be my bride
 The bonnie lass o' Leven-side.

WANTING THEE.

ROSS.

TUNE—"Cease your funning."

CHARMING SALLY,
Do not dally,
Nor of love unmindful be:
Long ill-fated,
Here I've waited;
All is joyless, wanting thee.

Woods with singing,
Wide are ringing,
Nature now is full of glee
Flowers are blooming,
Briers perfuming;
Yet they please not, wanting thee.

'Mongst these singers,
Mateless lingers
No shrill tenant of the tree;
All are loving,
Round me roving;
Yet I'm cheerless wanting thee.

Haste then, SALLY,
To the valley;
Lovely here is all I see:
Do not tarry;
For with HARRY
Nothing's pleasing, wanting thee.

THE WAIL.

ROSS.

TUNE—" *Logic House.*"

" SHEPHERD, have you seen my SALLY,
On the mountain, in the vale?
By the brook, or in the alley?—
Say, for wanting her I wail."

" Has the enchantress hair like hazel?
Cheeks which make the rose look pale?
Eyes whose beams admirers dazzle?
Lips whose balm would cure thy wail?"

" Yea; and gentle too is SALLY;
Sweet as incense on the gale;
Light like lambkin of the valley:
Such is she for whom I wail."

" Such is she who listens kindly,
To each lover's tender tale;
Such is she whom fools so blindly
Follow, but to want and wail."

" Never have I found her vary,
Never found her favour fail;
Never till this hour has HARRY
From that maid had cause to wail."

" Trust not love; love knows no duty:
SALLY, like her sex, is frail;
Frailty marks her mind and beauty;
Why then for such weakness wail?"

" Long below a beam of favour
Basking, I would pleasures hail;
Now that beam begins to waver,
Darkling, wanting it I wail."

"No; that beam shall waver never;
 Love and truth with her prevail:
 SALLY from thee ne'er shall sever,
 Nor shall slight e'er make thee wail."

"Surely, shepherd, thou art woman,—
 Constancy so soon grows stale:
 Tease not thus with tale uncommon;
 Leave me, nor augment my wail."

"Shepherd I am none, fond lover;
 Nothing but my garb is male:
 See, then, if you can discover
 Charms which wanting make you wail."

He—"Hair I see you have like hazel;"

She—"Cheeks whose tints, like roses, fail;"

He—"Eyes I see whose beams can dazzle;"

She—"Lips whose balm will cure thy wail."

He—"Gentle still I find my SALLY;"

She—"Fickle as the inconstant gale;"

He—"Nay, she only loves to rally;"

She—"Seize her then, and cease to wail."



THE LASS OF DEVON.

WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ., CAMBRIDGE.

(Written for this Work.)

Founded on a True Story.

THE sweetest lass the sun shone on
 In Devon's hills, was Sally;
 And she was woo'd by Farmer John,
 The rich man of the valley.

But woo'd in vain; her parents kind
 They knew not what could ail her,
 They knew not that her heart inclin'd
 To none but Tom the sailor.

And Tom had now three cruizes been,
And not a prize had taken ;
And back return'd with cloudy mien,
Of fortune quite forsaken.

And so on Tom they barr'd the door,
And for the Farmer rated ;
And therefore Tom was lov'd the more,
And more the Farmer hated.

Ye ladies, that will sometimes go
To Gretna Green a-wooing,
Oh ! ye will pardon, well, I know,
What Sally now is doing ;

For she from home with trowsers on,
And hat and switch so cheery,
Full many a *weary* mile is gone,
(If love were ever weary).

And tho' her Tom used oft to say,
" What makes her poor heart fail her ;"
He saw her step on board one day,
A smart and gallant sailor.

Oh ! look not thus, sweet Tom, she said,
And scold me not nor flout me,
For I the Farmer must have wed,
And died of grief without thee.

So channel down they sail'd away,
And Tom did ~~his~~ endeavour
To make his Sally young and gay,
A seaman brisk and clever.

And many a sweet talk Sally had
With him when none could hear her,
And found the sea life not so bad
When her dear friend was near her.

Yet sometimes did her messmates say,
What set her heart a trembling;
And love itself could scarce repay
The misery of dissembling.

And midshipmen, the puny elves!
They bullied and abus'd her,
With hats far larger than themselves,
Which else had but amused her.

Oh! then it was that Tom's brown cheek
Would like the furnace brighten;
And then his lips, that could not speak,
Would quiver and would whiten.

And scarce could Sally's wink or frown,
Beneath her hand's sly cover,
Prevail to keep his anger down,
Or prudent make her lover,

But how shall I my tale pursue?
I would not fiction borrow;
For I but tell a story true,
And truth, alas! is sorrow.

One morn they saw the fleets of France,
And Howe call'd out for glory,
And bade his dreadful line advance,
To add to Britain's story.

While Sally, by a fate too hard,
Did all a seaman's duty,
The same chain shot that struck the yard,
Struck too the vent'rous beauty.

And Tom, who car'd not what the ball
Around or o'er him flying,
Saw down from high his Sally fall,
And breathless near him dying.

O ye ! that from a feeling heart
 Can others' hearts discover,
 Think ye not, thus to love and part
 To phrenzy rais'd the lover ?
 He seiz'd his Sally's lifeless form,—
 The ocean roll'd before them ;—
 One plunge—and now the wave—the storm
 For ever murmurs o'er them.

MY DEAR LITTLE LASSIE.

REV. J. NICOL.

TUNE—" *Bonnie Dundee*."

My little dear lassie ! why what's a' the matter,
 My heart's sae uneasy, and winna lie still ?
 I've waited, and waited, and a' to grow better ;
 Can ye believe me ? I'm just growing ill.
 My head's turn'd quite dizzy ; and ay when I'm speakin',
 I sigh, and am breathless, and fearfu' to speak ;
 I gaze on ; an' something I fain would be-seekin',
 Yet, lassie ! I kenna weel what I would seek.
 Thy praise, bonnie lassie ! I ever could hear of :
 But yet, when to roose ye, the neighbour lads try,
 Tho' its a' true they tell ye, yet never sae far aff
 I could see them ilk ane, and I canna tell why :
 When we tedded the hay field, I rak'd ilka rig o't,
 And never grew weary the lang simmer day ;
 The rucks that ye wrought at wëre easier biggit,
 And I fand sweeter scented, around ye the hay.
 At hairst, when the kirk supper joys made us cheerie,
 'Mang the lave o' the lasses I pried your sweet mou,
 An', oh me ! how queer I grew when I cam near ye !
 My breast thrill'd wi' rapture, I canna tell how !
 When we dance at the gloamin', its you I ay pitch on ;
 And when ye gang by me, how dowie I be !
 There's something, dear lassie, about ye, bewitching,
 That tells me my happiness centres in thee.

MARY, THE MILD BLOOMING MAID.

(ORIGINAL.)

TUNE—"Yellow Hair'd Laddie."

YE sweet scented primroses deck'd out sae braw,
Ye violets, unseen, to the morning that blaw,
O lend your perfume to this leaf-cover'd shade,
The haunt o' fair Mary, the mild blooming maid.

Ye airy wee warblers that wanton around,
O raise up a bonnie melodious sound,
And, far, let your carols resound thro' the glade,
To welcome fair Mary, the mild blooming maid.

For, O! the red rose bud that waves in yon bower,
Tho' newly refresh'd by the saft summer's shower,
In a' the luxuriance o' nature array'd,
Was ne'er like fair Mary, the mild blooming maid.

In her bosom, the soft-beaming virtues that reign,
Delight the fond heart o' her love-sighing swain,
And draw forth his prayer that they never may fade,
While life warms fair Mary, the mild blooming maid.

O! lend then your fragrance, ye balm-breathing flowers,
And richly perfume the deep glen's lovely bowers—
Sing on, ye wee warblers, blithe chaunt thro' the shade,
To welcome fair Mary, the mild blooming maid.

B.

~~~~~

## SONG.

TUNE—"Banks of the Devon."

(ORIGINAL.)

O LOOK not thus woful, my wanderings recounting,  
Believe me, my dearest, wherever I roam,  
By land or by water, by valley or mountain,  
My fond heart remains still a dweller at home.

For pure is thine eye as the beam of the morning;  
 Thy cheek has Aurora's enrapturing glow;  
 And the dew-dropping lily, of Maia's adorning,  
 Is poor when compar'd with thy bosom of snow.

But fair though thy form is, thy virtues are fairer,  
 Nor stinted, nor dim'd by adversity's gloom,  
 And time, of fine faces the cruel impairer,  
 But heightens their flavour and brightens their bloom.  
 My faith and my honour to thee I have plighted,  
 My heart—my affections—my fancy is thine;  
 And the ills of my fortune, kind providence righted,  
 That day, when entranc'd, I could say "thou art mine."

Whate'er be the travail, thy sweet smile upbears me,  
 And, light, on the wings of affection I flee;  
 Except thy affliction, on earth naething fears me,  
 And naething gies pleasure that pleases na thee.  
 Then cheer thee, my dearest, altho' 'tis but sparely  
 The pale moon of fortune is seen in our sky;  
 The warm sun of love still illumines it fairly,  
 And—thus when enfolded her frowns we defy.

O.

### UNFADING BEAUTY.

(CAREW, A. D. 1640.)

He that loves a rosie cheek,  
 Or a coral lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek,  
 Fuel to maintain his fires:  
 As old time makes these decay,  
 So his love will waste away.  
 But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
 Kindle never-dying fires.  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

## TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

SWEET flowers ! that from your humble beds  
Thus prematurely dare to rise,  
And trust your unprotected heads  
To cold Aquarius' wat'ry skies ;

Retire, retire ! these tepid airs  
Are not the genial brood of May ;  
That Sun with light malignant glares,  
And flatters only to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet past—  
Lo ! while your buds prepare to blow,  
On icy pinions comes the blast,  
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom !  
But I will shield you ; and supply  
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,  
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray  
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,  
And drawn your balmiest sweets away ;  
O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers ! But did ye know  
What worth, what goodness there reside,  
Your cups with loveliest tints would glow,  
And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal Nature join'd  
Her riches to the stores of art,  
And added to the vigorous mind,  
The soft, the sympathizing heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray  
 Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,  
 And drawn your balmiest sweets away;  
 O come and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think,—that fragrant bed  
 Might I but hope with you to share,—  
 Years of anxiety repaid,  
 By one short hour of transport there!

More blest than me, thus shall ye live  
 Your little day; and when ye die,  
 Sweet flowers! the grateful Muse shall give  
 A verse; the sorrowing Maid, a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,  
 Mix with the dust from whence I came,  
 Without a friend to weep my fate,  
 Without a stone to tell my name.



## WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

I WISH I was where ANNA lies!  
 For I am sick of lingering here;  
 And every hour affection cries,  
 'Go, and partake her humble bier!'

I wish I could! for when she died  
 I lost my all; and life has prov'd  
 Since that sad hour a dreary void,  
 A waste unlovely and unlov'd.

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,  
 Shall duly to her grave repair;  
 And pluck the rugged moss away,  
 And weeds that have 'no business there?'

And who with pious hand shall bring  
 The flowers she cherish'd ; snowdrops cold,  
 And violets that unheeded spring,  
 To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould ?

And, while Memory loves to dwell  
 Upon her name, for ever dear,  
 Shall feel his heart with passion swell,  
 And pour the bitter, bitter tear ?

I did it ; and would Fate allow,  
 Should visit still, should still deplore—  
 But health and strength have left me now,  
 And I, alas ! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet Maid ! this simple strain,  
 The last I offer at thy shrine ;  
 Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,  
 And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,  
 Thy voice that might with music vie,  
 Thy air, that every gazer took,  
 Thy matchless eloquence of eye ;

Thy spirits, frolicsome as good,  
 Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,  
 Thy patience by no wrongs subdu'd,  
 Thy gay good humour—Can they “ fade ! ”



## THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE gowan glitters in the sward,  
 The lavrock's in the sky,  
 And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,  
 And time is passing by.

Oh no ! sad and slow !  
 I hear nae welcome sound,  
 The shadow of our trysting bush,  
 It wears sae slowly round.

My sheep-bell tinkles from the west,  
 My lambs are bleating near,  
 But still the sound that I loe best,  
 Alack I canna hear.

Ah no ! sad and slow !  
 The shadow lingers still,  
 And like a lanely ghaist I stand,  
 And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,  
 The mill with clacking din ;  
 And Lucky scolding frae her door,  
 To bring the bairns in.

Oh no ! sad and slow !  
 These are nae sounds for me ;  
 The shadow of our trysting bush  
 It creeps sae drearily.

I caft yestreen frae chapman Tam,  
 A snood o' bonnie blue,  
 And promis'd when our trysting cam,  
 To tie it round her brow.

Oh no ! sad and slow !  
 The time it winna pass ;  
 The shadow o' that weary thorn  
 Is tether'd on the grass.

O ! now I see her on the way !  
 She's past the witches' knowe ;  
 She's climbing up the brownie's brae—  
 My heart is in a lowe !

Oh no ! 'tis not so !  
 'Tis glaumrie I hae seen ;  
 The shadow o' the hawthorn bush  
 Will move nae mair till e'en.

My Book o' Grace I'll try to read,  
 Tho' conn'd wi' little skill,  
 When Colley barks I'll wise my head,  
 And find her on the hill!  
 Oh no! sad and slow!  
 The time will ne'er be gane;  
 The shadow o' the trysting bush  
 Is fix'd like ony stane.



### IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOV'D.

Is there a heart that never lov'd,  
 Nor felt soft woman's sigh?  
 Is there a man can mark unmov'd,  
 Dear woman's tearful eye?  
 Oh! bear him to some distant shore,  
 Or solitary cell,  
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,  
 Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,  
 A language in her tear,  
 A spell in every sacred sigh,  
 To man—to virtue dear.  
 And he who can resist her smiles,  
 With brutes alone should live,  
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—  
 That joy her virtues give.

END OF PART FIRST.

# The Harp.

OF

## CALEDONIA.

---

PART II.

~~~~~  
Heroic and National Songs.
~~~~~

IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

SIR HENRY ERSKINE.

TUNE,—“*The Highland March.*”

IN the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,  
From the heath cover'd mountains of Scotia we come;  
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,  
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

*Such is our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,  
That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand in freedom's  
cause :*

*We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and ap-  
plause,*

*And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.*

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;  
No luxurious tables enervate our race;  
Our loud sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,  
And our hearts still the old Scottish valour retain.

*Such is our love, &c.*



We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
 And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;  
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;  
 Ev'n Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

*Such is our love, &c.*

As a storm in the ocean, when Boreas blows,  
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;  
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

*Such is our love, &c.*

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,  
 In their numbers fondly boasted till we did advance;  
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,  
 Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

*Such is our love, &c.*

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,  
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,  
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,  
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove  
 kind.

*Then we'll defend our liberty, our country and our laws,  
 And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause;  
 That they, like their ancestors bold, for honour and ap-  
 plause,*

*May defy the French, with all their art, to alter our  
 laws.*

*Bruce's Address to his Army at the*  
**BATTLE OF BANNOCK-BURN.**

BURNS.

TUNE,—“*Hey tuttie tuttie.*”

Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled;  
Scots! wham Bruce has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lower;  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave!  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',  
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Onward, do or die!

## HOHENLINDEN.

CAMPBELL.

TUNE,—“ *O were I on Parnassus hill.*”

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay th’ untrodden snow;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Isar, rolling rapidly !

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery !

By torch and trumpet fast array’d,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And, furious, every charger neigh’d  
To join the dreadful revelry !

Then shook the hills with thunder riv’n;  
Then rush’d the steed to battle driv’n;  
And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash’d the red artillery !

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
On Linden’s hills of stained snow;  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

’Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulph’rous canopy !

The combat deepens.—On, ye brave !  
Who rush to glory, or the grave !  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave !  
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet !  
 The snow shall be their winding sheet;  
 And every turf beneath their feet,  
     Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !



## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

CAMPBELL.

YE mariners of England,  
 Who guard our native seas,  
 Whose flag has brow'd, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze :  
 Your glorious standard launch again,  
 To match another foe ;  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow ;  
*While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.*

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave !  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And Ocean was their grave :  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow ;  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow.  
*While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.*

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
 No towers along the steep ;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain wave,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak,  
 She quells the floods below,

As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy tempests blow;  
*When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.*

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn;  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow;  
*When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceas'd to blow.*



## THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

CAMPBELL.

Of Nelson and the North,  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
 By each gun the lighted brand,  
 In a bold determin'd hand,  
 And the Prince of all the land  
 Led them on.—

Like Leviathans, afloat,  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line:  
 It was Ten of April morn by the chime,  
 As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death;  
 And the boldest held his breath,  
 For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene ;  
And her van the fleetest rush'd  
O'er the deadly space between.  
" Hearts of oak !" our Captains cried ; when  
each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Breath'd a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.—

Again ! again ! again !  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back ;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—  
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;  
Or in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom,—

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;  
" Ye are brothers ! Ye are men !  
" And we conquer but to save :—  
" So peace instead of death let us bring ;  
" But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
" With the crews, at England's feet,  
" And make submission meet  
" To our King."—

Then Denmark bless'd our Chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose ;  
And the sounds of joy and grief,  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the day,  
While the sun look'd smiling bright,  
O'er a veil'd and woful sight,  
Where the fires of fun'ral light  
Died away.—

Now joy, Old England, raise !  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 While the wine-cup shines in light ;  
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore.—

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true ;  
 On the deck of fame that died,  
 With the gallant, good Riou :  
 Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave !  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave.—



## BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

MONTGOMERY.

HARP of Memnon ! sweetly strung  
 To the music of the spheres ;  
 While the Hero's dirge is sung,  
 Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the sun's descending beams,  
 Glancing o'er the feeling wire,  
 Kindle every cord that gleams,  
 Like a ray of heavenly fire.

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,  
 O'er the plain with carnage spread,  
 Sooth the dying, while they flow  
 To the memory of the dead.

Bright as Venus newly born,  
Blushing at her maiden charms ;  
Fresh from ocean rose the morn,  
When the trumpet blew to arms.

O that time had stay'd his flight,  
Ere that morning left the main !  
Fatal as th' Egyptian night,  
When the eldest born were slain.

Lash'd to madness by the wind,  
As the Red Sea surges roar,  
Leave a gloomy gulph behind,  
And devour the shrieking shore ;

Thus, with overwhelming pride,  
Gallia's brightest, boldest boast,  
In a deep and dreadful tide,  
Roll'd upon the British host.

Dauntless these their station held,  
Though with unextinguish'd ire,  
Gallia's legions, thrice repell'd,  
Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus above the storms of time,  
Towering to the sacred spheres,  
Stand the pyramids sublime,—  
Rocks amid the flood of years !

Now the veteran chief drew nigh ;  
Conquest cowering on his crest,  
Valour beaming from his eye,  
Pity bleeding in his breast.

Britain saw him thus advance,  
In her guardian angel's form ;  
But he lower'd on hostile France  
Like the Dæmon of the storm,



On the whirlwind of the war,  
High he rode in vengeance dire ;  
To his friends a leading star,—  
To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,  
Slaughter feasted on the brave ;  
'Twas the carnival of death !  
'Twas the vintage of the grave !

Charg'd with Abercrombie's doom,  
Lightning wing'd a cruel ball ;  
'Twas the herald of the tomb,  
And the hero felt the call.

Felt—and rais'd his arm on high ;  
Victory well the signal knew,  
Darted from his awful eye,  
And the force of France o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight,  
Were the weeping muse to tell,  
O 'twould cleave the womb of night,  
And awake the dead that fell !

Gash'd with honourable scars,  
Low in glory's lap they lie ;  
Though they fell, they fell like stars,  
Streaming splendour through the sky.

Yet shall memory mourn that day,  
When, with expectation pale,  
Of her soldier far away,  
The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild,  
She shall wander o'er this plain ;  
Rave,—and bid her orphan child  
Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,  
O ye evening breezes rise !  
O'er the lyre of Memnon sweep,  
Wake its spirit with your sighs.

Harp of Memnon ! sweetly strung  
To the music of the spheres ;  
While the hero's dirge is sung,  
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers soft and slow  
O'er the plain with carnage spread,  
Soothè the dying, while they flow  
To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones,  
Tremble from thy plaintive wires ;  
Hark !—the wounded warrior groans !  
Hush thy warbling !—he expires.

Hush !—while sorrow wakes and weeps :  
O'er his relics cold and pale,  
Night her silent vigil keeps,  
In a mournful moonlight veil,

Harp of Memnon ! from afar,  
Ere the lark salute the sky,  
Watch the rising of the star  
That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the Sun's ascending rays,  
In a flood of hallow'd fire,  
O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,  
And thy magic soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,  
Let them pierce the hero's grave ;  
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,  
O how sweetly sleep the brave !

From the dust their laurels bloom,  
High they shoot, and flourish free;  
Glory's temple is the tomb!  
Death is immortality!



## THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

PENROSE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar,  
Distant down the hollow wind;  
Panting Terror fled before,  
Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend curs'd the sunken day,  
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;  
While scarcely lighted to the prey,  
Low hung, and lower'd the bloody moon.

The field so late the hero's pride,  
Was now with various carnage spread,  
And floated with a crimson tide  
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,  
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,  
With frantic step Maria flew,  
Maria, sorrow's early child!

By duty led, for every vein  
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;  
With Edgar o'er the wintry main,  
She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.

For well she thought a friend so dear,  
In darkest hours might joy impart;  
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,  
Or sooth her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long—in chill affright,  
The torrent bursting from her eye,  
She heard the signal for the fight,  
While her soul trembled in a sigh.

She heard and clasp'd him to her breast,  
Yet scarce could urge the inglorious stay;  
His manly heart the charm confest;  
Then broke the charm and rush'd away.

Too soon in few but deadly words,  
Some flying straggler brent'h'd to tell—  
That in the foremost strife of swords,  
The young the gallant Edgar fell.

She prest to hear,—she caught the tale—  
At every sound her blood congeal'd;  
With terror bold, with terror pale,  
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze  
She went, with courage not her own;  
On many a corpse she cast her gaze,  
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press  
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;  
Of comfort glad, the drear caress  
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled,  
When late pale Edgar's form she found,  
Half buried with the hostile dead,  
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd,  
The moon withdrew her troubled light,  
And left the fair, though fall'n she seem'd—  
To worse than death—and deepest night.

## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard a lilting, at our ewes' milking,  
Lasses a lilting, before the break o' day;  
But now there's a moaning, on ilka green loaning;  
That our braw foresters are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning;  
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;  
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;  
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming  
'Mang stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;  
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her dearie.—  
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

In har'st at the shearing, nae youngers are jeering;  
The bandsters are runkled, lyart and gray;  
At fairs, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching;  
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

Oh dool for the order sent our lads to the border!  
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;  
The flowers of the forest, that aye shone the foremost,  
The prime of the land, now lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at our ewes milking;  
The women and bairns are dowie and wae:  
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—  
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.



## DIRGE OF WALLACE.

T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,  
And chaunted their holiest hymn;  
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,  
Her eye was all sleepless and dim,—

And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,  
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,  
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,  
And the raven had flapp'd at her window board,  
To tell her of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the Song, and loudly pray  
For the soul of my Knight so dear;  
And call me a widow this wretched day,  
Since the warning of God is here.  
For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep;  
The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die;  
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,  
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep  
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,  
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,  
That a trumpet of death on an English tower  
Had the dirge of her champion sung.  
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red  
On the high born blood of a martyr slain,  
No anthem was sung at his holy deathbed,  
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,  
And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh ! it was not thus when his oaken spear  
Was true to the Knight forlorn,  
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,  
At the sound of the huntsman's horn.  
When he strode o'er the wreck of each well fought field,  
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;  
For his lance was not shiver'd, or helmet, or shield,  
And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield,  
Was light in his terrible hand.

But, bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight  
For his much lov'd country die,  
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver Knight  
Than Wallace of Elderslie.

But the day of his glory shall never depart,  
 His head untomb'd shall with glory be palm'd,  
 From his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start,  
 Tho' the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,  
 A nobler was never embalm'd.



## ADDRESS TO CALEDONIA.

T. SMITH.

TUNE,—“*Erin go Bragh.*”

CALEDONIA, my country, thy rivers and fountains,  
 And green fertile vallies, exulting I sing:  
 How pleasant thy sweet blooming moorlands and moun-  
 tains,  
 When dress'd in the gaudy profusion of spring;  
 When fann'd by the soft summer sea breeze thy shore is;  
 When flocks bleat around us, and woods pour their  
 chorus;  
 And mild morning beams gild the landscape before us,  
 All sparkling with dew-drops—How charming the  
 scene!

Healthy thy clime is, of mild temperature,  
 Remote from the rage of the polar extremes;  
 And distant from regions where languishing Nature  
 Melts in the blaze of the sun's torrid beams.  
 Happy land! where no raging volcanoes are roaring;  
 Where no serpents hiss, no fell monster devouring;  
 No clouds stor'd with death in thy horizon low'ring;  
 Nor pestilence floats on *thy* wind's breezy wing.

While, daring and prudent, thy sons fill their stations;  
 Scarce equall'd in Arts, and unrivall'd in arms;  
 For learning, thy fame resounds through the Nations;  
 And peerless, thy daughters, in virtue and charms,

From times unrecorded thy freedom descended,  
Through ages of heroes, whose broadswords defended  
Thy Charters—while foes saw their vengeance expended  
Against thy wild mountains and borders in vain.

Be plenty, my country, and peace thy possession,  
And freedom's bright sunbeams illumine thy clear day;  
And far from thy shores be all want and oppression;  
While virtue's bold streams sweep corruption away.  
May friendship unite, and may love, and affection,  
And reason, thy children exalt to perfection;  
To guard thy lov'd shores, be thy strength and protection,  
While time rolls his ages unnumber'd away.



## THE SCOTTISH EXILE.

J. SCADLOCK.

TUNE,—“*Erin go Bragh.*”

FROM the sea-beaten coast of Scotia I wander,  
In quest of a home through Columbia I stray;  
Ah! broad is the deep that now parts me asunder  
From my straw-cover'd cot, on the banks of the Tay!  
Oft heaves the fond sigh, when I think on the hours  
That I spent in my childhood among the broom bowers  
In weaving fresh garlands of wild-blooming flowers,  
On the green shady banks of the smooth-winding Tay.

Wild are the glens that surround the dear dwelling,—  
My own native home, when kind fortune did smile—  
Securely within have I heard the storms railing  
Along the hoar brow of the heath-cover'd hill.  
From my grief-swollen eyes the tear downward gushes,  
When I think on the time I stray'd through the bushes,  
Enraptur'd with Mary, when morning's mild blushes  
Expanded the flowers on the green banks of Tay.



At eve, when the sun steals behind yon blue mountain,  
Tinging the clouds with his bright golden rays,  
I wander alone by the green shaded fountain,  
Where mem'ry reminds me of once happy days.  
No more on those shores, where sea birds are screaming,  
Nor in the deep glen, where the sun's scarcely gleaming,  
Will I meet with my Mary, when the night clouds are  
skimming  
Above the green banks of the clear winding Tay.



## SONG OF DEATH.

BURNS.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,  
Now gay with the bright setting sun !  
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties !  
Our race of existence is run.  
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,  
Go frighten the coward and slave !  
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know  
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,  
Nor saves ey'n the wreck of a name :  
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark !  
He falls in the blaze of his fame.  
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,  
Our King and our Country to save ;  
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
O, who would not die with the brave !

## SONG.

*Written for the Anniversary of the Pitt Club of  
Scotland.*

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

O DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the omen,  
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,  
And beholding broad Europe bow'd down by her foemen,  
Pitt clos'd in his anguish the map of her reign ?  
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit  
To take for his country the safety of shame ;  
O then in her triumph remember his merit,  
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the fur-  
row,  
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,  
He may plough it with labour, and sow it in sorrow,  
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain ;  
He may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness,  
But the blithe Harvest-home shall remember his claim ;  
And their Jubilee shout shall be softened with sadness  
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,  
In toils for our country preserv'd by his care—  
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,  
To light the lone darkness of doubt and despair—  
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,  
The perils, his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,  
In her glory's rich harvest shall Britain remember,  
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget His grey head, who, all dark in affliction,  
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,  
And to sounds the most dear to parental affection,  
The shout of his people applauding his son,

By his firmness unmov'd in success or disaster,  
 By his long reign of virtue remember his claim!  
 With our tribute to Pitt join the praise of his Master,  
 Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine cup, and change the sad measure,  
 The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,  
 To our prince to our heroes devote the bright treasure,  
 The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that obey'd!  
 Fill Wellington's cup till it beam like his glory,  
 Forget not our own brave Dalhousie and Græme;  
 A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story,  
 And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.



## VITTORIA.

GLEN.

TUNE,—“ *Whistle o'er the lave o't.*”

SING a' ye bards wi' loud acclaim,  
 High glory gie to gallant Graham,  
 Heap laurels on our Marshal's fame,  
 Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.  
 Triumphant freedom smil'd on Spain,  
 An' rais'd her stately form again,  
 Whan the British lion shook his mane,  
 On the mountains of Vittoria.

Let blust'rin' Suchet crouslie crack,  
 Let Joseph rin the coward's track,  
 And Jourdan wish his baton back,  
 He left upon Vittoria.  
 If e'er they meet their worthy King,  
 Let them dance roun' him in a ring,  
 An' some Scotch piper play the spring  
 He blew them at Vittoria.

Gie truth an' honour to the Dane,  
Gie German's monarch heart and brain;  
But aye in sic a cause as Spain,

Gie Britons a Vittoria.

The English rose was ne'er so red,  
The shamrock wav'd where glory led,  
An' the Scottish thistle rais'd its head,  
An' smil'd upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,  
Whare thousands fought and monie fell;  
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell

At the battle o' Vittoria.

The Paris maids may ban them a',  
Their lads are maistly wede awa,  
An' cauld an' pale as wreaths o' snaw

They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees  
The eagle standard-bearer flees,  
While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,

And wantons on Vittoria.

Britannia's glory there was shown,  
By the undaunted Wellington,  
And the tyrant trembl'd on his throne,

Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,  
Let a' their trophies for them wave,  
An' green be our Cadogan's grave,

Upon thy field, Vittoria!

There let eternal laurels bloom,  
While maidens mourn his early doom,  
An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb

Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,  
Barossa heard your Highlan' lay,  
An' the gallant Scot show'd there that day

A prelude to Vittoria.

Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,  
 To them wha made poor Spain rejoice;  
 Shout Wellington an' Lyndoch, boys,  
 Barossa an' Vittoria!



## TO THE SWORD OF WALLACE.

*Preserved in Dumbarton Castle.*

FINLAY.

Thou Sword of true valour! tho' dim be thy hue,  
 And all faded thy flashes of light,  
 Yet still to my mem'ry thy sight shall renew  
 The remembrance of WALLACE the wight!—

Tho' thou gleam not around on the mountains of slain,  
 As when sternly in battle he stood;  
 When he strew'd the bold South'ron in heaps o'er the  
 plain,  
 And quench'd thy deep radiance in blood!

Tho' thou gleam not as erst on the Dunipace height,  
 Where the pride of oppression lay low,  
 When thou scar'dst like a meteor the darkness of night,  
 And lighted'st him on to the foe!

Where the brothers of liberty o'er the wide field,  
 The banner of Freedom uprear'd,  
 And the far-streaming glories of faulchion and shield,  
 Like the red flakes of lightning appear'd!

Tho' dim be thy hue, yet the heart of true mould,  
 Shall pause on thy form with delight;  
 And the fear-stricken coward with trembling behold,  
 And a patriot arise from the sight.

Caledonia's bold sons to thy presence when led,  
 Shall, with worship, their freedom repay;  
 Till, worn by the tears that their rapture has shed,  
 Thy reliques be moulder'd away!

## WAR SONG

OF

## LACHLAN HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN.

*From the Gaelic.*

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

A WEARY month has wandered o'er  
Since last we parted on the shore ;  
Heaven ! that I saw thee, Love, once more,  
Safe on that shore again !—  
'Twas valiant Lachlan gave the word :  
Lachlan, of many a galley lord :  
He call'd his kindred bands on board,  
And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian is to ocean gone ;  
Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known ;  
Rejoicing in the glory won,  
In many a bloody broil :  
For wide is heard the thundering fray,  
The rout, the ruin, the dismay,  
When from the twilight glens away  
Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

Woe to the hills that shall rebound  
Our banner'd bagpipes' maddening sound ;  
Clan-Gillian's onset echoing round,  
Shall shake their inmost cell.—  
Woe to the bark whose crew shall gaze,  
Where Lachlan's silken streamer plays ;  
The fools might face the lightning's blaze  
As wisely and as well !

## WATERLOO.

JAMES ROSS.

TUNE,—“ *The Garland of Love.*”

O GREAT were thy heroes Marengo and Lodi,  
 When baneful ambition bade mercy adieu,  
 And great were thine Jena, and Austerlitz bloody,  
 Yet greater, far greater, are thine, Waterloo.

CHORUS.

*I'll weave a gay garland, with laurels entwining  
 Round roses, and thistles, and shamrocks combining,  
 I'll weave a gay garland, with olives entwining,  
 To crown our famed heroes who fought Waterloo.*

The seer-sighted Wellington's flag once unfurl'd,  
 Then Uxbridge his slaughter-wing'd scymitar drew;  
 Then Picton destruction on neighing hosts hurl'd,  
 And planted the olive to mark Waterloo.

May Europe this emblem of harmony nourish,  
 Nor form the wild wish of contending anew;  
 And long may the blossoms of liberty flourish,  
 Which Britons expanded on great Waterloo.

But laurels are mingled with cypress and willows,  
 Lo, widows and orphans claim pity from you,  
 Let gratitude then sooth their tear-bedew'd pillow,  
 Who lost fond relations on fam'd Waterloo.



## THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

“ O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow  
 Thy wayward notes of wail and woe  
 Far down the desert of Glencoe,  
 Where none may list their melody?”

Say harp'st thou to the mists that fly,  
Or to the dun deer glancing by,  
Or to the eagle that from high  
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy."

" No, not to these, for they have rest—  
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,  
The stag his lair, the crane her nest,  
Abode of lone security.  
But those for whom I pour the lay,  
Not wild wood deep, nor mountain gray,  
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,  
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty."

" Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,  
The very household dogs were dumb,  
Unwont to bay off guests that come  
In guise of hospitality.  
His blithest notes the piper plied,  
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,  
The dame her distaff flung aside,  
To tend her kindly housewif'ry."

" The hand that mingl'd in the meal,  
At midnight drew the felon steel,  
And gave the host's kind breast to feel  
Meed for his hospitality !  
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,  
At midnight arm'd it with the brand  
That bade destruction's flames expand  
Their red and fearful blazonry."

" Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,  
Nor infancy's unpity'd plain,  
More than the warrior's groan, could gain  
Respite from ruthless butchery !



The winter wind that whistled shrill,  
 The snows that night that cloak'd the hill,  
 Though wild and pitiless, had still  
 Far more than Southron clemency."

" Long have my harp's best notes been gone,  
 Few are its strings, and faint their tone,  
 They can but sound in desert lone

Their grey-hair'd master's misery.  
 Were each grey hair a minstrel string,  
 Each cord should imprecations fling,  
 Till startl'd Scotland loud should ring,"  
 " Revenge for blood and treachery."



## ADDRESS TO CALEDONIA.

*Written January 30th, 1809.*

WHERE, Genius of my Country ! where  
 Is now thy lone sequester'd seat ?  
 While, low'ring darkness dims the air,  
 Destruction thunders at the gate !

Full oft, has in the gathering storm,  
 Thy power been felt, thy daring shown ;  
 And oft has Robbery's ruthless form,  
 Shrunk, nerveless, in thy with'ring frown.

Let Largs' red heath—Loncarty's lea,  
 Roslin, and Aberlemno tell,  
 With Grampian fields, thy chivalry,  
 And how thy foes inglorious fell.

We, kindling, mark with death's dread roar,  
 And DESPOTS and their slaves we spurn ;  
 How fierce, thy lion rampant bore,  
 Through War's rude ranks at Bannockburn !

Yet, not on martial deeds alone,  
Is built thy pyramid of fame,  
Thy peaceful powers have equal shone,  
And, wide, o'er earth diffus'd thy name.

'Twas thine, bright Learning's lamp to trim,  
By fancy, Wit, and Humour led,  
When howling monks, and darkness dim,  
Europa's brighter climes o'erspread.

Yea, when in dust defil'd thy horn,  
Cut through thy flaming spear and shield,  
And, rude, thy flowing robe was torn,  
On hapless Flodden's fatal field—

Even then thou took'st a nobler aim,  
To break Rome's tyranny, accurs'd,  
Nor ceas'd, till Freedom's holy flame,  
Her inmost bolt and band had burst.

Then, barring feuds, and base intrigue,  
Thy THISTLE with the ROSE was twin'd,  
And heaven and earth beheld, in league,  
The Rival Sisters solemn join'd.

Thy Names of glory, who can tell !  
Of ancient or of modern time,  
Daring, the battle's roar to swell,  
Or wise, to build the lofty rhyme.

A HENRY, DOUGLAS, BALLANTINE,  
A LINDSAY, DRUMMOND, and DUNBAR,  
A tuneful MONARCH, too, was thine,  
Whose verse outshone his sceptre far.

BUCHANAN, fam'd for Classic lore,  
A KNOX, of unsubmitting soul,  
Who singly stemm'd a tyrant's power,  
And conscience freed from base controul.

A RAMSAY, and a THOMSON, chaste;  
A wildly energetic BURNS,  
A BEATTIE, REID, of powers vast,  
Have all improv'd thee in their turns.

Nor FERGUSON can be forgot,  
Thy mild, thy laughter-loving son,  
Who shar'd the Poet's common lot,  
Was prais'd—neglected—and undone.

But whence that mingled shout I hear,  
Tumultuous on the groaning blast!—  
Alas! 'tis Victory, purchas'd dear,  
Thy bravest child, O Scotia! lost.

O rouse thee, Caledonia, rouse!  
Thy Sister's red rose waxes pale,  
And, rude, unfeeling Folly strews  
Its leaves upon the passing gale.

The sad tear damps our festive hours,  
The note moves languid, solemn, slow,  
While o'er thee, thus, the tempest low'rs,  
While thus thou drink'st the cup of woe.

For him, our tears are scarcely dry,  
Who, victor, fell on Afric's shore,  
When call'd again to pour the sigh,  
O'er thee, the lov'd, the gallant MOORE.

O MOORE! in thee, an army fell,  
A brilliant star untimely set,  
Thy dirge, the weeping world shall swell,  
With deepest sobs of sad regret.

Where, Genius of our country! where  
Is now thy lone sequester'd cell;  
While, heavy, thus, the turbid air,  
Is rent with Danger's dismal yell?

To thee, we give the festive hour,  
 For thee, we weave the votive rhyme,  
 Our hearts, our hands, would stretch thy pow'r,  
 Far, to the utmost bound of time.

Z

~~~~~

FAREWELL

TO

M'KENZIE, HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

From the Gaelic.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North,
 The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth;
 To the chieftain this morning his course who began,
 Launching forth on the billows his bark like a swan,
 For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,
 Farewell to M'Kenzie, High Chief of Kintail.

O swift be the Galley, and hardy her crew,
 May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
 In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,
 Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean should
 boil:

On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonnail,
 And farewell to M'Kenzie, High Chief of Kintail.

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale:
 Like the sighs of his people breathe soft on his sail;
 Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals must know,
 Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe:
 Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet gale,
 Wafting onward M'Kenzie, High Chief of Kintail.

Be his pilot experienc'd, and trusty and wise,
 To measure the seas and to study the skies;
 May he hoist all his canvass from streamer to deck,
 But O ! crowd it higher when wafting him back—
 Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad vale,
 Shall welcome M'Kenzie, High Chief of Kintail.



DIRGE, ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Why rises the murmur thus solemn and slow?
 Why is Victory rob'd in the mantle of woe?
 In the bright eye of Valour, why shoots the dark tear,
 As, pensive, he bends o'er the blood-crusted spear?
 O ! who would not weep ? In the land of the slave,
 Unaided, unpity'd, has perish'd the brave ;
 And the boast of his country, the generous Moore,
 All untimely, has fallen on a far foreign shore.

'Twas vain that the Genius of Freedom's green Isle,
 Bade the Ebro, the Tagus, exult in her smile,
 While drench'd, on their banks, in the life-damping dew,
 A people were scatter'd desponding and few.
 'Twas vain, that Britannia, triumphant, afar,
 Plow'd harsh, through the red roaring surges of war,
 Forgetful of glory, she weeps her lov'd Moore,
 Who fell, and who sleeps, on a far foreign shore.

But cease thee, my Country ! thus hopeless to mourn,
 Taking fire at his fame, every bosom shall burn,
 Till round thee thy children, in danger be found,
 Like him thy protectors, and like him renown'd.
 And low with the stranger, though far be his tomb,
 Still wide spreading, there, green the laurel shall bloom,
 And ages approving, shall point to thy Moore,
 In glory, who fell on a far foreign shore.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

Written under the threat of Invasion, 1804.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine, and the dark oak tree;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby :
The moon looks thro' the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees,
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake waves dashing against the rock :—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood,
His song was louder than the blast,
As the Bard of Glenmore thro' the forest past.

“ Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and Bards of other days !
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze :
The spectre with his bloody hand,*
Is wandering through the wild woodland ;
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead.

“ Souls of the mighty, wake and say,
To what high strain your harps were strung
When Lochlin plough'd her billowy way,
And on your shores her Norsemen flung ?

* The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called
Lham-dearg, or red-hand.

HEROIC AND

Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,
 Skill'd to prepare the raven's food,
 All, by your harpings doom'd to die
 On bloody Largs and Luncarty.

"Mute are ye all? no murmurs strange
 Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
 Nor thro' the pines with whistling change,
 Mimic the harp's wild harmony!
 Mute are ye now? Ye ne'er were mute,
 When Murder with his bloody foot,
 And Rapine with his iron hand,
 Were hov'ring near your mountain strand.

"O yet awake the strain to tell,
 By every deed in Song enroll'd,
 By every chief who fought or fell,
 For Albion's weal in battle bold;—
 From Coilgach * first who roll'd his car,
 Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
 To him, of vet'ran memory dear,
 Who victor died on Aboukir.

"By all their swords, by all their scars,
 By all their names, a mighty spell;
 By all their wounds, by all their wars,
 Arise, the mighty strain to tell!
 For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
 More impious than the heathen Dane,
 More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
 Gaul's ravening legions hither come."

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake—
 Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
 Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
 At the dread voice of other years,—

• The Galgacus of Tacitus.

“ When targets clash’d, and bugles rang,
And blades round warriors’ heads were flung,
The foremost of the band were we,
And hymn’d the joys of liberty.”



THE INVASION.

ANDERSON.

TUNE,—“ *Lingo’s wedding.*”

How fens te, Dick? There’s fearfu’ news:—
Udsbreed! the French are coming!
There’s nought at Carel but parades,
And sic a drum, drum, drumming:

The volunteers and brigadiers
Are a’ just mad to meet them;
And England e’en maun hing her head,
If Briton’s dinna beat them.

Then there’s the Rangers, a’ in green,
Commanded by brave Howard—
Of a’ his noble kin, not yin
Was ever ca’d a coward.

They’ll pop the Frenchmen off like steysfe,
If e’er they meet, I’ll bail them;
Wi’ sic true Britons at their heads,
True courage cannot fail them.

Thir French are desperate wicked chieles,
If it be true they tell us,
For where they’ve been, folk curse the day
They e’er saw sic sad fellows.

They plant the tree o' liberty,
 And hirelings dance around it,
 But millions water't wi' their tears,
 And bid the de'il confound it.

Our parson says, " we bang'd them still,
 " And bang them still we must, man,
 " For he deserves a coward's death,
 " That frae them e'er wad run, man :

" What feckless courts, and worn-out states,
 " They've conquer'd just by knav'ry ;
 " But every volunteer will prove,
 " A Briton kens nae slav'ry."

I've thought and thought, sin I kend ought,
 Content's the greatest blessin',
 And he that seizes my bit lan'
 Deserves a guid sound dressin'.

AULD ENGLAND, though we count thy faults,
 For ever we'll defend thee !
 To foreign tyrants should we bow,
 They'll mar, but never mend thee.



CULLODEN.

NICHOLSON.

TUNE,—*" O! are ye sleepin', Maggie?"*

THE heath-cock craw'd o'er muir an' dale,
 Red raise the sun, the sky was cloudy,
 While must'ring far, wi' distant yell,
 The north'ren bands march'd stern an' steady.

O! Duncan, Donald's ready!

O! Duncan, Donald's ready!

*Wi' sword an' targe he seeks the charge,
 An' frae his shouther flings the plaidy!*

Nae mair we chace the fleet-foot roe,
 O'er down an' dale, o'er mountain flyin';
 But rush like tempests on the foe,
 Thro' mingled groans the war-note crying,
O! Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

A prince is come to claim his ain,
 A stem o' Stewart, frien'less Charlie;
 What Highlan' han' its blade wou'd hain,
 What Highlan' heart behint would tarry?
O! Duncan, Donald's ready!

I see our hardy clans appear,
 The sun back frae their blades is beamin';
 The south'ren trump falls on my ear,
 Their banner'd lions proudly streamin'.
Now, Donald, Duncan's ready!
Now, Donald, Duncan's ready!
Within his hand he grasps his brand;
Fierce is the fray, the field is bloody!

But lang shall Scotlan' rue the day,
 She saw her flag sae fiercely flying;
 Culloden's hills were hills o' wae;
 Her honour lost, her warriors dying.
Duncan now nae mair is ready!
Duncan now nae mair is ready!
The brand is fa'en frae out his han',
His bonnet blue lies stain'd and bluidy!

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek;
 Lang may she wait for his returnin';
 The midnight dews fa' on her cheek;
 What han' shall dry her tears o' mournin'?
Duncan now nae mair is ready! &c.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

BURNS.

TUNE,—“*Cameronian rant.*”

O CAM' ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man,
Or was ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?
I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd and bluid outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
'Till fey man died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true-blues, man:
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath,
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man.

O how dail Tam can that be true?

The chace gaed frae the north, man:

I saw myself, they did pursue

The horsemen back to Forth man;

And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,

They took the brig wi' a' their might,

And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;

But cursed lot! the gates were shut,

And mony a huntit poor red-coat.

For fear amaisit did swarf, man.

My sister Kate cam up the gate,

Wi' crowdie unto me, man;

She swoor she saw some rebels run

Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:

Their left-hand general had nae skill,

The Angus lads had nae good will

That day their neebors' bluid to spill;

For fear, by foes, that they should lose

Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,

And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,

Amang the Highland clans, man;

I fear my lord Panmure is slain,

Or in his en'mies' hands, man.

Now wad ye sing this double flight,

Some fell for wrang, and some for right;

And mony bade the world gude night;

Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets knell;

How tories fell, and whigs to h-ll

Flew aff in frightened bands, man.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

BURNS.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons, dark and strong,
The wretches' destinie !
M'Pherson's time will not be long,
On yonder gallows tree.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath !
On many a bloody plain,
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again !
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword ;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;
I die by treacherie ;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky !
May coward shame ay stain his name,
The wretch that dares not die !
Sae rantingly, &c.

A VISION.

BURNS.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The tod was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply;

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa' ;

The cauld blae north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din ;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,
When, lo ! in form of Minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd ;

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear ;
But oh ! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times ;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

NEVER BE PEACE, TILL JAMIE COME HAME.

BURNS.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
 And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
 We dare na' weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yird:
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But 'till my last moments my words are the same—
 There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.



CALEDONIA.

BURNS.

TUNE,—“*The Plough Boy.*”

THERE once was a day, but old time then was young,

That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
 From some of your northern deities sprung,
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)

From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
 To hunt or to pasture, or do what she would:

Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
 And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew;
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—

“Whoe'er shall provoke thee th' encounter shall rue!”

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
 But chiefly the woods were her favourite resort,
 Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd; till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand;
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy raven took wing from the north,
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
 The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore:
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd;
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The Chameleon savage disturb'd her repose,
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
 But taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd; and free;
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun;
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
 Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

UP AND WAR THEM A' WILLIE.

WHEN we went to the field of war,
 And to the weaponshaw, Willie,
 With true design to stand our ground,
 And chace our faes awa', Willie.
 Lairds and lords cam there bedeen,
 And vow gin they were pra', Willie.

*Up and war 'em a', Willie;
 War 'em, war 'em a', Willie.*

And when our army was drawn up,
 The bravest e'er I saw, Willie,
 We did not doubt to rax the rout,
 And win the day and a', Willie.
 Pipers play'd frae right to left,
 Fy, furich whigs awa', Willie.

Up and war, &c.

But when our standard was set up,
 So fierce the wind did bla', Willie,
 The golden knop down frae the top,
 Unto the ground did fa', Willie:
 Then second-sighted Sandy said,
 We'll do nae good at a', Willie.

Up and war, &c.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
 Our front, and flank, and a', Willie;
 Our bauld commander on the green,
 Our faes their left did ca, Willie,
 And there the greatest slaughter made,
 That e'er poor Tonal'd saw, Willie.

Up and war, &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,
 They swore they'd slay us a', Willie,
 And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
 And sae did rin awa', Willie.

We drave them back to Bonnybrigs,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.

Up and war, &c.

But when their general view'd our lines,
And them in order saw, Willie,
He straight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, Willie:
Thus we taught them the better gate
To get a better fa', Willie.

Up and war, &c.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
And bravely up did draw, Willie:
But gin ye speer wha wan the day,
I'll tell you what I saw, Willie:
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.
So there's my canty Highland sang
About the thing I saw, Willie.



THE DAYS O' LANG SYNE.

WHEN war had broke in on the peace o' auld men,
And frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd again,
Twa vet'rans grown grey, wi' their muskets sair soil'd,
Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toil'd;
The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,
But ay they look back on the days o' lang syne.

Eh! Davie, man, weel thou remembers the time,
When twa brisk young callans, an' just in our prime,
The prince led us, conquer'd, an' show'd us the way,
An' mony a braw chield we turn'd cauld on that day:
Still again would I venture this auld trunk o' mine,
Cou'd our gen'als but lead, or we fight like lang syne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
 Tho' our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are still true;
 We car'd na for danger by land or by sea,
 For time is turn'd coward, an' no you and me;
 And though at our fate we may sadly repine,
 Youth winna return, nor the strength o' lang syne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind,
 How thy Jean caress'd thee, and my Meg was kind;
 They shar'd a' our dangers, tho' ever sae hard,
 Nor car'd we for plunder, when sic our reward:
 Ev'n now, they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,
 And to share the hard fate they were us'd to lang syne.



KAIL BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.

TUNE,—*"O the roast Beef of Old England."*

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,
 For a piece o' guid grun' to be a kail-yard,
 It was to the brose that they paid their regard;

*O! the kail-brose of auld Scotland,
 An' O! the Scottish kail-brose.*

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,
 At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd our foes,
 Just before they began they'd been feasting on brose.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,
 Wi' their bonnets and belts which their dress did compose,
 And a bag of oat-meal on their backs to be brose.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual elections for bailies or mayor,
 Nae kickshaws o' puddings or tarts were seen there;
 But a cog o' guid brose was the favourite fare.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

But when we remember the English our foes,
 Our ancestors beat them wi' very few blows,
 John Bull oft cried, ' O ! let's rin, they've got brose.'

O ! the kail-brose, &c.

But now that the thistle is join'd to the rose,
 And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
 We've lost a great deal of our relish for brose.

O ! the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
 Likes always to feast on a cog o' guid brose ;
 And thanks be to heav'n, we've yet plenty of those.

O ! the kail-brose, &c.



KILLICRANKIE.

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen,
 Came down upo' the raw, man,
 Who being stout, gave many a clout :
 The lads began to claw then.
 With sword and terge into their hand,
 Wi' which they were nae slaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy sigh
 The lad began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
 She flang amang them a', man ;
 The butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their rigging's paid for a' then.
 They got their paks, wi' sudden straits,
 Which to their grief they saw, man ;
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
And flang amang them a', man,
The English blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
The durk and door made their last hour,
And prov'd their final fa', man;
They thought the devil had been there,
That play'd them sic a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant
Came whigging up the hills, man,
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bills then.
In Willie's name they thought na ane
Durst stop their course at a', man,
But hur nainsell, wi' mony a knock,
Cry'd, furich whigs awa, man.

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
Came linking up the brink, man,
The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
They bred a horrid stink then.
The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
Came in amang them a', man;
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh' on a ri, oh' on a ri,
Why should she lose King Shames, man,
Oh' rig in di, oh' rig in di,
She shall break a' her banes then,
With furichinish, an' stay a while,
And speak a word or twa, man,
She's gie a straik, out o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
Her nain-sell's won the day, man,
King Shames' red coats should be hung up,
Because they ran awa' then :

Had bent their bows, like Highland trows,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And Willie run awa' then.



THE THISTLE.

HOGG.

LET them boast of the country gave Patrick his fame,
 Of the land of the ocean, and Anglian name,
 With their red blushing roses, and shamrock sae green;
 Far dearer to me are the hills of the North,
 The land of blue mountains, the birth place of worth,
 Those mountains where Freedom has fix'd her abode,
 Those wide spreading glens, where no slave ever trode,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green.

Though rich be the soil, where blossoms the rose;
 And bleak the high mountains, and cover'd with snows,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green;
 Yet for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,
 And for courage so bold, which no foe could subdue,
 Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our swains,
 And lovely and true are the nymphs on our plains;
 Where rises the thistle—the thistle sae green.

Far fam'd are our sires in the battles of yore,
 And many the *cairnies* that rise on our shore,
 O'er the foes that invaded the thistle sae green;
 And many a *cairnie* shall rise on our strand,
 Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land;
 Let foe come on foe, like wave upon wave,
 We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave,
 Beneath the red heather and thistle sae green!

O ! dear to our souls are the blessings of Heav'n,
 The freedom we boast of, the land which we live in,
 The land of the thistle—the thistle sae green :
 For that land and that freedom our fathers have bled,
 And we swear by the blood which our fathers have shed,
 That no foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave ;
 But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave—
 The thistle of Scotia !—the thistle sae green !



TRANENT MUIR.

SKIRVIN.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
 Did march up Birsle brae, man,
 And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent,
 As fast as he could gae, man ;
 While General Cope did taunt and mock,
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, man ;
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 We heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, * as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in chuds, man ;
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loos'd with devilish thuds, man ;

* Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, a gentleman of great bravery, and of the most amiable disposition. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and died in France colonel of a regiment, which his grateful master had procured him, as a small reward and compensation for his great services and misfortunes, 1748.

Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
 And soon did chase them aff, man;
 On Seaton Crafts they buft their chafts,
 And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
 They'd make the rebels run, man;
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man:
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
 And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow gin they were crouse, man;
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
 They were not worth a louse, man;
 Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!
 They'd better stay'd awa', man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do pae good at a', man.

Menteith * the great, when hersell shrit,
 Un'wares did ding him o'er man;
 Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fou fast did scour, man;
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man:
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

* The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer; who, happening to come, the night before the battle, upon a Highlander easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.

And Simpson keen *, to clear the coast
 Of rebels far in wrang, man,
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallop'd with the thrang, man;
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack
 Was cleanly out of sight man;
 And thought it best; it was nae jest
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
 But twa, and ane was tane, man;
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie † staid,
 And sair he paid the kain, man;
 Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot,
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;
 Frae many a spout came running out
 His reeking-hot red gore, man.

But Gardiner ‡ brave did still behave;
 Like to a hero bright, man;
 His courage true, like him were few,
 That still despised flight, man;
 For king and laws, and country's cause,
 In honour's bed he lay, man;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

* Another reverend volunteer, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by the dint of his pistols; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt.

† Mr. Myrie was a student of physic, from Jamaica; he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broadswords.

‡ James Gardiner, colonel of a regiment of horse. This gallant officer and good man, being deserted by his troops, was killed by a highlander, with a Lochaber axe. The axe is preserved in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow.

And Major Bowie, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get monie a wound, man:
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spur'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man;
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man:
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend
 His use and wont to lie, man;
 The Teague is naught, he never faught,
 When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest, amang the rest,
 With gun and good claymore, man,
 On gelding grey he rode that way,
 With pistols set before, man;
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
 Before that he would yield, man;
 But the night before, he left the core,
 And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man:
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 (Some standing round in ring, man,)
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 And cry'd, God save the king, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man;

Guns an' pistols an' a',
 Pistols an' guns an' a';
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,
 Wi' guns an' pistols an' a'.

What though we befriendit young Charlie?
 To tell it I dihnna think shame;
 Poor lad! he cam to us but barely,
 And reckon'd our mountains his hame;
 'Tis true that our reason forbade us,
 But tenderness carried the day:
 Had Georgie come friendless among us,
 Wi' him we had a' gane away.
 Sword an' buckler an' a',
 Buckler an' sword an' a',
 For George we'll encounter the devil,
 Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'.

An' O I wad eagerly press him
 The keys o' the East to retain,
 For should he gie up the possession,
 We'll soon hae to force them again;
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
 Though it were my finishin' blow;
 He ay may depend on Macdonald,
 Wi' his Highlandmen all in a row.
 Knees an' elbows an' a',
 Elbows an' knees an' a':
 Depend upon Donald Macdonald,
 His knees an' elbows an' a'.

If Bonaparte lanl at Fort-William,
 Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;
 I laugh whan I think how we'll gall him,
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane:
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy
 We'll rattle him aff frae the shore,
 Or lull him asleep in a cairney,
 And sing him *Lochaber no more!*

Stanes an' bullets an' a',
 Bullets an' stanes an' a';
 We'll finish the Corsican callan'
 Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry,
 An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
 An' Grant, an' Mackenzie, an' Murray,
 An' Cameron will hurkle to nane.
 The Stuart is sturdy and wannel,
 An' sae is Macleod an' Mackay;
 An' I, their gude-brither Macdonald,
 Sall never be last in the fray.
 Brogues an' brochen an' a',
 Brochen an' brogues an' a';
 An' up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
 The kilt an' the feather an' a'.



LAIGH COUNTRY SANDY.

A. BROWN,

TUNE—"Woo'd and married and a'."

My name it is Laigh-country Sandy,
 Ne'er fear'd for the face of a fae;
 By king an' by country I'll stand aye,
 Whenever they're threaten'd wi' wae,
 When armed an' plac'd in my station,
 To march, an' to front, an' to wheel,
 I'll fight for auld Scotland's salvation,
 Against baith the Dutch an' the de'il,
 King an' People an' a',
 Lords an' Commons an' a',
 Shall keep up their auld independence,
 Or Sandy sall fight till he fa'.

May I get my shouthers weel clankit,
 Gif e'er I tell ought but the truth;
 Your clans they can front it an' flank it,
 As weel as we lads o' the South;
 Tho' Cameron's braw lads! took the gumples,
 An' wadna own Geordie awa,
 Yet they'll hazard their necks and their rumples,
 To chase the invaders awa.
 Drums an' trumpets an' a',
 Trumpets an' drums an' a';
 They'll hazard their necks and their rumples,
 To chase the invaders awa.

Yet dinna think we are less faithfu'
 Than Donald's blue-bannetted core,
 Or yet o' our pallets mair laithfu',
 Sude Frenchmen e'er land on our shore.
 If e'er the tyrannical buckie,
 A sword in our country sude draw,
 We'll rally a', happy go luckie,
 An' chase the invaders awa.
 Pikes an' batons an' a',
 Batons an' pikes an' a';
 We'll rattle the Corsican's shouthers
 Wi' pikes an' batons an' a'.

Auld Scotland was never sae tipsy,
 Nor strutted sae braw in her gear,
 Sin' that time the Catholic gipsy
 Held a' the hale kirks in a steer.
 For a' their religious bother,
 Baith kirkmen, seceders, an' a',
 They'll thraw their opinions a' throuther,
 An' thresh the invaders awa.
 Whigs an' tories an' a',
 Tories an' whigs an' a',
 Will drown their debates in a bumper,
 An' chase the invaders awa.

The black fouk frae Symmie, that weer us
 Wi' monie braw lang-nebbit words,
 Sude onie great danger come near us,
 Their books they will niffer for swords?
 An' if this mischievous birkie
 Into our dear country sude come,
 They'll cast a' their creeds at their a—s,
 An' row-de-dow follow the drum.
 Wigs an' cassocks an' a',
 Cassocks an' wigs an' a',
 They'll cleek up a rusty brown jennet,
 An' thunder the rascals awa.

The wives an' the lasses enraged,
 The grit anes as weel as the poor.
 Their husbands an' sweethearts engaged,
 They'll kick up a terrible stour:
 If ever they see the Sans Culottes,
 Their ladyships winna be slaw,
 O' tankards an' plates to mak bullets,
 To pelt the invaders awa,
 Tangs an' pokers an' a',
 Pokers an' tangs an' a';
 Wi' true Amazonian vigour,
 They'll pelt the invaders awa.

SHERIFF-MUIR.*

THERE's some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a' man;

* The battle of Dunblain or Sheriff-muir was fought on the 12th of November 1715, between the earl of Mar, for the Chevalier, and the duke of Argyle for the government.

But one thing I'm sure;
 That at Sheriff-muir,
 A battle there was, which I saw, man;
 And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
 And we ran, and they ran awa, man.

Brave Argyle * and Belhaven, †
 Not like frightened Leven, ‡
 Which Rothes § and Haddington || saw, man;
 For they all with Wightman ¶
 Advanc'd on the right, man,
 While others took flight, being raw, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh ** was there,
 In order to share
 With Douglas, †† who stood not in awe, man.

Both sides claimed the victory, the left wing of either army being routed. The capture of Preston, it is very remarkable, happened on the same day.

* John (Campbell) 2d duke of Argyle, commander-in-chief of the government forces; a nobleman of great talents and integrity, much respected by all parties: died 1743.

† John (Hamilton) lord Belhaven; served as a volunteer; and had the command of a troop of horse raised by the county of Haddington: perished at sea, 1721.

‡ David (Lesly) earl of Leven; for the government.

§ John (Lesley) earl of Rothes; for the government.

|| Thomas (Hamilton) earl of Haddington; for the government.

¶ Major-general Joseph Wightman.

** John (Ker) first duke of Roxburgh; for the government.

†† Archibald (Douglas) Duke of Douglas.

Volunteerly to ramble
 With Lord Loudon Campbell, *
 Brave Ilay † did suffer for a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, ‡ that great knight,
 With broadsword most bright,
 On horseback he briskly did charge, man;
 An hero that's bold,
 None could him withhold,
 He stoutly encountered the targemen.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittam, §
 For fear they should cut him,
 Seeing glittering broadswords with a pa', man,
 And that in such thrang,
 Made Baird edicang, ||
 And from the brave clans ran awa, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar ¶ and Panmure **
 Were firm I am sure,
 The latter was kidnapt awa, man,

* Hugh (Campbell) earl of Loudon.

† Archibald earl of Islay, brother to the duke of Argyle.
 He was dangerously wounded.

‡ An officer in the troop of gentlemen volunteers.

§ Major-general Thomas Whitham.

|| i. e. *an aid-du-camp*.

¶ John (Erskine) earl of Mar, commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's army; a nobleman of great spirit, honour, and abilities. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732.

** James (Maule) earl of Panmure; died at Paris, 1723.

With brisk men about,
 Brave Harry * retook
 His brother, and laught at them a', man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Grave Marshall † and Lithgow, †
 And Glengary's § pith too,
 Assisted by brave Loggia-man, ||
 And Gordons the bright,
 So boldly did fight,
 The red coats took flight and awa, man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Honourable Harry Maule, brother to the earl. The circumstance here alluded to is thus related in the earl of Mar's printed account of the engagement: "The prisoners taken by us were very civilly used, and none of them stript. Some were allowed to return to Stirling upon their parole, &c.... The few prisoners taken on our left were most of them stript and wounded after taken. The earl of Panmure being first of the prisoners wounded after taken. They having refused his parole, he was left in a village, and by the hasty retreat of the enemy, upon the approach of our army, was rescued by his brother and his servants."

† George (Keith) earl Marischal, then a youth at college. He died at his government of Neufchatel in 1771. His brother, the celebrated marshal Keith, was with him in this battle.

‡ James (Livingston) earl of Calendar and Linnlithgow; attainted.

§ Alexander Macdonald of Glengary, laird of a clan; a brave and spirited chief: attainted.

|| Thomas Drummond of Logie-Almond; commanded the two battalions of Drummonds. He was wounded.

Strathmore * and Clanronald †
 Cry'd still, Advance Donald!
 Till both these heroes did fa', man: ‡
 For there was such hashing,
 And broadswords a clashing,
 Brave Forfar § himself got a claw, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* John (Lyon) earl of Strathmore; "a man of good parts, of a most amiable disposition and character."

† Ranald Macdonald, captain of Clan Ranald. *N. B.* The captain of a clan was one who, being next or near in blood to the chief, headed them in his infancy or absence.

‡ "We have lost to our regret, the earl of Strathmore and the captain of Clan-Ranald." Earl of Mar's Letter to the governor of Perth. Again, printed account: "We can't find above 60 of our men in all killed, among whom were the earl of Strathmore [and] the captain of Clan-Ranald, both much lamented." The latter, "for his good parts and gentle accomplishments, was looked upon as the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans.—He was lamented by both parties that knew him."

His servant who lay on the field watching his dead body being asked next day who that was, answered, He was a man yesterday. Boswell's *Journey to the Hebrides*, p. 359.

§ Archibald (Douglas) earl of Forfar, who commanded a regiment in the duke's army. He is said to have been shot in the knee, and to have had 10 or 12 cuts in his head from the broadswords. He died a few days after of his wounds.

Lord Perth * stood the storm,
 Seaforth † but lukewarm,
 Kilsyth ‡ and Strathallan § not slaw, man;
 And Hamilton || pled,
 The men were not bred,
 For he had no fancy to fa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous Southesk, ¶
 Tullibardin ** was brisk,
 Whose father indeed would not draw, man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which serv'd for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* James marquis of Drummond, son of James (Drummond), duke of Perth, was lieutenant-general of horse, and "behaved with great gallantry." He was attainted, but escaped to France, where he soon after died.

† William (Mackenzie) earl of Seaforth. He was attainted, and died in 1740.

‡ William (Livingston) viscount Kilsyth, attainted.

§ William (Drummond) viscount Strathallan; whose sense of loyalty could scarcely equal the spirit and activity he manifested in the cause. He was taken prisoner in this battle, which he survived, to perish in the still more fatal one of Culloden-muir.

|| Lieutenant-general George Hamilton, commanding under the earl of Mar.

¶ James (Carnegie) earl of Southesk; was attainted, and, escaping to France, died there, in 1729.

** William (Murray) marquis of Tullibardin, eldest son to the duke of Athol. Having been attainted, he was taken at sea in 1746, and died soon after, of a flux, in the Tower.

Lord Rollo * not fear'd,
 Kintore † and his beard,
 Pitsligo ‡ and Ogilvie § a', man;
 And brothers Balfours, ||
 They stood the first show'rs,
 Clackmannan and Burleigh ** did claw, man;
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

But Clephane †† acted pretty,
 And Strowan †† the witty,
 A poet that passes us a', man;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to draw, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Robert (Rollo) lord Rollo; "a man of singular merit and great integrity;" died in 1758.

† William (Keith) earl of Kintore.

‡ Alexander (Forbes) Lord Pitsligo; "a man of good parts, great honour and spirit, and universally beloved and esteemed." He was engaged again in the affair of 1745, for which he was attainted, and died at an advanced age, in 1762.

§ James lord Ogilvie, eldest son of David (Ogilvie) earl of Airth. He was attainted, but afterwards pardoned. His father not drawing into the same yoke, saved the estate.

|| Some relations it is supposed of the lord Burleigh.

** Robert (Balfour) lord Burleigh. He was attainted, and died in 1757.

†† Major William Clephane, adjutant-general to the marquis of Drummond.

‡‡ Alexander Robertson of Struan; who, having experienced every vicissitude of life, with a stoical firmness, died in peace, 1749. He was an excellent poet, and has left elegies worthy of Tibullus.

For Huntly * and Sinclair †,
 They both play'd the tinkler,
 With consciences black like a crow, man,
 Some Angus and Fifemen,
 They ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c,

Then Laurie the traitor,
 Who betray'd his master,
 His king and his country and a', man,
 Pretending Mar might
 Give order to fight,
 To the right of the army awa', man. ‡
And we ran, and they ran, &c,

* Alexander (Gordon) marquis of Huntly, eldest son to the duke of Gordon, who remained neutral.

† John Sinclair, Esq. commonly called master of Sinclair, eldest son of Henry lord Sinclair; was attainted, but afterward pardoned, and died in 1750.

‡ "There was at this time a report prevailed that one *Drummond* went to *Perth* under the notion of a deserter from the duke of Argyle, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed the day of the action, as aid-de-camp to the lord *Drummond*, and in that quality, attended the earl of *Mar* to receive his orders; the earl when he found his right was like to break the duke's left, sent this *Drummond* with orders to General *Hamilton*; who commanded on the rebels' left, to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But *Drummond*, as they pretend, gave contrary orders, and intelligence to General *Hamilton*, acquainting him that the earl's right was broke, and desiring the general to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which general *Hamilton* gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obeyed. Then the duke's right approach-

Then Laurie for fear,
 Of what he might hear,
 Took Drummond's best horse and awa, man,
 'Stead of going to Perth,
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he press'd,
 And there he address'd,
 That he behav'd best of them a', man;
 And there without strife
 Got settled for life,
 An hundred a-year to his fa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness
 He resides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stand in need of a draw, man,
 And then in a tether,
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 And go off the stage with a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy * stood watch
 On a hill for to catch
 The booty for ought that I saw, man,

ing, the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely galled by the duke; and they pretend, that Drummond, after performing this treacherous part, went over to the duke.—*Campbell's Life of John Duke of Argyle*, p. 204.

* "Among other causes of the rebels' misfortune in that day they reckon the part *Rob Roy Macgregor* acted, to be one; this *Rob Roy*, or *Red Robert*, was brother to the laird of *Macgregor*, and commanded that clan in his brother's absence, but in the day of battle he kept his men

For he never advanc'd,
 From the place he was stanc'd,
 'Till no more to do there at a', man.
For we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the flight,
 And Moubray the Wright;
 But Letham the smith was a braw man,
 For he took the gout,
 Which truly was wit,
 By judging it time to withdraw, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

together at some distance without allowing them to engage, though they showed all the willingness imaginable, and waited only an opportunity to plunder, which was, it seems, the chief of his design of coming there. This clan are a hardy rough people, but noted for pilfering, as they lie upon the border of the Highlands, and this *Rob Roy* had exercised their talents that way pretty much in a kind of thieving war he carried on against the duke of Montrose, who had, as he alleged, cheated him of a small feudal estate." *Campbell's Life of J. D. of Argyle*, p. 204.

The conduct of this gentleman (who, the historian would not tell us, had assumed the surname of *Campbell*, his own being prohibited by act of parliament) was the more surprising as he had ever been remarked for courage and activity. When desired by one of his own officers to go and assist his friends, he is reported to have said, "If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is more than probable, however, that his interference would have decided the fortune of that day in favour of his own party. "He continued in arms for some years after, and committed great depredations in the shires of Dumbarton, and Lenox, particularly on the duke of Montrose's lands, defeating several detachments sent to reduce him." *Boysse's History of the Rebellion*. He is in the number of those attainted by parliament.

And Trumpet Maclean,
 Whose breeks were not clean,
 'Thro' misfortune he happened to fa', man,
 By saving his neck
 His trumpet did break,
 Came off without music at a', man. *

And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was,
 As ne'er in that place was,
 And as little chase was at a', man;
 From other they run,
 Without touk 'of drum;
 They did not make use of a pa', man.

*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
 And we ran, and they ran awa', man.*



LITTLE WAT YE WHA'S COMING.

OR THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER-ROLL, 1716.

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock and Tam and a's coming.
 Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
 Alaster and a's coming.

The particulars of this anecdote no where appear. The hero is supposed to be the same *John Maclean, trumpet*, who was sent from lord Mar, then at Perth, with a letter to the duke of Argyle, at Stirling camp, on the 30th of October, Vide *Original Letters*, 1730. Two copies, however, printed not long after 1715, read, "And trumpet *Marine*."

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock and Tam an' a's coming.
 Borland and his men's coming,
 The Cam'rons and M'Leans' coming,
 The Gordons and M'Gregor's coming,
 A' the Dunywastles' coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 M'Gilvrey of Drumglass is coming.
 Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
 Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
 Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
 Withrington and Nairn's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Blythe Cowhill and a's coming.
 The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
 M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,
 The M'Kenzies and M'Phersons' coming,
 A' the wild M'Craws' coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Donald Gunn and a's coming.
 They gloom, they glowr, they look so big,
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
 They'll fright the fuds o' the Pockpuds,
 For monie a buttock bare's coming.

JOHNNY COPE.

TUNE,—“ *Fly to the hills in the morning.*”

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
Charlie, meet me, an ye dare,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.

*Hey Johnny Cope, are ye waking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waking I wou'd wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.*

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Cope i' the morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

Now, Johnny, be as good as your word,
Come let us try both fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa' like a frightened bird,
That's cha'd frae its nest in the morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

When Johnny Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa' i' the morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

Fy now Johnny get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes make a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

When Johnny Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, Where's a' your men?
The de'il confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

Now, Johnny, trouth ye was na blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 So early in the morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

Ah! faith, quo' Johnny, I got a fleg,
 With their claymores and philabegs,
 If I face them again, de'il break my legs,
 So I wish you a' good morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

~~~~~  
 IN HONOUR OF THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE.\*

TUNE,—“*Katherine Ogie.*”

YE warlike men, with tongue and pen,  
 Who boast such loud bravadoes,  
 And swear you'll tame, with sword and flame,  
 The Highland desperadoes,  
 Attend my verse, whilst I rehearse  
 Your modern deeds of glory,  
 And tell how Cope, the nation's hope,  
 Did beat the rebel tory.

With sword and targe, in dreadful rage,  
 The mountain-squires descended;  
 They cut and hack,—alack! alack!—  
 The battle soon was ended;  
 And happy he who first could flee;  
 Both soldiers and commanders  
 Swore in a fright, they'd rather fight  
 In Germany or Flanders.

Some lost their wits, some fell in fits,  
 Some stuck in bogs and ditches;  
 Sir John, aghast, like lightning past,  
 Discharging in his breeches.

\* Thomas Pattison, Esq. This city surrendered to the chevalier, the 15th of November, 1745; and was retaken by the duke of Cumberland, on the 31st December following,

The blue-cap lads, with belted plaids,  
 Syne scamper'd o'er the border,  
 And bold Carlisle, in humble style,  
 Obey'd their leader's order.

O Pattison! ohon! ohon!  
 Thou figure of a mayor!  
 Thou bless'd thy lot, thou wert no Scot,  
 And bluster'd like a player;  
 What hast thou done, with sword or gun,  
 To baffle the Pretender?  
 Of mouldy cheese and bacon-grease  
 Thou much more fit defender.

Of front of brass, and brain of ass,  
 With heart of hare compounded;  
 How are thy boasts repaid with costs,  
 And all thy pride confounded!  
 Thou need'st not rave lest Scotland crave  
 Thy kindred or thy favour,  
 Thy wretched race can give no grace,  
 No glory thy behaviour.



## SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF THE UNION.

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,  
 Fareweel our ancient glory;  
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,  
 Sae fam'd in martial story!  
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,  
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,  
 To mark where England's province stands:  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,  
 Thro' many warlike ages,  
 Is wrought now by a coward few,  
 For hireling traitors' wages.

The English steel we could disdain,  
 Secure in valour's station;  
 But English gold has been our bane :  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

O would, ere I had seen the day  
 That treason thus could sell us,  
 My auld gray head had lien in clay,  
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !  
 But pith and power, till my last hour  
 I'll make this declaration,  
 We're bought and sold for English gold :  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !



## O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.\*

O KENMURE's on and awa, Willie,  
 O Kenmure's on and awa :  
 An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's hand, Willie !  
 Success to Kenmure's band !  
 There's no a heart that fears a whig,  
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;  
 There ne'er was a coward of Kenmure's blude,  
 Nor yet of Gordon's line.

\* William Gordon, viscount Kenmure, was commander-in-chief of the chevalier's forces in the south of Scotland. Having joined general Forster, and marched to Preston in Lancashire, he there surrendered himself a prisoner at discretion, and was beheaded on Tower-hill, 24th February, 1715-16.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
 O Kenmure's lads are men;  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,  
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,  
 They'll live or die wi' fame;  
 But soon wi' sounding victorie  
 May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's Him that's far awa, Willie,  
 Here's Him that's far awa;  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,  
 The rose that's like the snaw.



### GUDE WALLACE.

O for my ain King, quo' gude Wallace,  
 The rightfu' King of fair Scotland!  
 Between me and my sovereign's blude,  
 I think I see some ill seed sawn.

Wallace out over yon river he lap,  
 And he has lighted low down on yon plain,  
 And he was aware of a gay ladie,  
 As she was at the well washing.

What tydins, what tydins, fair ladie, he says,  
 What tydins hast thou to tell unto me;  
 What tydins, what tydins, fair ladie, he says,  
 What tydins ha'e ye in the south countrie.

Low down in yon wee ostler house,  
 There is fyfteen Englishmen,  
 And they are seekin' for gude Wallace,  
 It's him to take and him to hang.

There's nocht in my purse, quo' gude Wallace,  
 There's nocht, not even a bare pennie,  
 But I will down to yon wee ostler house  
 Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.

And when he cam to yon wee ostler house,  
He bade benedicite be there;  
He knelt and on his bended knee,  
Their bounty kind he begg'd to share.

Where was ye born? auld crookit carle;  
Where was ye born, in what countrie?  
I am a true Scot born and bred,  
And an auld crookit carle just sic as ye see.

I wad gi'e fyfteen shillings to onie crookit carle,  
To onie crookit carle just sic as ye,  
If ye will get me gude Wallace,  
For he is the man I wad very fain see.

He hit the proud captain along the chaft blade,  
That never a bit o' meal he ate mair;  
And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,  
And he left them a' lying sprawlin' there.

Get up, get up, gudewife, he says,  
And get to me some dinner in haste;  
For it will soon be three lang days,  
Sin' I a bit o' meat did taste.

The dinner was na weel readie,  
Nor was it on the table set,  
Till other fyfteen Englishmen,  
Were a' lighted about the yett.

Come out, come out, now gude Wallace,  
This is the day that thou maun die;  
I lippen nae sae little to God, he says,  
Altho' I be but ill wordie.

The gudewife had an auld gudeman,  
By gude Wallace he stiffly stood,  
Till ten o' the fyfteen Englishmen,  
Before the door lay in their blude.

The other five to the greenwood ran,  
 And he hang'd these five upon a grain,  
 And on the morn wi' his merry men a'  
 He sat at dine in Lœchmaben town,



## THE TWEEDALE VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL TO HIS FAMILY, 1804.

REV. J. NICOL.

TUNE—"Lewie Gordon."

SEE! my country's banners fly!  
 Fury burns in every eye!  
 Why, my Jeany! why that sigh?  
 Shall I shrink when Danger's near?  
 Tho' I tear me frae thy arms,  
 I'm not dead to beauty's charms;  
 'Tis to shield frae War's alarms,  
 A' that to my soul is dear!

Come now, Jock, gi'e me thy hand,  
 If I fa' on Scotia's strand,  
 Mind a father's last command,  
 An' a father's blessing claim;  
 When thy arm the sword can wield,  
 Stand thy King and Country's shield!  
 Never Scotia's glory yield,  
 Never stain thy father's fame!

You, my Peggy! lovely flower,  
 Smiling in thy vernal hour!  
 Shall I, in a villain's power,  
 Thy unrifled blossom see?—  
 If the tyrant, o'er the waves,  
 Dare conduct his host of slaves,  
 Scotia's sons shall, on their graves,  
 Plant the tree of Liberty!



If in adverse battle tost,  
 I behold my country lost,  
 Then, I'll, on the extremest coast,  
     Stand, my dearest fame to save !  
 There, my blood-stain'd sword I'll draw !  
 There, on Scotland's name I'll ca' !  
 There, wi' Liberty, I'll fa !  
     An' there together fill æe grave !



### SONG.

REV. J. NICOL.

*Written in 1804.*

TUNE—" *Erin go Bragh.*"

New Scotia, her heroes that bathe in her fountains,  
 And bask on her hills, for the contest she trains;  
 All strong as the torrents that roll down her mountains,  
 And swift as the tempests that sweep o'er her plains !  
 For ne'er shall her sons, amid war's loudest thunder,  
 See their country alarm'd, and not burn to defend her !  
 No ! never their ancient renown they'll surrender !  
     Their birthright is freedom ! they scorn Gallia's  
     chains !

However our foes their designs may dissemble,  
 Their arts to a nation enlighten'd are vain !  
 They would conquer our power, which has oft made  
     them tremble,  
 With which their ambition could not peace maintain !  
 They would tarnish our fame, not by rising above it !  
 But by blasting detraction !—for slaves cannot love it !  
 They would plunder our wealth, which, like robbers,  
     they covet,  
 That wealth which by commerce they never could gain !

See! the ghosts of our fathers who conquer'd with Wallace,  
 And with Bruce fought by Bannockburn's blood-par-  
 pled stream,  
 From the clouds bending down, eye, with rapture, our  
 vallies

All glittering with arms in the sun's radiant beam!  
 The fame which our ancestors gain'd let us merit,  
 And burn to defend, with their brave dauntless spirit!  
 The blood-purchas'd land, which they bade us inherit!  
 And dearer than life Independence esteem!

Rise then, nobly rise! ere our en'mies attack us,  
 What coward so base as to linger behind?  
 Our king, country, friends, all that's sacred invoke us!  
 And kindle with ardour each generous mind!  
 We will die with that freedom our forefathers gave us!  
 For of death crown'd with glory no power can bereave us!  
 Or humble the tyrant who dares to enslave us!  
 And give him the chains for our country design'd!



## CHEROKEE INDIAN DEATH SONG.

MRS. J. HUNTER.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,  
 But glory remains when their lights fade away.  
 Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,  
 For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;  
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.  
 Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?  
 No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,  
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away:  
 Now the flame rises fast; ye exult in my pain;  
 But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.  
Death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain;  
And thy son, O Alknemoock, has scorn'd to complain!

~~~~~

WILLIAM TELL.

WHEN William Tell was doom'd to die,
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head—
The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,
And soldiers march'd with grief and dread !
The warrior came, serene and mild,
Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,
Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd;
Then nature and the father spoke.
And, now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
For they sigh,
And wildly cry,
Poor William Tell ! once hero of the lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,
And straight the pointed arrow flies,
The trembling boy expects his doom,
All, all shriek out—" he dies ! he dies !"
When lo ! the lofty trumpet sounds !
The mark is hit ! the child is free !
Into his father's arms he bounds,
Inspir'd by love and liberty !
And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,
For mountains ring,
Whilst they sing,
Live William Tell ! the hero of the lakes.

THE EXILE OF ERIN,

T. CAMPBELL.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

O sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Erin ! my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me more.
Oh ! cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me,
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
Sisters and sire did you weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?
Oh, my sad heart ! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,
 Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers—Erin go Bragh !
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh !

WALLACE'S LAMENT.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE,—“ *Maids of Arrochar.*”

Thou dark winding Carron once pleasing to see,
 To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
 And thy streams are deep ting'd with the blood of the slain.

'Twas base-hearted treach'ry that doom'd our undoing,—
 My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
 Ev'n valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
 And freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell ye dear partners of peril ! farewell !
 Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
 Your deeds shall ennoble the place where you fell,
 And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave.
 But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
 Perhaps, like traitor, ignobly must die !
 On thy wrongs, O my country ! indignant I ponder.—
 Ah ! wo to the hour when thy Wallace must fly !

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

FRAZER.

" DEAR land of my birth, of my friends, of my love!
 Shall I never again climb thy mountains?
 Nor wander at eve, thro' the lone leafy grove,
 To listen the dash of thy fountains?
 Shall no hand that I love close my faint-beaming eye,
 That darkens 'mid warfare and danger?
 Ah, no! for I feel that my last heaving sigh
 Must fleet on the gale of the stranger!

" Then farewell ye vallies—ye fresh blooming bow'rs,
 Of childhood the once happy dwelling;
 No more in your haunts shall I chace the gay hours,
 For death at my bosom is knelling;
 But proudly the lotus shall bloom o'er my grave,
 To mark where a freeman is sleeping;
 And my dirge shall be heard in the Nile's dashing wave,
 While the Arab his night-watch is keeping."

"Twas a soldier who spoke—but his voice now is gone,
 And lowly the hero is lying;
 No sound meets the ear, save the crocodile's moan,
 Or the breeze through the palm-tree sighing.
 But, lone though he rests, where the camel is seen
 By the wilderness heavily pacing,
 His grave in our bosoms shall ever be green,
 And his monument ne'er know defacing.

~~~~~

## BANNOCKBURN.

CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—" *Hey tuttie tuttee.*"

WIDE o'er Bannock's heathy wold  
 Scotland's deathful banners roll'd,  
 And spread their wings of sprinkled gold  
 To the purpling east.

Freedom beam'd in ev'ry eye;  
 Devotion breath'd in every sigh:  
 Freedom heav'd their souls on high,  
 And steel'd each hero's breast,

Charging, then, the coursers sprang;  
 Sword and helmet clashing rang;  
 Steel-clad warriors' mixing clang  
 Echo'd round the field.  
 Deathful see their eyeballs glare!  
 See the nerves of battle bare!  
 Arrowy tempests cloud the air,  
 And glance from ev'ry shield.

Hark the bowman's quivering strings!  
 Death on grey-goose pinions springs!  
 Deep they dip their dappled wings,  
 Drunk in hero's gore.  
 Lo! Edward, \* springing on the rear,  
 Plies his Caledonian spear;  
 Ruin marks his dread career,  
 And sweeps them from the shore.

See how red the streamlets flow!  
 See the reeling, yielding foe,  
 How they melt at every blow!  
 Yet we shall be free!  
 Darker yet the strife appears;  
 Forest dread, of flaming spears:  
 Hark, a shout the welkin tears!  
*Bruce has victory!*

Join the Caledonian lyre,  
 In strains of bold celestial fire,  
 Till the sound to Heav'n aspire,  
*Bruce has victory!*

\* The brave EDWARD BRUCE, whose intrepidity and valour contributed so highly to the fortune of the day.

Give the world, O Bard! their praise;  
 Crown with glory's brightest bays;  
 Sing them in eternal lays,  
 Who set their country free.

### THE LAND IN THE OCEAN.

In the midst of the sea, like a tough man of war,  
 Pull away, pull away, yo ho! there,  
 Stands an island surpassing all others by far,  
 If you doubt it, you've only to go there;  
 By Neptune 'twas built, upon Freedom's firm base,  
 And for ever 'twill last, I've a notion;  
 All the world I defy to produce such a place,  
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull I say,  
 As the snug bit of land in the ocean.

From the opposite shore, puff'd with arrogant pride,  
 Pull away, pull away, so clever,  
 They've oft sworn as how they would come alongside,  
 And destroy the poor island for ever;  
 But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,  
 And so tightly she's rigg'd, I've a notion  
 She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough,  
 Pull away, &c.  
 If they touch'd at the land in the ocean.

There was Howe, ever bold in the glorious cause,  
 Pull away, pull away, so stout, boys,  
 Who gain'd on the first day of June such applause,  
 And Monsieur he put to the rout, boys;  
 The next was St. Vincent, who kick'd up a dust,  
 As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion;  
 For they swore not to strike, says he, ay, but you must,  
 Pull away, &c.  
 To the lads of the land in the ocean.



Adam Duncan came next, 'twas in autumn you know,  
 Pull away, pull away, so jolly,  
 That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe,  
 Against whom all resistance was folly;  
 And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a dunce,  
 But a sad story home, I've a notion:  
 So Duncan he beat a whole Winter at once,  
 Pull away, &c.  
 What d'ye think of the land in the ocean?

Now the Frenchmen again have come in for their share,  
 Pull away, pull away, so hearty,  
 For Nelson has set all the world in a stare,  
 And landlock'd e'en the great Bonaparte;  
 And we'd beat them again, should their stomachs incline,  
 But they're all pretty sick, I've a notion;  
 They may Victory's sword to the Olive resign,  
 Pull away, &c.  
 And Peace crown the land in the ocean.

## SYMON AND JANET.

A. SCOTT.

SURROUNDED wi' bent an' wi' heather,  
 Whar muircocks an' plivers are rife,  
 For monie a lang towmond thegither,  
 There liv'd an auld man an' his wife:  
 About the affairs o' the nation;  
 The twasome they seldom were mute;  
 Bonaparte, the French, an' invasion,  
 Did saur in their wizzens like soot.

In winter, whan deep were the gutters,  
 An' night's gloomy canopy spread,  
 Auld Symon sat luntin his cuttie,  
 An' lousin his buttons for bed:

Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazing,  
 To lock in the door was her care;  
 'She, seein' our signals a-blazing,  
 Came rinnin in, rivin her hair:

O Symon, the Frenches are landit!  
 Gae look man, an' slip on your shoon;  
 Our signals I see them extendit,  
 Like red-risin rays frae the moon,  
 'What a plague, the French landit! quo' Symon,  
 An' clash gaed his pipe to the wa',  
 Faith, then there's be loadin an' primin,  
 Quo' he, if they're landit ava.

Our youngest son's in the militia,  
 Our eldest grandson's volunteer:  
 O' the French to be fu' o' the flesh o',  
 I too in the ranks shall appear.  
 His waistcoat, pouch fill'd he wi' pouter,  
 An' bang'd down his rusty auld gun,  
 His bullets he-pat i' the other,  
 That he for the purpose had ruh.

Then humpled he out in a hurry,  
 While Janet his courage bewails,  
 An' cried out, Dear Symon, be wary!  
 An' toughly she hang by his tails.  
 Let be wi' your kindness, quo' Symon,  
 Nor vex me wi' tears an' your cares,  
 For, now to be rul'd by a woman,  
 Nae laurels sall crown my grey hairs.

Then hear me, quo' Janet, I pray thee,  
 I'll tend thee, love, livin or dead,  
 An' if thou should fa', I'll die with thee,  
 Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed.  
 Quo' Janet, O keep frae the riot!  
 Last night, man, I dreamt ye was dead;  
 This aught days I tentit a pyot,  
 Sit chatt'rin upo' the house head.

As yesterday, workin my stockin,  
An' you wi' the sheep on the hill,  
A muckle black corbie sat croakin;  
I kend it foreboded some ill.  
Hout, cheer up, dear Janet, be hearty,  
For ere the next sun may gae down,  
Wha kens but I'll shoot Bonaparte,  
An' end my auld days in renown.

Syne aff in a fury he stumped,  
Wi' bullets, an' pouther, an' gun;  
At's curpin auld Janet too humpled,  
Awa to the neist neighb'rin town:  
There footmen an' yeomen paradin',  
To scour aff in dirdum were seen,  
An' wives an' young lasses a' sheddin'  
The briny saut tears frae their een.

Then aff wi' his bannet got Symle,  
An' to the commander he gaes,  
Quo' he, Sir, I mean to gae wi' ye,  
An' help ye to lounder our faes:  
I'm auld, yet I'm tough as the wire,  
Sae we'll at the rogues hae a dash,  
An' fegs, if my gun winna fire,  
I'll turn her butt-end, an' I'll thrash.

Well spoken, my hearty old hero,  
The captain did smiling reply;  
But beg'd he wad stay till to-morrow,  
Till daylight should glent in the sky.  
What reck, a' the stour came to naething;  
Sae Symon, an' Janet his dame,  
Hale skart frae the wars, without skaithing,  
Gaed, bannin the French, awa hame.

## BRITONS UNITED THE WORLD MAY DEFY.

TUNE—" *Ballads of Glen.*"

YE sons of the brave who erst conquer'd at Cressy,  
And the war-bolts of vengeance on nations have hurl'd,  
Whose heroes triumphant encircled with glory,  
To stem proud oppressors the sails oft unfurl'd;  
Rise! rise! now the war-hoop o'er Britain is sounding,  
And this be the song—" Let us conquer or die!"  
Beware of fell faction, and conquest awaits you,  
For Britons united the world may defy.

Where, where is the bosom that beats not with ardour,  
To meet those invaders who threaten our coast?  
Where, where is the arm that will not strike with fury,  
To hurl to destruction a tyrannic host?  
Avaunt ye pale cowards who shrink at the danger!  
'Tis the boast of the virtuous, their country to save;  
Your children shall blush for their terror-struck fathers,  
While freedom shall weep o'er the tombs of the brave.

Shall a pigmy usurper, whose laurels are blighted,  
Who scorns the Creator, and laughs at his pow'r;  
Shall a horde of assassins, long stain'd with foul slaughter,  
Forge chains for a Briton?—No! welcome the hour  
When Gallia's proud vassals, by bombast deluded,  
Shall dare to the conflict, of nations the pride;  
But, in vain on the white cliffs of Albion we wait them,  
The blood of their warriors shall crimson the tide.

Remember our heroes who fell on the scaffold,  
And purchas'd with blood what so nobly we claim;  
Remember proud Spain and her long wept Armada,  
And prove to the world Britons still are the same.  
By the dear ties of nature, by beauty's soft graces,  
By freedom, by justice, we'll conquer or die!  
And vengeance shall blast the dark foes of our country,  
For Britons united the world may defy.

## THE SONG OF VICTORY.

Now sheath'd is the sword and the battle is o'er,  
 The shouts of the victors have ceas'd on the shore;  
 With blood, O Dundalgan, thy billows are dy'd,  
 O'er the mighty of Lochlin, thy deep waters glide.

O fierce was the conflict our warriors maintain'd,  
 But bright is the triumph their valour has gain'd:  
 Long Erin her tears and her praises shall give,  
 For life they resign'd that her glory might live.

Tho' no cairns do the bones of the valiant enclose,  
 On the sands of the ocean though deep they repose,  
 The Patriot shall turn from the high trophied grave,  
 And seek, O Dundalgan, thy sanctified wave.

There, in grateful remembrance, their fame shall recal,  
 Exult in their glory, and envy their fall;  
 Who, each in his death-grasp, encircled a foe,\*  
 And plung'd with his prize in the billows below.



## AH! SCOTLAND, MY COUNTRY.

CORY.

Ah! Scotland, my country, anee mair shall I view  
 Your streams a' sae clear, and your mountains sae blue?  
 All lands I ha'e travell'd to me are the same,  
 But the land o' my birth and the land o' my hame.

\* In a naval engagement off Dundalk, which was then called Dundalgan, the Danish fleet was completely destroyed by that of the Irish. In the heat of the battle which was long and bloody, the ships of the three Danish commanders were boarded by three chiefs of the Irish, who each seizing an enemy rushed with him into the deep. The hostile fleet were thus deprived of their commanders, and a total overthrow ensued.

To Egypt farewell, and her sands a' sae bare,  
 Where fell Abercrombie, the pride o' the war!  
 Ah! Scotland my country, his loss ye maun mourn,  
 And the lads that gaed wi' him nae mair to return.

Ah, mither! dear mither! wi' joy wilt thou greet,  
 When first thy auld een thy poor Sandy shall meet;  
 And Nannie, dear lassie, thy blushes will rise,  
 When I press thy soft breast as you sink in surprise.  
 Come, lassie, gi'e o'er singing 'Deil tak the wars!'  
 Behold thy ain lad com'd wi' siller and scars!  
 Nought has tempted thy sodger his love to resign,  
 And his love and his siller dear lassie, are thine!



### THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,  
 My honour calls me from thee:  
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,  
 Those tears but ill become thee.  
 What though by duty I am call'd,  
 Where thundering cannons rattle;  
 Where valour's self might stand appall'd,  
 When on the wings of thy dear love,  
 To heaven above thy fervent orisons are flown,  
 The tender prayer thou put'st up there  
 Shall call a guardian angel down,  
 Shall call a guardian angel down,  
 To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,  
 As sword and buckler serving;  
 My life shall be more dear to me,  
 Because of thy preserving.

Let peril come, let horror threat,  
 Let thundering cannons rattle,  
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,  
 Assur'd, when on the wings of love,  
 To heaven above, &c.

Enough,—with that benignant smile  
 Some spirit kind inspired thee,  
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,  
 Who wonder'd and admired thee,  
 I go—assur'd—my life! adieu,  
 Though thundering cannons rattle,  
 Though murdering carnage stalk in view,  
 When on the wings of thy true love,  
 To heaven above, &c.

## THE HARP.

MR. TROTTER.

ONCE the harp thro' the vallies of Erin resounded,  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh;  
 The shamrock and laurel luxuriantly crown'd it,  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh;  
 Sweet was its tone when pensively mourning;  
 As bold and as warm when with gratitude burning,  
 It thrill'd for the heroes from battle returning,  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh;

But the dark and the dampness of night slowly creeping,  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh;  
 O'erwhelm'd its lov'd strains, as Erin sat weeping,  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh;  
 Long was that night, the harp, no more sounded,  
 By silence and gathering horrors surrounded,  
 Lay prostrate, nor told how deeply 'twas wounded,  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh;

Dark was that cloud the harp's ruin-concealing,  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh;  
 Strong was that spell its soft music congealing,  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh;  
 Till a ray sent from heaven which cheer'd and delighted,  
 Purely and bright the fallen relic re-lighted,  
 And burst the cold bonds of the harp long benighted,  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh.

~~~~~  
 BONAPARTE.

COME, listen every lord and lady,
 Gentleman and statesman,
 I've got a little song to sing
 About a very great man;
 And should the name of Bonaparte
 Mingle in my story,
 'Tis with all due submission
 To his honour's worship's glory.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The kindness of this philanthropic
 Gentleman extending,
 Colossus-like, from isle to isle,
 Their grievances amending,
 To Britain would reach (if he could)
 From fancied ills to save ye;
 But though he likes us vastly well,
 He does not like our navy!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

With Egypt once he fell in love,
 Because it was the high road
 To India, for himself and friends,
 To travel by a nigh road;
 And after such a mighty fuss,
 And working night and day there,
 'Twas monstrous ungentle of us,
 That would not let him stay there!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

A nobleman was sent to him,
 For negotiation able,
 And Bonaparte kindly set him
 Down at his own table;
 And there a story two hours long
 The gentleman was heard in,
 While our ambassador declar'd
 He could not get a word in!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"'Tis plain," says he, "you all must see
 I pity Britain's blindness;
 And mean her eyes to open, just
 Out of pure love and kindness;
 To set a generous people free,
 My legions shall pell-mell come;
 What think you then?"—"Why, Sir, I think
 They'd be more free than welcome."
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Because," says he, (the First Consul),
 "I'll bring you perfect bliss, Sir,
 And Britons all shall happy be
 To see me as the Swiss, Sir:
 The odds a hundred are to one,
 I fail, though Fortune's minion."
 Says our ambassador to him—
 "I'm quite of your opinion."
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Says he, "My Lord, I'll take the field."
 "You'd better take the ocean,"
 "My plans are deep.—"Why yes, they'll reach
 The bottom I've a notion."
 "What would the English say to see me
 'Twixt Boulogne and Dover?"
 "Why, general, they would surely think
 Your worship half seas over."
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

From Malta next he took his text,
 My Lord look'd rather blue on't;
 For every scheme the Consul try'd,
 He had a trick worth two on't;
 "Why 'sdeath and fire! stop general,
 'Twere best you sink these capers,
 Or every word you speak will be
 In all the English papers!"

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

With belles and beaux the drawingroom.
 One morning it was quite full,
 And Boney, like a Bantam cock,
 Came crowing rather spiteful;
 He then began to huff and bluff,
 To shew that war his trade is;
 He scolded all the Englishmen,
 And frightened all the ladies!

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Your government I'll tame," says he,
 "Since war you are so fond on;
 I've got my will in Paris here,
 And wish the same in London:
 I'll rule the great John Bull, (he said),
 I have him in the ring, Sir."
 Says John, "I'll not be rul'd by you,
 Nor any such a thing, Sir!"

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Come, bring my flag invincible!"
 "A Scot took it long ago, Sir."
 "Well, what d'ye think? their ships we'll sink,
 And never strike a blow, Sir:
 A clever man has found a plan,
 A plan he's surely right in;
 For if we beat the British fleet,
 It must not be at fighting!"

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Quite frantic now, he vows revenge
 The moment that he's landed ;
 And proudly boasts, we cannot hope
 To fight him single-handed.
 What, single-handed, we can do,
 His troops shall know full well, soon ;
 For him he learn'd it long ago
 From single-handed Nelson !
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Now since their minds are quite made up,
 Let me on this occasion,
 Make one request to old Neptune,
 If they dream of invasion ;
 To bring them safely out of port,
 On gentle billows guide them,
 To where a set of British boys
 May anchor close beside them.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

LAMENT FOR ABERCROMBIE.

CUNNINGHAM.

WHEN Nature with wild-flowers bespangled the moun-
 tains,
 And meadows display'd a' their charms to the bee ;
 When pure gush the rills by their grass-border'd foun-
 tains,
 And saft soughs the wind through the bloom-laden tree ;
 Beneath yon auld alk, on the green banks o' Clouden,
 Where aft in the gloamin' I wander'd to rave,
 Auld Malcolm was seen, o'er his scars fondly broodin',
 Lamenting a warrior laid cauld in his grave.

He stood by the stream, on a strong claymore leaning,
 Like ane whase sad bosom o' sorrow is fou ;
 He strade owre the gowans fou mournfully maening,
 And straight frae its scabbard his braidsword he drew

" Farewell, dear renown," cried the auld lyart vet'ran ;
 " For Malcolm nae mair will be seen on the field
 Wi' death warsling dourly, his faes bravely scatterin' ;
 The sword o' a sodger his arm downa wield.

But here though he wanders wi' eild heavy laden,
 And joyless gaes hirplin' down life's briery bae,
 He yince strade to glory, through bluid bravely wadin',
 Whar great Abercrombie, his chief, led the way.
 Illustrious leader ! now stalking wi' heroes,
 " Wha bled for our country, our king, and our laws,
 When freedom unfurls her banner, be near us,
 And rouse Scottish valour to stand in her cause.

By thee led to vict'ry, the sodger undaunted,
 In wild transport fir'd at the loud shouts o' war,
 Owre heaps rush'd to glory, the breach boldly mounted,
 Though death arm'd wi' terror his courage to scaur.
 Auld Scotia may lang on the heath wander chéerless,
 And mourn as she sits by the sad sounding wave,
 The prime o' her warriors, intrepid, and fearless,—
 The brave Abercrombie lies cauld in the grave !"

BAULDY FRASER.

HOGG.

TUNE—" *Whigs o' Fife.*"

My name is Bauldy Fraser, man ;
 I'm puir an' auld, an' pale an' wan,
 I brak my shin, an' tint a han'
 Upon Culloden lee, man.
 Our Highlan' clans war bauld an' stout,
 An' thought to turn their faes about,
 But gat that day a desperate rout,
 An' owre the hills did flee, man.

Sic hurly-burly ne'er was seen,
 Wi' cuffs, an' buffs, an' blindit een,
 While Highlan' swords, o' metal keen,
 War gleamin' grand to see, man.
 The cannons rowtit in our face,
 An' brak our banes an' raive our claes;
 'Twas then we saw our ticklish case
 Atween the deil an' sea, man.

Sure Charlie an' the brave Lochiel
 Had been that time beside theirsell,
 To plant us in the open fell
 In the artillery's e'e, man;
 For had we met wi' Cumberland
 By Athol braes or yonder strand,
 The bluid o' a' the savage band
 Had dy'd the German sea, man.

But down we drappit dadd for dadd;
 I thought it should hae put me mad,
 To see sae mony a Highlan' lad
 Lie bluthrin' on the brae, man.
 I thought we ance had won the fray;
 We smasht ae wing till it gae way;
 But the other side had lost the day,
 An' skelpit fast awa, man.

When Charley wi' Macpherson met,
 Like Hay he thought him back to get;
 "We'll turn," quo' he, "an' try them yet;
 We'll conquer or we'll dee, man."
 But Donald jumpit owre the burn,
 An' sware an aith she wadna turn,
 Or sure she wad hae cause to mourn;
 Then fast awa did flee, man.

O! had you seen that hunt o' death?
 We ran until we tint our breath,
 Ay looking back for fear o' skaith
 Wi' hopeless shinin' e'e, man.

But Britain ever may deplore
 That day upon Drumossie moor,
 Whar thousands ta'en war drench'd in gore,
 Or hang'd outowr a tree, man.

O, Cumberland! what mean'd ye then
 To ravage ilka Highlan' glen?
 Our crime was truth an' love to aye;
 We had nae spite at thee, man.
 An' you or yours may yet be glad
 To trust the honest Highlan' lad;
 The bonnet blue and belted plaid
 Will stand the last o' three, man,

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WM. COWPER, ESQ.

TOLL for the brave!
 The brave, that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the braye,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset;
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
 His last sea-fight is fought;—
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ;
 She ran upon no rock !

His sword was in its sheath ;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down,
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charg'd with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he, and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the waves no more.

SCOTIA'S GLENS.

HOGG.

TUNE,—“ *Lord Ballantine's Delight.* ”—*New Set.*

'MONG Scotia's glens and mountains blue,
 Where Gallia's lilies never grew,
 Where Roman eagles never flew,
 Nor Danish lions rallied :
 Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,
 Where roves the stately, nimble deer,
 There live the lads to freedom dear,
 By foreign yoke ne'er galled.

There woods grow wild on every hill;
 There freemen wander at their will;
 Sure Scotland will be Scotland still,
 While hearts so brave defend her.
 "Fear not, our Sov'reign liege," they cry,
 "We've flourish'd fair beneath thine eye;
 For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die,
 Nor ought but life surrender.

Since thou hast watch'd our every need,
 And taught our navies wide to spread,
 The smallest hair from thy gray head
 No foreign foe shall sever.
 Thy honour'd age in peace to save,
 The sternest host we'll dauntless brave,
 Or stem the fiercest Indian wave,
 Nor heart nor hand shall waver.

Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,
 While Scotia's noble blood runs warm,
 Our good old man we'll guard from harm,
 Or fall in heaps around him.
 Although the Irish harp were won,
 And England's roses all o'er-run,
 'Mong Scotia's glens, with sword and gun,
 We'll form a bulwark round him."



FAREWHEEL, YE STREAMS.

CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE,—"*Lassie wi' the yellow Coatie.*"

FAREWHEEL, ye streams, sae dear to me,
 My bonnie Cluden, Nith, an' Nee;
 Ye burns that row sae bonnilie,
 Your siller waves nae mair I'll see.

Yet though frae your green banks I'm driven,
 My saul away could ne'er be riven;
 For still she lifts her een to heaven,
 An' sighs wi' you again to be.

Ye canty bards ayont the Tweed,
 Your skins wi' claes o' tartan cleed,
 An' lilt alang the verdant mead,
 Or blythlie on your whistles blaw;
 An' sing auld Scotia's barns an' ha's;
 Her bourtree dikes an' mossy wa's;
 Her faulds, her bughts, an' birken shaws,
 Whar love an' freedom sweetens a'.

Sing o' her carles, teugh an' auld;
 Her carlines grim, that flyte an' scauld;
 Her wabsters blythe, an' souters bauld;
 Her flocks an' herds sae fair to see.
 Sing o' her mountains, bleak an' high;
 Her fords, whar neighrin' kelpies ply;
 Her glens, the haunts o' rural joy;
 Her lasses hilding o'er the lee.

To you the darling theme belongs,
 That frae my heart exulting spangs;
 O mind, amang your bonniest sangs,
 The lads that bled for liberty.
 Think on our auld forbears o' yore,
 Wha dy'd the muirs wi' hostile gore;
 Wha slavery's bands indignant tore,
 An' bravely fell for you an' me.

My gallant brithers, brave an' bauld,
 Wha haud the pleugh, or wake the fauld,
 Until your dearest bluid rin cauld,
 Aye true unto your country be.
 Wi' daring look her durk she drew,
 An' coost a mither's e'e on you;
 Then letna onie spulzien crew
 Her dear-bought freedom wrest frae thee.

THE AULD HIGHLANDMAN.

HOGG.

TUNE,—“ *Killikrankie.*”

HERSEL pe aughty eirs an' twa
 Te twanty-tird o' May, man;
 She twall amang te Heelin hills
 Apoon te reefer Spey, man.
 Tat eir tey faught te Shirramoor,
 She first peheld te licht, man;
 Tey shot my fater in tat stour,—
 A plaguit, vexan spite, man.

I've feucht in Scotlan' here at hame,
 In France an' Shermanie, man;
 An' cot tree tespurt pluddy oons
 Peyon te 'Lantic sea, man.
 Put wae licht on te nasty gun,
 Tat ever she pe porn, man;
 File koot kleymore te tristle guard
 Her leaves pe nefer torn, man.

Ae tay I shot, an' shot, an' shot,
 Fan eer it kam my turn, man,
 Put a' te fors tat I cood gie,
 My powter wadna burn, man.
 A filthy loun kam wi' his gun,
 Resolvt to too me harm, man;
 An' wi' te dirk upon her nose
 Ke me a pluddy arm, man.

I flang my gun wi' a' my might,
 An' fellt his neiper teet, man;
 Tan trew my swort, an' at a straik
 Hew't aff te haf o's heed, man.

Pe vain to tell o' a' my tricks;
 My oons pe nae tisgrace, man;
 Ter no pe yin pehint my back,
 Ter a' before my face, man.

Frae Roman, Saxon, Pick, an' Dane,
 We hae cot muckle skaith, man;
 Yet still te Scot has kept his ain,
 In spite o' a' their teeth, man.
 Ten rouse my lads, and fear nae fae;
 For if ye're keen an' true, man,
 Although te French be sax times mae,
 She'll never konker you, man.

I'm auld an' stiff, an', ovr my staff,
 Can gang but unco slaw, man;
 But sood te Frenchmen be sae taft
 As venter here awa, man,
 My swort, tat now is auld an' blunt,
 I'll sharp upon a stane, man,
 An' hirple toon unto te kost,
 An' faught for Shorge an' fame, man.

THE INVASION.

R. HATRICK.

TUNE,—“ *Auld Donald awa.* ”

WHILE Monsieur is trowin' our nation he'll ruin,
 Deprive us of freedom, our monarch an' a',—
 His restless convention declares their intention.
 Nae mair to let Britain of liberty blaw!

But Monsieur take care, of old England beware,
 For her children are ready to rise at a ca';
 Your fopdoodle breeding and mountebank cleading,
 John Bull he abhors you, flagaries an' a'.

Yet, if, through persuasion, you try the invasion,
To please your great consul, convention an' a',
Red up your affairs to your wives and your heirs,
For, if ance ye come over, you'll ne'er get awa.

Our free constitution, since Will's revolution,
Deserves our support, our attachment an' a',
Wha'd thowless neglect it, should ne'er be protekit,
But hiss'd like a thief from our nation awa.

In wrath pourin' forth frae the hills o' the north,
The chiefs and braw clans to the battle will draw;
Each Scotchman is ready, to fight like his dadie,
Repelling with fury, Danes, Romans, an' a'.

They'll follow their leaders against the invaders,
No dangers in war can make them turn awa;
Ye proud Gallic legions who visit these regions,
Remember Sir Ralph and his twa-score an' twa.

And you, neighbour Pat, sir, what wad you be at, sir,
No mortal on earth understands you at a';
While one part is loyal, the other stands trial,
And hang'd are for traitors to country an' a'.

But Paddy be wise, man, tak Sandy's advice, man,
Stand firm as a rock to your twin-brothers twa,
Despise the intrusions of Gallic delusions,
Be true to your monarch then, Erin go bragh.

Ye sons o' sweet Coila, your hearts they would boil a',
To think that your freedom's by France taen awa;
Still may you inherit brave Wallace's spirit,
And fight for your country, and conquer or fa'.

If friendship pervade us, tho' Frenchmen invade us,
We'll make them repent they e'er tried it at a';
With Fullarton, Oswald, Macadam, and Boswald,
We'll pound them to dust, their convention an' a'.

FAREWELL SCOTIA'S MOUNTAINS GRAY.

Written in Spain.

ALEX. FULLARTON.

TUNE,—“ *Up amang yon cliffy rocks.*”

FAREWELL Scotia's mountains gray,
 Home of friends so kind and steady;
 Farewell straths and vallies gay,
 Faithfu' dog, and tartan plaidy:
 Farewell glens and birken bowers,
 Lovely scenes, sae blithe an' cheerie;
 Where, in youths delightfu' hours,
 Wi' beating heart, I met my dearie:
 Pleasures fled augment my pain;
 O for Scotia's hills again!

Here though Nature gorgeous rise,
 Rich in many a beauteous blossom,
 More my native fields I prize,
 Fields congenial to my bosom.
 Far from Scotia's peacefu' plains,
 Her banner bearing, here I wander;
 But fond mem'ry still retains
 Each wimplin' burnie's wild meander;
 And my fancy loves to dwell
 'Mid her mountain echo's swell.



CULLODEN, OR LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

AIR,—“ *Morar's Pibroch.*”

CULLODEN, on thy swarthy brow
 Spring no wild flowers nor verdure fair;
 Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
 More than the freezing wintry air;

For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And War's unhallow'd footsteps bore;
The deeds unholy, Nature view'd,
Then fled and curs'd thee evermore.

From Beaul's wild and woodland glens,
How proudly Lovat's banners soar!
How fierce the plaided Highland clans
Rush onward with the broad claymore!
Those hearts that high with honour heav'd,
The volleying thunder there laid low!
Or scatter'd like the forest leaves,
When win'try winds begin to blow!

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel!
The braided plume's torn from thy brow!
What must thy haughty spirit feel,
When skulking like the mountain roe?
While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bowers,
On April eve, their loves and joys,
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers
To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills, that rose in view
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
He often look'd, and cried, "Adieu!
I'll never see Lochaber more!
Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,
My dear, my injur'd native land!
In other climes thy foe shall feel
The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

Land of proud hearts and mountains grey!
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung!
Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.
Where once they rul'd, and roam'd at will,
Free as their own dark mountain game,
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
A longing for their fathers' fame.

Shades of the mighty and the brave,
 Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell !
 No trophies mark your common grave,
 Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell.
 But gen'rous hearts will weep your fate
 When far has roll'd the tide of time ;
 And bards unborn shall renovate
 Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme."



THE EMIGRANT.

HOGG.

AIR,—“ *Lochaber no more.*”

MAY morning had shed her red streamers on high,
 O'er Canada, frowning all pale on the sky ;
 Still dazzling and white was the robe that she wore,
 Except where the mountain-wave dash'd on the shore.
 Far heav'd the young sun, like a lamp, on the wave,
 And loud scream'd the gull o'er his foam-beaten cave,
 When an old lyart swain on a headland stood high,
 With the staff in his hand, and the tear in his eye.

His old tartan plaid, and his bonnet sae blue,
 Declar'd from what country his lineage he drew ;
 His visage so wan, and his accents so low,
 Announc'd the companion of sorrow and woe.
 “ Ah welcome, thou sun, to thy canopy grand,
 And to me ! for thou com'st from my dear native land !
 Again dost thou leave that sweet isle of the sea,
 To beam on these winter-bound vallies and me !

How sweet in my own native valley to roam !
 Each face was a friend's, and each house was a home ;
 To drag our live thousands from river or bay ;
 Or chace the dun deer o'er the mountain so grey.

Here daily I wander to sigh on the steep,
My old bosom friend was laid low in yon deep;
My family and friends, to extremity driven,
Contending for life both with earth and with heaven.

My country, they said,—but they told me a lie,—
Her vallies were barren, inclement her sky;
Even now in the glens, 'mong her mountains so blue,
The primrose and daisy are blooming in dew.
How could she expel from those mountains of heath,
The clans who maintain'd them in danger and death!
Who ever were ready the broad-sword to draw
In defence of her honour, her freedom, and law.

We stood by our Stuart, till one fatal blow
Loot'd Ruin triumphant, and Valour laid low.
Our chief, whom we trusted, and liv'd but to please,
Then turn'd us adrift to the storms and the seas,
O gratitude! where didst thou linger the while?
What region afar is illum'd with thy smile?
That orb of the sky for a home will I crave,
When yon sun rises red on the Emigrant's grave."

THE EMIGRANT.

MONTGOMERY.

O, WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reel?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,—
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,

My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
—'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

SONG.

Written for the Anniversary of Mr. Pitt's Birth-day.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

If hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform;
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No—Here's to the Pilot that weather'd the Storm!

At the footstool of power let Flattery fawn;
Let Faction her idols extol to the skies;
To Virtue, in humble retirement withdrawn,
Unblam'd may the accents of gratitude rise.

And shall not his merit to Britain be dear,
Whose example with envy all nations behold,
A statesman unbiass'd by interest or fear,
By pow'r uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe reign'd,
While rapine and treason their standards unfurl'd,
The heart and the hopes of his country maintain'd,
And one kingdom preserv'd 'midst the wreck of the world.

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine;
When he sinks into twilight, with fondness we gaze,
And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So PITT, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
 Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall!
 Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore,
 Admir'd in thy zenith, but lov'd in thy fall!

O take then, for dangers by wisdom repell'd,
 For evils by courage and constancy brav'd;
 O take for a throne by thy counsels upheld,
 The thanks of a people thy firmness has sav'd!

And oh, if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
 The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform;
 The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise,
 Shall turn to the Pilot that weather'd the Storm.

~~~~~

## RULE BRITANNIA.

THOMSON.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung the strain:  
*Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 For Britons never shall be slaves.*

The nations not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
*Rule Britannia, &c. .*

Still more majestic shalt thou rise—  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.  
*Rule Britannia, &c.*

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
And work their wo, and thy renown.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

To thee belongs the rural reign—  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
And thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

The Muses still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy shore repair:  
Bless'd isle! with matchless beauty crown'd  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

# The Harp

OF

## CALEDONIA.

---

PART III.

---

### Condivial Songs.

---

TODLEN BUT, AND TODLEN BEN.

WHEN I've a saxpence under my thumb,  
Then I'll get credit in ilka town :  
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;  
O ! poverty parts good company.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
Cou'dna my love come todlen hame ?*

Fair-fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale,  
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,  
Syne if that her tippeny chance to be sma',  
We'll take a good scour o't, and ca't awa.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
As round as a neep we'll come todlen hame.*

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed feet :  
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :  
What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I ?

*Todlen but, and todlen ben,  
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.*

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow,  
 Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;  
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee;  
 That it's a blythe sight to the bairnies and me,

*When todlen hame, todlen hame,  
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.*

### AULD LANGSYNE.

SHOU'D auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to min',  
 Shou'd auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' langsyne.

*For auld langsyne, my dear,  
 For auld langsyne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld langsyne.*

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wander'd monie a wearie foot  
 Sin' auld langsyne.

*For auld langsyne, &c.*

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
 Frae morning sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld langsyne.

*For auld langsyne, &c.*

Now there's a hand, my trusty fier,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine,  
 And we'll tak a right gude willie waught  
 For auld langsyne.

*For auld langsyne, &c.*

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
 And surely I'll be mine,  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld langsyne.

*For auld langsyne, &c.*



## CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

BURNS.

TUNE,—“*Lumps o' Pudding.*”

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,  
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,  
 I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,  
 Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;  
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:  
 My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,  
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
 A night o' gude fellowship southers it a':  
 When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,  
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;  
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:  
 Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure, or pain,  
 My warst word is—“Welcome, and welcome again!”

## SCOTIA'S SONS.

M'PHAIL.

TUNE—"Andro and his cutty gun."

*Blythe, blythe, aroun' the nappy,  
 Let us join in social glee;  
 While we're here we'll hae a drappy,  
 Scotia's sons hae aye been free.*

Our auld forbears, when owre their yill,  
 And canty bickers roun' did ca',  
 "Forsooth," they cried, "anither gill,  
 For sweer't we are to gang awa."

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

Some heartie cock would then hae sang  
 An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,  
 Syne pledg'd his cog—the chorus rang,  
 "Auld Scotia and her sons are free."

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs gaed roun',  
 Till morn the screens o' light did draw,  
 Yet driech to rise, the carls roun'  
 Cry'd "Deuch-an-dhoris, then awa."

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

The landlord then the nappy brings,  
 An' toasts fu' happy a' may be,  
 Syne tooms the cog—the chorus rings  
 "Auld Scotia's sons shall aye be free."

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

Then like our dads o' auld langsyne,  
 Let social glee unite us a',  
 Ay blythe to meet, our mou's to weet,  
 But ay as sweer't to gang awa.

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

MY KIMMER AND I.

WHAN Kimmer and I were groom and bride,  
We had twa pint stoups at our bed side;  
Sax times fu' and sax times dry,  
An' raise for drouth—my Kimmer an' I.

My Kimmer and I gade to the fair,  
Wi' twal pun' Scots on sarking to ware:  
But we drank the gude brown hawkie dry,  
And sarkless hame came Kimmer an' I.

My Kimmer and I gade to the town,  
For wedding-breeks an' a wedding-gown;  
But the sleekie auld priest he wat our eye  
In sackcloth gowns—my Kimmer an' I.

My Kimmer and I are scant o' claes,  
Wi' soups o' drink and soups o' brose;  
But late we rise and soon gae lie,  
And cantilie live—my Kimmer an' I.

My Kimmer is auld, my Kimmer is bent,  
And I'm gaun louting owre a kent;  
The well o' life is dribbling dry,  
An' drouthie, drouthie's Kimmer an' I.



BLYTHER AN' HAPPY ARE WE.

GLASS.

TUNE,—“*Andro and his cutty gun.*”

*Blythe, blythe, an' happy are we,  
Cauld care is flegg'd awa;  
'This is but ae night o' our lives,  
An' wha wou'd grudge tho' it were twa.*



THE ev'ning shade around is spread,  
The chilling tempest sweeps the sky;  
We're kindly met, an' warmly set,  
An' streams o' nappy rinnin' by.

*Blythe, &c.*

While gettin' fou, we're great, I trow,  
We scorn misfortune's greatest bangs;  
The magic bowl can lift the soul  
Aboon the world and a' its wrangs.

*Blythe, &c.*

The days o' man are but a span,  
This mortal life a passing dream,  
Nought to illume the dreary gloom  
Save love an' friendship's sacred gleam,

*Blythe, &c.*

Then toom your glass to my sweet lass,  
And neist we'll turn it o'er to thine:  
The glowin' breast that loo's them best  
Shall dearest ever be to mine.

*Blythe, &c.*

An' here's to you, my friend sae true,  
May discord ne'er a feeling wound!  
An' shou'd we flyte, ne'er harbour spite,  
But in a dowl be't quickly drown'd.

*Blythe, &c.*

Now rap an' ring, an' gar them bring  
The biggest stoupfu' yet we've seen:  
Why should we part, when hand and heart  
At ilka bumper grows mair keen?

*Blythe, &c.*

## THE COGGIE.

M'PHAIL.

TUNE,—“*Locherrock Side.*”

LET bardies tune the rural strain,  
And sing the loves o' nymph or swain,  
Or mourn the hapless lover's pain,  
That's slighted by his dearie.  
But me, nae tale o' love-sick dame,  
Shall lighten to the paths o' fame,  
My dearest joy, my only theme,  
Shall be a social coggie.

In morn o' life, wi' cantie glee,  
We mark wi' youthfu' fancy's e'e,  
Our daddie's roun' the barley bree,  
Fu' couth an' unco cheerie.  
But when to manhood's height we speel,  
An' meet thro' life some hearty chiel,  
In friendship's glow, it's then we feel,  
The pleasures o' the coggie.

Thro' life, when fortune turns her wheel,  
And ruin's blast blaws roun' our biel,  
Nae frien'ly han' then near to shiel,  
But a' gae tapsalteerie;  
E'en then, wi' some leal-hearted frien',  
Wha's life ance happier days hae seen,  
We baith on hope our sorrows lean,  
And cry, “anither coggie.”

See lyart age, wi' joyless years,  
On life's dark brink wi' dowie fears,  
Nae fostering hope his bosom cheers,  
The prospect's dark an' drearie :

E'en then, when tales o' auld langsyne  
 Bring youthfu' cantie days to min',  
 Mang former joys our cares we tyne,  
 An' toom the cheering coggie.

Thus ilka scene o' life we see,  
 Is strongly mark'd wi' social glee;  
 Then let us taste the joys that flee—  
 In youth or age be cheerie.  
 Then roun' when social spirits join,  
 An' hearts an' han's in friendship twine,  
 Owre whisky, nappy yill, or wine,  
 'Tis still a social coggie.



## WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

BURNS.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam to pree:  
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night;  
 Ye wadna found in Christendie.

*We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappie in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 But ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we;  
 And monie a night we've merry been,  
 And monie mae we hope to be!

*We are na fou, &c.*

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,  
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

*We are na fou, &c.*

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
A cuckold, coward loun is he!  
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the king amang us three!

*We are na fou, &c.*

THE night it flew, the grey cock crew,  
Wi' blythesome clap o'er a' the three;  
But pleasure beam'd ilk moment new,  
And happier still they hop'd to be.

*For they were na fou, na, nae that fou,  
But just a drap in ilka e'e;  
The cock might crawl, the day might daw,  
They sippled ay the barley bree.*

The moon, that from her silver horn  
Pour'd radiance over tower and tree,  
Before the fast approaching morn,  
Sank, far, behind yon western sea.

*Yet they were na fou, &c.*

And soon the gowden beams o' day  
Ting'd a' the mountain taps sae hie,  
And burnies' sheen with bickering play  
Awoke the morn's wild melody.

*But ay they sat, and ay they sang  
"There's just a wee drap in our e'e;  
And monie a day we've happy been,  
And monie mae we hope to be."*

That moon still fills her silver horn,  
 But, ah ! her beams nae mair they see;  
 Nor crowing cock, nor dawning morn,  
 Disturbs the worm's dark revelry.

*For they were na' fou, na, nae that fou,  
 But clay-cauld death has clos'd ilk e'e,  
 And, wæfu', now the gowden morn  
 Beams on the graves o' a' the three.*

Nae mair in learning Willie toils,  
 Nor Allan wakes the melting lay,  
 Nor Rab, wi' fancy-witching wiles,  
 Beguiles the hour o' dawning day.

*For though they were na very fou,  
 That wicked wee drap in the e'e  
 Has done its turn—untimely, now  
 The green grass waves o'er a' the three.*



### THE WEE WIFUKIE.

DR. A. GEBDES.

THERE was a wee bit wifukie, was comin' frae the fair,  
 Had got a wee bit drappukie, that bred her meikle care;  
 It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew,  
 O ! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

*I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou,  
 Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.*

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my  
 skin;

But I'll lie down and tak a nap before that I gae in.  
 Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,  
 By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.

*Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,  
 By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack*

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae lang;  
He's taen her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa, he  
ran :

And when the wifie waken'd, her head was like a bee,  
Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me.

*This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,  
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.*

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my lawbee !  
And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks remain wi' me:  
But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the cunzie be ;—  
There's neither purse nor plack about me !—this is nae  
me.

*This is nae me, &c.*

I have a little housukie, but and a kindly man ;  
A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie ; if this be me he'll fawn,  
And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly wel-  
come gi'e,  
And a' the bairns on the floor-head will dance if this be me.

*This is nae me, &c.*

The night was late, and dang out weet, and oh but it  
was dark ;

The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark.  
Oh when she heard the doggie bark, and kenning it  
was he,

Oh weel ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is nae me.

*This is nae me, &c.*

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door  
he ran ;

Is that you, Bessukie ?—Wow na, man !

Be kind to the bairns a', and weel mat ye be ;

And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me !

*This is nae me, &c.*

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,  
 I've gotten sic a fright, Sir, I fear I'll never mend;  
 My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most  
 piteously,  
 Oh fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!

*This is nae me, &c.*

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me,  
 How that a wife without a head could speak, or hear,  
 or see!

But things that happen hereabout, so strangely alter'd be,  
 That I could maist wi' Bessie say, 'tis neither you nor  
 she.

*Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you nor she,  
 Wow na, Johnnie man, 'tis neither you nor she.*

Now Johnnie he came hame again, and oh! but he  
 was fain,

To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.  
 He got her sitting on a stool wi' Tibbuck on her knee:  
 Oh! come awa, Johnnie, quo' she, come awa to me,  
 For I've got a nap wi' Tibbuckie, and this is now me.

*This is now me, quo' she, this is now me,  
 I've got a nap wi' Tibbuckie, and this is now me.*



## LET DRUNKARDS SING.

CHARLES GRAY.

TUNE—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

LET drunkards sing in praise o' wine,  
 Their midnight balls an' social glee;  
 But Scotia's sons may fidge fu' fain,  
 While they hae routh o' barley bree.

*French brandy is but trash (shame fa't!)*  
*Their foreign rum I downa prie;*  
*Gie me the sterling pith o' maut,*  
*Aboon them a' it bears the gree!*

The warkman wha has toil'd a' day,  
Sits down at night frae labour free;  
See care is fled—his smile how gay,  
Whan owre a pint o' barley bree.

*French brandy, &c.*

Gif onie ane in barlick-hood,  
Shou'd wi' his neighbour disagree;  
Let them baith gang in jovial mood,  
An' settle't owre the barley bree.

*French brandy, &c.*

For barley drink, wad they but think,  
Is cheaper than a lawyer's fee;  
Tho' sairly vext, ay mind the text,—  
“Its best to tak' a pint an' gree.”

*French brandy, &c.*

I've seen a chiel cou'd hardly speak,  
Whan ne'er a drap was in his e'e:  
But he cou'd lecture for a week,  
Just gi'e him ay the barley bree!

*French brandy, &c.*

Whan I've a bawbee in my pouch,  
I aften birl it frank an' free;  
Then care can never mak' me crouch:—  
The life o' man is barley bree!

*French brandy, &c.*



AND SAE WILL WE YET.

WATSON.

Sit ye down here my cronies, and gie me your crack,  
Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back;



Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,  
For we've ay been provided for, and sae will we yet.

*And sae will we yet, &c.*

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,  
Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself:  
Since the bounty of providence is new ev'ry day,  
As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way.

*Let us live by the way, &c.*

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy guid ale,  
For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale;  
We'll keener feel the social glow the langer we sit,  
For we've drank thegither monie a time, and sae will  
we yet.

*And sae will we yet, &c.*

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,  
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through:  
Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,  
For we've lippen'd ay to providence, and sae will we yet.

*And sae will we yet, &c.*

Long live the king, and happy may he be,  
And success to his forces by land and by sea:  
His enemies to triumph we ne'er will permit,  
Britons ay have been victorious, and sae will they yet.

*And sae will they, &c.*

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily roun',  
For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon it goes down:  
'Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, 'tis time eneugh  
to flit,

When we fell we ay got up again, and sae will we yet.

*And sae will we yet, &c.*

THE COGGIE.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE,—“ *Could kail in Aberdeen.*”

WHEN poortith cauld, and sour disdain,  
Hang o'er life's vale sae foggie,  
The sun that brightens up the scene,  
Is friendship's kindly coggie.

*Then, O revere the coggie, Sirs,  
The friendly, social coggie;  
It gars the wheels o' life rin light,  
Tho' e'er sae doilt and cloggie.*

Let pride in fortune's chariots fly,  
Sae empty, vain, and vogie;  
The source of wit, the spring of joy,  
Lies in the social coggie.

*Then, O revere the coggie, Sirs,  
The independent coggie;  
And never snool beneath the frown  
Of onie selfish roggie.*

Poor modest worth, with heartless e'e,  
Sits hunkling in the boggie,  
Till she asserts her dignity,  
By virtue of the coggie.

*Then, O revere the coggie, Sirs,  
The poor man's patron coggie;  
It warsels care, it fights life's faughts,  
And lifts him frae the boggie.*

Gie feckless Spain her weak snail broo,  
Gie France her weel spic'd froggie,  
Gie brither John his luncheon too,  
But gie to us our coggie.

*Then, O revere the coggie, Sirs,  
Our kind heart warming coggie ;  
We doubly feel the social tie,  
When just a wee thought groggie.*

In days of yore our sturdy sires,  
Upon their hills sae scroggie,  
Glow'd with true freedom's warmest fires,  
And fought to save their coggie.

*Then, O revere the coggie, Sirs,  
Our brave forefathers' coggie ;  
It rous'd them up to doughty deeds,  
O'er which we'll lang be voggie.*

Then, here's may Scotland ne'er fa' down,  
A cringing coward doggie,  
But bauldly stand, and bang the loon  
Wha'd reave her of her coggie.

*Then, O protect the coggie, Sirs,  
Our good auld mither's coggie ;  
Nor let her luggie e'er be drain'd  
By ony foreign roggie.*



## GUDEWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

BURNS.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,  
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,  
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,  
And blude-red wine's the risin' sun.

*Then gudewife count the lawin,  
The lawin, the lawin,  
Then gudewife count the lawin,  
And bring a coggie mair.*

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,  
 And simple-folk maun fecht and fen;  
 And here we're a' in ae accord,  
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

*Then gudewife count, &c.*

My coggie is a haly pool,  
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool;  
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,  
 An ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.

*Then gudewife count, &c.*

### O GUDE ALE COMES.

O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,  
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,  
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.  
 Gude ale keeps me bare and busy,  
 Gars me tippie till I be dizzy;  
 And laugh in houp when a' is done—  
 Gude ale hauds my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,  
 They drew a' weel enough;  
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.  
 I keepit sax groats for twa lang weeks,  
 Till they maist brunt my hoden breeks,  
 But I sloken'd the limmers ane by ane,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale's the medicine oft spaed of,  
 The very stuff that life is made of,  
 Dropt in a receipt frae the moon,  
 To keep men's sinking hearts aboon.

I wish their fir, may be a gallows,  
 Winna gie gude ale to gude fallows,  
 And keep a soup to the afternoon,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.



## THE WHISTLE.

BURNS.

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth,  
 I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,  
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,  
 And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,  
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—  
 "This whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,  
 "And drink them to h-ll, Sir, or ne'er see me more."

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,  
 What champions ventur'd, what champions fell:  
 The sor. of great Loda was conqueror still,  
 And blew on the whistle their requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,  
 Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,  
 He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,  
 No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,  
 Which now in his house has for ages remain'd,  
 Till three noble Chieftains, and all of his blood,  
 The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw,  
 Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth and law;  
 And trusty Glenriddel, so vers'd in old coins;  
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,  
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil,  
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,  
And once more in claret try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients! Glenriddel replies,  
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,  
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,  
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,  
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe or his friend,  
Said, toss down the whistle the prize of the field,  
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,  
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;  
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,  
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,  
And tell future ages the feats of the day:  
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,  
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,  
And every new cork is a new spring of joy,  
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,  
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er,  
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,  
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,  
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night,  
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,  
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,  
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,  
 No longer the warfare, ungedly, would wage!  
 A high ruling Elder to wallow in wine!  
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end,  
 But who can with Fate and quart-bumpers contend?  
 Tho' Fate said,—a hero should perish in light,  
 So uprose bright Phœbus and down fell the Knight.

Next up rose our Bard, like a prophet in drink,  
 "Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!  
 "But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,  
 "Come one bottle more, and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,  
 "Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:  
 "So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;  
 "The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"



## UP IN THE AIR.

RAMSAY.

Now the sun's gane out o' sight,  
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light:  
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,  
 And witches wallop o'er tō France,  
 Up in the air

On my bonny grey mare,  
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.  
*Up in, &c.*

The wind's drifting hail and sna',  
 O'er frozen hags like a foot-ba';  
 Nae stars keek thro' the azure slit,  
 'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit,

The man i' the moon  
 Is carousing aboon,  
 D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet.  
*The man, &c.*

Take your glass to clear your een,  
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,  
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,  
 And gently puffs the lover's fire,  
                     Up in the air,  
             It drives away care,  
 Hae wi' ye, hae wi' ye, and hae wi' ye, lads, yet.  
                     Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost,  
 Come, Willy, gies about ye'r toast,  
 Till't lads, and lilt it out,  
 And let us hae a blythsome bowt,  
                     Up wi't, there, there,  
             Dinna cheat, but drink fair,  
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza lads, yet.  
                     Up wi't, &c.

MY WIFE SHE'S TA'EN THE GEE.

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,  
 And he wou'd hae me down  
 To drink a bottle of ale wi' him  
 In the neist borrows town.  
 But, O! indeed it was, Sir,  
 Sae far the war for me;  
 For lang or e'er that I came hame  
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,  
 The truth I tell to you,  
 That e'er the middle o' the night,  
 We were a' roaring fou.  
 My wife sits at the fire-side,  
 And the tears blinds ay her e'e,  
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,  
 But sit and tak the gee.



In the morning soon, when I came down,  
 The ne'er a word she spak,  
 But monie a sad and sour look,  
 And ay her head she'd shake.  
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,  
 To look sae sour on me?  
 I'll never do the like again,  
 If ye'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang  
 Her arms about my neck;  
 And twenty kisses in a crack,  
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.  
 If ye'll ne'er do the like again,  
 But bide at hame wi' me,  
 I'll lay my life Ise be the wife  
 That's never tak the gee.



### ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

BLYTHE, blythe, blythe was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben;  
 And weel she loo'd a' Hawick gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.  
 She took me in, and set me down,  
 And hecht to keep me lawing-free;  
 But, cunning carling that she was,  
 She gart me birl my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;  
 But waes my heart my cash was done,  
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 Wha started in, to heeze our hope,  
 But Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,  
 With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown,  
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken  
 They gar the swats gae glibber down.  
 We ca'd the bicker aft about;  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,  
 And ay the cleanest drinker out,  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,  
 And as I in his oxter sat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonnie thing,  
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun;  
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.



# AULD GUDEMAN, YE'RE A DRUNKEN CARLE.

AULD gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle,  
 A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt;  
 O' sottish loons ye're the pink an' pearl, pink an' pearl,  
 Ill-far'd, doited, ne'er-do-weel.

Hech gudewife! ye're a flytin body, flytin body;  
 Will ye hae, but guid be prais'd the wit ye want,  
 The puttin cow should be ay a doddy, ay a doddy,  
 Mak na sic an awesome reel.

Ye're a sow, auld man,  
 Ye get fou, auld man,  
 Fye for shame, auld man,  
 To your wame, auld man.  
 Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin tow,  
 A plack to cleed ye're back and pow.

It's a lie, gudewife,  
 It's *your tea*, gudewife,

Na, na, gudewife,  
 Ye spend a' gudewife;  
 Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,  
 Ye like the drap fu' weel yoursel'.

Ye's rue auld gouk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic,  
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy?  
 An' 'twerna just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,  
 Deil a drap wad weet my mou.

Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither, wadna swither,  
 Soon soon to tak a cholic, when it brings a drap o'  
 cappy:

But twascore years we hae fought thegither, fought  
 thegither,  
 Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John,  
 Owre lang, auld John,  
 For nought, gude John,  
 We hae fought, gude John,  
 Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,  
 We're far owre feckless now to fight,

Ye're right, gude Kate,  
 The night, gude Kate,  
 Our cup, gude Kate,  
 We'll sup, gude Kate,  
 Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,  
 And toom the stoup a'tween us twa!



### DRUKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

Down in yon meadow a couple did tarry,  
 The goodwife drank naething but sack and canary;  
 The goodman complain'd to her friends right early,  
 O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

*Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
 O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Garie,  
And syne she drank my bonny gray marie,  
That carried me thro' the dub and the lairie.

*O! gin, &c.*

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,  
And syne she drank her bonnie new gown;  
She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely.

*O! gin, &c.*

Wad she drink her ain things, I wadna care,  
But she drinks my claiths I canna weel spare;  
When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me sairly.

*O! gin, &c.*

My Sunday's coat she's laid it a wad,  
The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;  
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.

*O! gin, &c.*

My bonnie white mittens I wore on my hands,  
Wi' her neibour's wife she has laid them in pawns;  
My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly.

*O! gin, &c.*

I never was for wrangling nor strife.  
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,  
For when there's a war I'm ay for a parley.

*O! gin, &c.*

When there's ony siller, she maun keep the purse;  
If I seek but a bawbee, she'll scold and she'll curse;  
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

*O! gin, &c.*

A pint wi' her kimmers I wad her allow,  
But when she sits down, she gets hersel' fu',  
And when she is fu' she is unco camstairie.

*O! gin, &c.*

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,  
Has no fear of her neibours, nor minds the house wants;  
She rants up some fool sang, like, Up ye're heart Charlie-

*O! gin, &c.*

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,  
The lasses she ca's baith limmers and jades,  
And ca's mysel' ay ane auld cuckold carlie.

*O! gin, &c.*



### CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
And custocks in Stra'boggie,  
Where ilka lad maun hae his lass,  
But I maun hae my coggie.

*For I maun hae my coggie, Sirs,  
I canna want my coggie;  
I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog  
For a' the wives in Boggie.*

Johnny Smith has got a wife  
Wha scrimps him o' his coggie:  
But were she mine, upon my life,  
I'd dook her in a boggie.

*For I maun hae my coggie, Sirs,  
I canna want my coggie;  
I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog  
For a' the wives in Boggie.*

Twa three todlin weans they hae,  
The pride o' a' Stra'boggie;  
Whene'er the totums cry for meat,  
She curses ay his coggie;

*Crying, wae betide the three-gir'd cog!  
Oh, wae betide the coggie!  
It does mair skaith than a' the ills,  
That happen in Stra'boggie.*

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's ;  
 And, what they maist did laugh at,  
 She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,  
 And tightly gouff'd his haffet,

*Crying, wae betide the three-gir'd cog!*

*Oh, wae betide the coggie,*

*It does mair skaith than a' the ills,*

*That happen in Stra'boggie.*

Yet here's to ilka honest soul  
 Wha'll drink wi' me a coggie ;  
 And for ilk silly whinging fool,  
 We'll dook him in the boggie.

*For I maun hae my coggie, Sirs,*

*I canna want my coggie:*

*I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog*

*For a' the queans in Boggie.*



## CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

DUKE OF GORDON.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
 And custocks in Stra'boggie ;  
 Gin I hae but a bonnie lass,  
 Ye're welcome to your coggie.  
 And ye may sit up a' the night,  
 And drink till it be braid day-light :  
 Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,  
 To dance the reel o' Boggie.

In cotillions the French excel,  
 John Bull loves country dances ;  
 The Spaniards dance fandangos well ;  
 Mynheer an allemande prances :  
 In foursome reels the Scots delight,  
 At threesome's they dance wondrous light,  
 But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,  
 Danc'd to the reel o' Boggie.

Come lads, and view your partners weel,  
 Wale each a blythesome roggie :  
 I'll tak this lassie to mysel',  
 She looks sae keen and voggie :  
 Now, piper lad, bang up the spring ;  
 The country fashion is the thing,  
 To prie their mou's ere we begin  
 To dance the reel o' Boggie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,  
 Save yon auld doited foggie,  
 And ta'en a fling upon the grass,  
 As they do in Stra'boggie ;  
 But a' the lasses look sae fain,  
 We canna think oursel's to hain,  
 For they maun hae their come-again  
 To dance the reel o' Boggie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,  
 Like true men o' Stra'boggie ;  
 We'll stop a while and tak a rest,  
 And tipple out a coggie,  
 Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,  
 And try ilk other to surpass,  
 In wishing health to ev'ry lass,  
 To dance the reel o' Boggie.



### WEEL MAY WE A' BE.

TUNE,—“ *King Robert's Address.*”

WEEL may we a' be,  
 Ill may we never see ;  
 Here's to the king  
 And the good company.

*Fill, fill a bumper high ;  
 Drain, drain your glasses dry,  
 Out upon him, fie ! O fie !  
 That winna do't again.*

Here's to the king, boys !  
Ye ken wha I mean boys ;  
And ev'ry honest man, boys,  
That will do't again.

*Fill, fill, &c.*

Here's to a' the chieftains  
Of the gallant Scottish clans ;  
They hae done it mair than anes,  
And they'll do't again.

*Fill, fill, &c.*

When the pipes begin to strum  
Tuttie, tattie, to the drum,  
Out claymore, and down the gun,  
And to the knaves again.

*Fill, fill, &c.*



SONG.

TUNE,—“ *Could kail in Aberdeen.*”

LIFE ay has been a weary roun'  
Whare expectation's bluntet,  
Whare hope gets mony a crackit crown,  
An' patience, sairly duntet,  
Alang the road rins hirplin down  
Beside neglectit merit,  
Whase heart gies mony a weary stoun',  
And broken is his spirit.

But de'il may care tho' fate whiles glooms,  
Gae lassie, heat the water :  
Wi' fate we'll never fash our thumbs,  
But gar the gill-stoup clatter.



Punch is a sea whare care ne'er sooms,  
 But pleasure rides it rarely;  
 We'll fill again whan this ane tooms,  
 Then let us set till't fairly.



## COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

TANNAHILL.

DOROTHY sits in the cauld ingle neuk,  
 Her red rosy neb's like a labster tae,  
 Wi' girning, her mou's like the gab o' the fleuk,  
 Wi' smoking, her teeth's like the jet o' the slae.  
 And aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels me,  
 Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me,  
 Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me,  
 Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die.

Dorothy ance was a weel tocher'd lass,  
 Had charms like her nei'bours, and lovers anew,  
 But she spited them sae, wi' her pride and her sauce,  
 They left her for thirty lang summers to rue.  
 Then aye she sang waes me, aye she sang waes me,  
 O I'll turn crazy, O I'll turn crazy,  
 Naething in a' the wide world can ease me,  
 De'il take the wooers—O what shall I do.

Dorothy, dozen'd wi' living her lane,  
 Pu'd at her rock, wi' the tear in her e'e,  
 She thought on the braw merry days that were gane,  
 And caft a wee coggie for company.  
 Now aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels me,  
 Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me,  
 Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me,  
 Ne'er shall we part, till the day that I die.

# The Harp

OF

## CALEDONIA.

---

### PART IV.

---

### Humorous Songs.

---

#### GABERLUNZIE MAN.

KING JAMES V.

THE pawkie auld carle came o'er the lee,  
Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,  
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,  
Will you lodge a silly poor man?  
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
My doughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,  
As first when I saw this country,  
How blythe and merry wad I be!  
And I wad never think lang.  
He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir slie twa together were say'ng,  
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O ! quo' he, an' ye were as black  
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,  
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.  
And O ! quo' she, an' I were as white,  
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,  
I'd cleed me braw and lady like,  
And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;  
They raise a wee before the cock,  
And willily they shot the lock,  
And fast to the bent are they gane.  
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leisure pat on her claise ;  
Synne to the servant's bed she gaes,  
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,  
The strae was cauld, he was away,  
She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay !  
For some of our gear will be gane.  
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,  
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,  
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest !  
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,  
The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,  
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,  
And bid her come quickly ben.  
The servant gade where the doughter lay,  
The sheets were cauld, she was away,  
And fast to the goodwife can she say,  
She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie, man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And haste ye find these traytors again;  
For she's be brunt, and he's be slain,  
The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.  
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,  
The wife was wood, and out o' her wît;  
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,  
But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,  
Fu' anug in a glen, where nane could see,  
The twa with kindly sport and glee,  
Cut frae a new cheese a whang:  
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,  
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith,  
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,  
My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,  
Ill-far'dly wad she crook her mou',  
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,  
After the gaberlunzie man.  
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,  
And ha'e nae learn'd the beggar's tongue,  
To follow me frae town to town,  
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,  
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,  
To carry the gaberlunzie on.  
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e,  
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,  
While we shall be merry and sing.

## HEY FOR A LASS WT' A TOCHER.

BURNS.

TUNE,—“ *Ballinamona Ora.*”

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,  
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :  
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

*Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher; then hey for a lass  
 wi' a tocher;*

*Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher; the nice yellow  
 guineas for me.*

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,  
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;  
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green knowes,  
 Ilk spring they're new deikit wi' bonny white yowes.

*Then hey, &c.*

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,  
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess;  
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,  
 The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest.

*Then hey, &c.*



## WILLIE WINKIE'S TESTAMENT.

My daddy left me gear enough,  
 A couter, and an auld beam-plough,  
 A nebbed staff, a nutting-tyne,  
 A fishing-wand with hook and line;  
 With twa auld stools, and a dirt-house,  
 A jerkenet, scarce worth a louse,  
 An auld pat, that wants the lug,  
 A spurtle and a sowen mug,

A hempen heckle, and a mell,  
A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,  
A muck-fork, and an auld peet-creel,  
The spakes of our auld spinning-wheel;  
A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,  
With our auld brunt and broken laddle,  
A whang-bit, and a sniffle-bit:  
Cheer up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A flailing-staff, a timmer-spit,  
An auld kirn and a hole in it,  
Yarn-winnles, and a reel,  
A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,  
A whistle, and a tup-horn spoon,  
Wi' an auld pair o' clouted shoon,  
A timmer spade, and a gleg shear  
A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tongs, a broken cradle,  
The pinnion of an auld car-saddle,  
A gullie-knife, and a horse-wand,  
A mitten for the left-hand,  
With an auld broken pan of brass,  
With an auld sark that wants the a—  
An auld band, and a hoodling-how,  
I hope my bairns ye're a' weel now.

Aft have I borne ye on my back,  
With a' this riff-raff in my pack;  
And it was a' for want of gear,  
That gart me steal Mess John's gray mare:  
But now, my bairns, what ails ye now,  
For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow;  
And hose and shoon fit for your feet,  
Cheer up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with mysel' I did advise,  
My daddie's gear for to comprise;  
Some neighbours I ca'd in to see  
What gear my daddy left to me.

They sat three-quarters of a year,  
 Comprising of my daddy's gear;  
 And whan they had gien a' their votes,  
 'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds Scots.



### THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

There came a young man to my daddie's door,  
 My daddie's door, my daddie's door,  
 There came a young man to my daddie's door,  
 Came seeking me to woo.

*And wow but he was a braw young lad,  
 A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,  
 And wow but he was a braw young lad,  
 Came seeking me to woo.*

But I was baking when he came,  
 When he came, when he came,  
 I took him in, and gae him a scone,  
 To thow his frozen mou'.

*And wow but, &c.*

I set him in aside the bink,  
 I gae him bread, and ale to drink,  
 But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,  
 Until his wame was fou.

*And wow but, &c.*

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldrie wooer,  
 Ye sour-looking, cauldrie wooer,  
 I straihtway show'd him to the door,  
 Saying, Come nae mair to woo.

*And wow but, &c.*

There lay a duck-dub before the door,  
 Before the door, before the door;  
 There lay a duck-dub before the door,  
 And there fell he I trow.

*And wow but, &c.*

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,  
 Out came the good wife, and low she louted,  
 And a' the town-neighbours were gather'd about it,  
 But there lay he I trow.

*And wow but, &c.*

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,  
 Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,  
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd,  
 We'll hae nae mair o' you.

*And wow but, &c.*

### AULD GOODMAN.

LATE in an evening forth I went,  
 A little before the sun gaed down,  
 And there I chanced by accident,  
 To light on a battle new begun.  
 A man and his wife was fa'en in a strife,  
 I canna weel tell you how it began;  
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,  
 And cry'd ever, Alake my auld goodman.

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,  
 The country kens where he was born,  
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,  
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;  
 For he did spend, and make an end  
 Of gear that his forefathers wan,  
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.



SHE.

My heart, alake, is like to break,  
 When I think on my winsome John,  
 His blinken ee, and gate sae free,  
 Was naething like thee, thou dozen'd drone.  
 His rosie face, and flaxen hair,  
 And a skin as white as ony swan,  
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,  
 And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,  
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;  
 But thy wild bees I canna please,  
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.  
 Of household stuff thou hast enough,  
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;  
 Of siclike ware he left thee bare,  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret mysel',  
 To think on the blythe days I had,  
 When he and I together lay  
 In arms into a weel made bed:  
 But now I sigh and may be sad;  
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,  
 Thou faulds thy feet, and fa's asleep,  
 And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night so dark,  
 And gane was a' the light o' day;  
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,  
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.  
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,  
 I trow the wife the day she wan,  
 And ay the o'erword of the fray,  
 Was ever, *Alake, my auld goodman.*

## CARLE CAME O'ER THE CRAFT.

RAMSAY.

The carle he came o'er the craft,  
 And his beard new shav'n;  
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,  
 The carle trows that I wad hae him.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!  
 Though his beard be new shav'n,  
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A siller broach he gae me neist,  
 To fasten on my curtchea nooked,  
 I wor't a wee upon my breast;  
 But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;  
 And sae may his: I winna hae him,  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,  
 Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jest,  
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane;  
 For he has lands and dollars plenty;  
 But waes me for him! skin and bane  
 Is no for a plump lass of twenty.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!  
 What signifies his dirty riggs  
 And cash, without a man wi' them.

But shou'd my canker'd daddy gar  
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,  
 I warn the fumbler to beware,  
 That antlers dinna claim their station.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!  
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,  
 Sae lawty says, I shou'd nae hae him.

## THE CARLE HE CAM O'ER THE CRAFT.

JAMIESON.

THE doitit auld carle cam o'er the craft,  
 Wi' his auld baird newlin shaven;  
 He glowr't at me as he had been daft;  
 The carle trow'd that I wad hae him,

CHORUS.

*Hout awa, I winna hae him!*  
*Na, na, I winna hae him;*  
*The carle's fey to think that I*  
*Wi' a' his gowd and gear wad hae him,*

He whaisled and hostit as he cam in,  
 Wi' his auld baird newlin shavin;  
 'Syn'e wytit the reek and the frosty win',  
 An' glowr't at me as I wad hae him.

*Hout awa, &c.*

Wi' welcome my minie bade him come ben,  
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven:  
 He hankirt him down like a clockin hen,  
 And fleyret at me as I wad hae him.

*Hout awa, &c.*

"He steer'd the ingle, an' dightit his beik,  
 Wi' his auld baird newlin shaven;  
 Says, "Lassie wad ye a gudeman like,  
 That lo'es you leal, gin ye wad hae him,

*Hout awa, &c.*

"Wi' horses and sheep, an' owsen and kye,  
 An' cottar folk mail and kain to pay him;  
 And fouth and rowth, and a heart, forby,  
 As canty's a crick, gin ye wad hae him,

*Hout awa, &c.*

" Wi' a gude stane house, an' a pantry bein,  
 An chiel nor chare to want them frae him;  
 An' himsel' baith feirie and crouse at e'en,  
 To cuddle wi' you, gin ye wad hae him."

*Hout awa, &c.*

" Gae wa, ye dozent poor body, gae wa,  
 Wi' your auld beard newlin shaven;  
 Blear'd, fusionless, fitless, and fey with a',  
 How can the daft carle bid me hae him!"

*Hout awa, &c.*

Forsooth, threescore winna do for me,  
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven;  
 Auld gerrons they downa to labour lee,  
 And a chiel maun be stark or I hae him."

*Hout awa, &c.*



## THE CARLE HE CAME O'ER THE CRAFT,

LAING.

THE carle he came o'er the craft,  
 Wi' his beard new shaven;  
 He look'd at me as he'd been daft,  
 The carle trows that I wad hae him;  
 Me hae him, wha wad hae him?  
 I wish I may be keepit frae him,  
 A widow wife that lives near by,  
 Nae lang sinsyne his leave did gie him.

Yet he came bangin' ben the floor,  
 As ane wad do in his condition,  
 Says, " A gude day, an' peace be here,"  
 Took out his mill and gied's a snishin';

Syne lookit owre the fire fu' cunnin',  
Fain wi' me he wad be funnin',

Thinks I, Gudeman wha joins wi' you,  
They winna brag upo' their winnin'.

Syne began the courtin' tale,

" My bonnie lass I'm glad to see you,  
I'm come to court you to mysel',

I dinna look for tocher wi' you;  
Gin ye be willin'—I am ready,  
I'll maintain you like a lady;

Whan ither days are come and gane,  
Ye'll hear my bairns ca'in' me daddy.

Set na me aff wi' a sham,

And dinna say ye'r unprovidet—  
My bonnie lass for you I cam,  
To grace my house an' rightly guide it.  
I hae cows and ewes a plenty,  
Mailen fair, an ha' fu' canty.

I've beds an' beddin' o' my ain,  
An' milk, an' meal, an' ilka dainty.

A servant maid to you I'll hire,

Twa gin ye may chance to need them;  
To gae to market, barn, an' byre,  
To milk your cows an' ewes an' feed them:"  
Syne frae his pocket drew fu' cannie,  
A pair o' garters dic'd fu' bonnie,  
An ell o' ribbon red and blue,  
To buckle up my cockernonie,—

" Tak ye that my bonnie dow,

I wat ye're hearty welcome to them;  
Ye'll gie me a kiss or twa,

O sae weel's ye can bestow them."—

I quietly wi' my mither spak o' 'im,  
Gin I e'en might rue and tak' him!

For tho' the man was come in years,  
I thought it *now* a sin to vrak him.

" Sit ye down an' mak ye fair,  
 Bridal brows be providin',  
 Hameart mak is best o' wear,  
 Thae market things they hae nae bidin';  
 Sark, an' cravat ye maun gie him,  
 An' ay be couthie whan ye see him;  
 I hope by this day twenty days,  
 To see you fairly wedded wi' him."

### LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

RAMSAY.

Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump o' land,  
 And we for life shall gang thegither,  
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,  
 Or black, or fair, it makes na whether.  
 I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,  
 And blood a'ane is no worth a shilling,  
 But she that's rich, her market's made,  
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump o' land,  
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;  
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,  
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.  
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,  
 I hate wi' poortith, tho' bonnie, to meddle,  
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,  
 Theyse ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,  
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;  
 But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,  
 Have tint the art of gaining affection:  
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,  
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,  
 And naething can catch our modern sparks  
 But weel-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

## TULLOCHGORUM.

REV. J. SKINNER.

COME gie's a sang the lady cry'd,  
 And lay your disputes all aside,  
 What signifies't for folks to chide  
 For what's been done before them?  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
 To drop their whigmegorum.  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
 To spend the night with mirth and glee,  
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me  
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,  
 It gars us a' in ane unite,  
 And ony sump that keeps up spite,  
 In conscience I abhor him.  
 Blythe and merry we's be a',  
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,  
 Blythe and merry we's be a',  
 And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.  
 Blythe and merry we's be a',  
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
 And dance, till we be like to fa',  
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a praise,  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,  
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys,  
 For half a hundred score o'em.  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Wi' a' their variorum.

They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Highland taste,  
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress  
 Wi' fear of want, and double cess,  
 And silly sauls themselves distress  
 Wi' keeping up decorum.  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Like auld Philosophorum?  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 And canna rise to shake a fit  
 At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend  
 Each honest hearted open friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
 And a' that's good watch o'er him!  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 And dainties a great store o' 'em!  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot!  
 And may he never want a groat  
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the dirty, fawning fool,  
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And discontent devour him!  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,



May doot and sorrow be his chance,  
 And honest souls abhor him !  
 May doot and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whae'er he be that winna dance,  
 The reel of Tullochgorum !



### DAINTY DAVIE.

PRESIDENT FORBES.

WHILE fops in saft Italian verse,  
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,  
 While sangs abound and sense is scarce,  
 These lines I have indited ;  
 But neither darts nor arrows here,  
 Venus nor Cupid shall appear,  
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear,  
 The maidens are delighted.

*I was ay telling you,  
 Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,  
 Auld springs wad ding the new,  
 But ye wad never trow me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,  
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;  
 And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,  
 Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.  
 I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,  
 My height of ecstasy to prove,  
 Nor sighing—thus—present my love  
 With roses eke and lillies.

*I was ay telling you, &c.*

But stay—I had amaist forgot  
 My mistress and my sang to bogot,  
 And that's an unco faut I wat ;  
 But Nansy, 'tis nae matter.

Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,  
 And ken ye, that atones the crime;  
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,  
 And slide away like water.

*I was aye telling you, &c.*

Now ken, my reverend sonsie fair,  
 Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,  
 Thy half shut een and hoddling air,  
 Are a' my passion's fuel.  
 Nae skyrin gowk, my dear, can see,  
 Or love, or grace, or heav'n in thee;  
 Yet thou hast charms anew for me.  
 Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leeze me on thy snawy pow,  
 Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,  
 Dryest wood will eithest low,  
 And Nansy, sae will ye now.*



## TIBBIE I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

EURNS.

TUNE—"Invercauld's Reel."

O TIBBIE! I hae seen the day  
 Ye wadna been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But ne'er a hair care I.  
 Yestreen I met you on the moor,  
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;  
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,  
 But ne'er a hair care I.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day  
 Ye wadna been sae shy;

For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
But ne'er a hair care I.  
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me wi' a wink,  
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day  
Ye wadna been sae shy;  
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
But ne'er a hair care I.  
But sorrow take him that's sae mean,  
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows ony saucy quean,  
That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day  
Ye wadna been sae shy;  
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
But ne'er a hair care I.  
Although a lad were e'er sae smart,  
If he but want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day  
Ye wadna been sae shy;  
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
But ne'er a hair care I.  
But if he hae the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,  
Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day  
Ye wadna been sae shy;  
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
But ne'er a hair care I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,  
 I wadna gie her in her sark  
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousand mark;  
 Thou needna look sae high.



## SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

BURNS.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,  
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumoddle;  
 Willie was a wabster gude,  
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;  
 He had a wife was dour and din,  
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;  
*Sic a Wife as Willie had,*  
*I wadna gien a button for her.*

She has an e'e, she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa the very colour;  
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;  
 A whiskin beard about her mou,  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;  
*Sic a Wife, &c.*

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shin'd,  
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;  
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:  
 She has a hump upon her bréast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther;  
*Sic a Wife, &c.*

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,  
 An' wi' her loof her face a washin';  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion.  
 Her wallie nieves like midden-creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water:  
*Sic a Wife, &c.*

### MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HEARKEN and I will tell you how  
 Young muirland Willie came to woo,  
 Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do;  
 The truth I tell to you.  
 But aye, he cries, Whate'er betide,  
 Maggy I've hae to be my bride,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

On his gray yade, as he did ride,  
 Wi' durk and pistol by his side,  
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee,  
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,  
 Till he came to her daddy's door,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?  
 I'm come your dochter's love to win,  
 I carena for making meikle din;  
 What answer gie ye me?  
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,  
 I'll gie ye my dochter's love to win,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Now, wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,  
 Where do ye won, or in what town?  
 I think my dochter winna gloom,  
 On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he stepp'd up the house,  
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

I have three oxen in a pleugh,  
Twa good gaun yades, and gear enough,  
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh ;  
I scorn to tell a lie :  
Besides, I hae frae the great laird,  
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The maid put on her kirtle brown,  
She was the brawest in a' the town ;  
I wat on him she didna gloom,  
But blinkit bonnilie.  
The lover he stended up in haste,  
And gript her hard about the waist,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,  
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear ;  
And for mysel' ye needna fear,  
Trowth try me whan ye like.  
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,  
He dightit his gab, and he prie'd her mou',  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,  
She hadna will to say him na,  
But to her daddy she left it a',  
As they twa cou'd agree.  
The lover he gied her the tither kiss,  
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Your dochter wadna say me na,  
 But to yoursel' she's left it a',  
 As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;  
     Say, what ye'll gie me wi' her?  
 Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,  
 But sic's I hae ye's get a pickle,

*With a fal, dal, &c.*

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,  
 Three souns o' sheep, twa good milk kye,  
 Ye's hae the wadding-dinner free;  
     Trowth I dow do nae mair.  
 Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,  
 I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't,

*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The bridal day it came to pass,  
 Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass;  
 Büt sicken a day there never was,  
     Sic mirth was never seen.  
 This winsome couple straked hands,  
 Mess John ty'd up the marriage bands,

*With a fal, dal, &c.*

And our bride's maidens were na few,  
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,  
 Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,  
     And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,  
 They glanced in our lasses' een,

*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,  
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;  
 The minstrels they did never blin',  
     Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

And aye they bobit, and aye they beckt,  
 And aye their loofs thegither met,

*With a fal, dal, &c.*

## MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear short syne,  
We buckled us a' thegither;  
And Maggie was in her prime,  
When Willie made courtship till her.  
Twa pistols charg'd by guess,  
To gie the courting shot;  
And syne came ben the lass,  
Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.  
He first speir'd at the gudeman,  
And syne at Giles the mither,  
An' ye wad gie's a bit land,  
We'd buckle us e'en thegither.

My dochter ye shall hae,  
I'll gie you her by the hand;  
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fae,  
Or I part wi' my land.  
Your tocher it sall be good,  
There's nane sall hae its maik,  
The lass bound in her snood,  
And Crummie wha kens her stake;  
Wi' an auld bedding o' claes,  
Was left me by my mither,  
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,  
Ye may cuddle in them thegither.

Ye speak right weel, gudeman,  
But ye maun mend your hand,  
And think o' modesty,  
Gin ye'll no quit your land.  
We are but young, ye ken,  
And now we're gaun thegither,  
A house is but and ben,  
And Crummie will want her fother.



The bairns are coming on,  
And they'll cry, O their mither!  
We've neither pat nor pan,  
But four bare legs thegither.

Your tocher's be good enough,  
For that ye needna fear,  
Twa good stilts to the pleugh,  
And ye yoursel' maun steer:  
Ye sall hae twa guid pocks  
That once were o' the tweel,  
The tane to haud the groats,  
The tither to haud the meal:  
Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,  
And that sall be your coffer,  
Wi' aiken woody bands,  
And that may haud your tocher.

Consider weel, gudeman,  
We hae but barrow'd gear,  
The horse that I ride on  
Is Sandy Wilson's mare;  
The saddle's nane o' my ain,  
And thae's but borrow'd boots,  
And whan that I gae hame,  
I maun tak to my coots;  
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,  
That gars me look sae crouse;  
Come, fill us a cogue o' swats,  
We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,  
For telling me sae plain,  
I married whan little I had  
O' gear that was my ain.  
But sin' that things are sae,  
The bride she maun come forth,  
Tho' a' the gear she'll hae  
'Twill be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,  
 Fye cry on Giles the mither;  
 Content am I, quo' she,  
 E'en gar the hizzie come hither.

The bride she gaed to her bed,  
 The bridegroom he came till her;  
 The fiddler crap in at the fit,  
 And they cuddl'd it a' thegither.



### SCORNFU' NANSY.

NANSY's to the green wood gane,  
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,  
 And Willie he has follow'd her,  
 To gain her love by flatt'ring:  
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,  
 She geck'd and scorned at him;  
 And aye when he began to woo,  
 She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,  
 My minny, or my auntie?  
 With crowdymoudy they fed me,  
 Langkail and rantytanty:  
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,  
 Of thae there was right plenty,  
 With chapped kail butter'd fu' weel;  
 And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my daddy was nae laird,  
 ('Tis daffin to be vaunty,)  
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,  
 A ha'-house, and a pantry;  
 A guid blue-bonnet on his head,  
 An o'erlay 'bout his craigy;  
 And aye until the day he died  
 He rade on good shanks-naigy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
Wad ye hae bonnie Nansy?  
Wad ye compare yoursel' to me,  
A docken to a tansy?  
I hae a wooer o' my ain,  
They ca' him souple Sandy,  
And weel I wat his bonnie mou'  
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nansy, what needs a' this din?  
Do I no ken this Sandy?  
I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin  
Was Rab the beggar randy;  
His minny Meg upo' her back  
Bare baith him and his billy;  
Will ye compare a nasty pack  
To me your winsome Willie?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,  
Tho' it be auld and rusty,  
Yet ye may tak it on my word,  
It is baith stout and trusty;  
And if I can but get it drawn,  
Which will be right uneasy,  
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nansy turn'd her round about,  
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,  
Ye wadna miss to get a clout;  
I ken he disna fear ye:  
Sae haud your tongue and say nae mair,  
Set somewhere else your fancy;  
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
Ye never shall get Nansy,

## SLIGHTED NANSY.\*

'Tis I hae sev'n braw new gowns,  
 And ither sev'n better to mak,  
 And yet for a' my new gowns  
 My wooer has turn'd his back.  
 Besides I hae sev'n milk-kye,  
 And Sandy he has but three;  
 And yet for a' my good kye  
 The laddie winna hae me.

My daddy's a delver o' dykes,  
 My mither can card and spin,  
 And I'm a fine fodge lass,  
 And the siller comes linkin in;  
 The siller comes linkin in;  
 And it's fu' fair to see,  
 And fifty times wow, O wow!  
 What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our Bawty does bark,  
 Then fast to the door I rin,  
 To see gin ony young spark  
 Will light and venture but in:  
 But never a ane will come in,  
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,  
 Syne far ben the house I rin,  
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,  
 I pray'd but ance in the year;  
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,  
 And a lad wi' muckle gear.

\* From which is taken the popular English song of Nobody coming to marry me.

When I was at my neist prayers,  
I pray'd but now and than;  
I fash'd na my head about gear,  
If I gat but a handsome young man.

But now when I'm at my last prayers,  
I pray on baith night and day,  
And O! if a beggar wad come,  
With that same beggar I'd gae.  
And O! what will come o' me!  
And O! and what'll I do?  
That sic a braw lassie as I  
Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.



### NORLAND JOCKEY.

A SOUTHLAND Jenny, that was right bonnie,  
Had for a suitor a Norland Johnie;  
But he was sicken a bashful wooer,  
That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her:

Till blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her siller,  
Forc'd him at last to tell his mind till her.  
My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,  
Gin ye can lo'e me, let's o'er the muir and marry.

Come, come awa' then, my Norland laddie,  
Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy;  
And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,  
Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

Ye lasses o' the south, ye're a' for dressing:  
Lasses o' the north mind milking and threshing:  
My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my daddy,  
Should I marry ane as dink as a lady;

For I maun hae a wife that will rise i' the morning,  
Crudle a' the milk, and keep the house a' scolding,

Toolie wi' her nei'bours, and learn at my minny,  
A Norland Jockey man hae a Norland Jenny.

My father's only daughter, and twenty thousand pound,  
Shall ne'er be bestow'd on sic a silly clown :  
For a' that I said was to try what was in ye.  
Gae hame, ye Norland Jock, and court your Norland  
Jenny.



### I HAD A HORSE.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,  
I gat him frae my daddy,  
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,  
But my wit it was fu' ready.  
And sae I thought me on a time,  
Outwittens of my daddy,  
To fee mysel' to a lowland laird,  
Wha had a bonnie lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began ;  
Madam, be not offended,  
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,  
And care not though ye kend it :  
For I get little frae the laird,  
And far less frae my daddy,  
And I wad blythely be the man,  
Wad strive to please his lady.

She read the letter and she leugh,  
Ye needna been sae blate, man,  
You might hae come to me yoursel',  
And tauld me o' your state, man :  
You might hae come to me yoursel',  
Outwittens of ony body,  
And made John Goukstone of the laird,  
And kiss'd his bonnie lady.

Then she pat siller in my purse ;  
 We drank wine out o' a cogie,  
 She fee'd a man to rub my horse,  
 And wow but I was vogie !  
 But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg,  
 Since I came frae my daddy,  
 The laird came rap, rap to the yett,  
 When I was wi' his lady.

Then she put me behint a chair,  
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidie,  
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,  
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy.  
 The laird gaed out, he saw na me,  
 I gaed when I was ready :  
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gaed back,  
 To see his bonnie lady.



### WAP AT THE WIDOW, MY LADDIE.

RAMSAY.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,  
 And mony braw things the widow can do ;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.  
 With courage attack her baith early and late ;  
 To kiss her and clap her ye maunna be blate :  
 Speak well and do better ; for that's the best gate  
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair  
 The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair  
 Of every thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,  
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What cou'd ye wish better your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow the bonniest toast in the town,  
 Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,  
 And sport wi' the widow, my laddie ?

Then till 'er and kill 'er wi' courtesy dead,  
 Tho' stark love and kindness be a' ye can plead;  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

Wi' a bonnie gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,  
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.



### JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

At Willy's wedding on the green,  
 The lasses, bonnie witches!  
 Were a drest out in aprons clean,  
 An' braw white Sunday mutches;  
 Auld Maggie bade the lad tak tent,  
 But Jock wou'd not believe her,  
 But soon the fool his folly kent,  
 For Jenny dang the weaver.

*For Jenny dang, Jenny dang,  
 Jenny dang the weaver;  
 But soon the fool his folly kent,  
 For Jenny dang the weaver.*

At ilka country dance or reel,  
 Wi' her he wou'd be bobbing;  
 When she sat down, he sat down,  
 And to her wou'd be gabbing:  
 Where'er she gade, baith but an' ben,  
 The coof wou'd never leave her,  
 Aye keckling like a clocking hen,  
 But Jenny dang the weaver.  
*An' Jenny dang, &c.*

Quo' he, My lass, to speak my mind,  
 In truth I needna swither,  
 Ye've bonnie een, and if ye're kind,  
 I'll never seek anither;



He hum'd and haw'd, the lass cried peugh !  
 An' bade the coof no deave her :  
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap an' leugh,  
 An' dang the silly weaver.  
*An' Jenny dang, &c.*



### WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,  
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
 At bridals still he bore the brag,  
 An' carried aye the gree awa'.  
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,  
 And wow ! but Willie he was braw,  
 And at his shoulder hang a tag,  
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,  
 His heart was frank without a flaw ;  
 And aye whatever Willie said,  
 It still was hauden as a law.  
 His boots they were made of the jag,  
 When he went to the weaponschaw,  
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,  
 The ne'er a ane amang them a'.

And was na Willie weel worth gowd ?  
 He wan the love o' great and sma' ;  
 For after he the bride had kiss'd,  
 He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.  
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,  
 When by the hand he led them a',  
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,  
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willie a great loun,  
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen;  
 When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,  
 The bridegroom speir'd where he had been,  
 Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,  
 Wi' bobbing, baith my shanks are sair;  
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,  
 For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,  
 And for a wee fill up the ring.  
 But, shame light on his souple snout,  
 He wanted Willie's wanton fling.  
 Then straught he to the bride did fare,  
 Says, Weels me on your bonnie face;  
 Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,  
 And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, ye'll spoil the dance,  
 And at the ring ye'll aye be lag,  
 Unless like Willie ye advance:  
 O! Willie has a wanton leg;  
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,  
 And foremost aye bears up the ring;  
 We will find nae sic dancing here,  
 If we want Willie's wanton fling.



### WOO'D AN' MARRIED AN' A'.

*Woo'd an' married an' a',  
 Woo'd an' married an' a';  
 And was na she very weel aff,  
 Was woo'd an' married an' a'?*

THE bride cam' out o' the byre,  
 An' O as she dighted her cheeks!  
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,  
 An' has neither blankets nor sheets.

Has neither blankets nor sheets,  
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;  
 The bride that has a' to borrow,  
 Has e'en right meikle ado.

*Woo'd an' married, &c.*

Out spake the bride's father,  
 As he cam' in frae the pleugh :  
 O haud yer tongue, my dochter,  
 And ye's get gear enough ;  
 The stirk that stands i' th' tether,  
 And our bra' bawsint yade,  
 Will carry ye hame your corn,  
 What wad ye be at, ye jade ?

*Woo'd an' married, &c.*

Out spake the bride's mither,  
 What d—l needs a' this pride :  
 I had nae a plack in my pouch  
 That night I was a bride ;  
 My gown was linsy-woolsy,  
 And ne'er a sark ava ;  
 An' ye hae ribbons an' buskins,  
 Mae than ane or twa.

*Woo'd an' married, &c.*

What's the matter, quo' Willy,  
 Tho' we be scant o' claes,  
 We'll creep the nearer thegither,  
 And we'll smore a' the flaes :  
 Simmer is coming on,  
 And we'll get teats o' woo,  
 And we'll get a lass o' our ain,  
 And she'll spin claiaths anew.

*Woo'd an' married, &c.*

Out spake the bride's brither,  
 As he cam' in wi' the kye ;  
 Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,  
 Had he kent ye as weel as I ;

For ye're baith proud and saucy,  
 And no for a poor man's wife;  
 Gin I canna get a better,  
 Ise ne'er tak ane i' my life.  
*Woo'd an' married, &c.*

Out spake the bride's sister,  
 As she came in frae the byre;  
 O gin I were but married,  
 It's a' that I desire:  
 But we poor fouk maun live single,  
 And do the best we can:  
 I dinna care what I shou'd want,  
 If I cou'd but get a man.  
*Woo'd an' married, &c.*



## MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love she's but a lassie yet,  
 My love she's but a lassie yet;  
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.  
 I rue the day I sought her, O;  
 I rue the day I sought her, O;  
 Wha gets her needna say he's woo'd,  
 But he may say he's bought her, O.

The deil's got in our lasses now;  
 The deil's got in our lasses now;  
 When ane wad trow they scarce ken wha  
 They really mak' us asses now,—  
 She was sae sour and dorty, O  
 She was sae sour and dorty, O;  
 Whene'er I spak, she turn'd her back,  
 And sneer'd—Ye're mair than forty, O.

Sae slae she look'd and pawky too !  
 Sae slae she look'd and pawky too !  
 Tho' crouse a field I gae'd to woo,  
 I'm hame come back a gawky now !  
 I rue the day I sought her, O ;  
 I rue the day I sought her, O ;  
 Wha gets her needna say he's woo'd,  
 But he may swear he's bought her, O.



### ROB'S JOCK.

Rob's Jock cam' to woo our Jenny ;  
 On ae feast day when we were fou ;  
 She brankit fast, and made her bonnie,  
 And said, Jock, come ye here to woo ?  
 She burnist her, baith breast and brow,  
 And made her clear as ony clock ;  
 Then spak her dame, and said, I trow  
 Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock said, forsuith, I yern fu' fain,  
 Gin ye wad let, to sit down by you :  
 Then spak her minny, and said again,  
 My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.  
 Tebie ! quo Jenny, keik, keik, I see you :  
 Minny, yon man maks but a mock.  
 Beshrew the liar, fu leis me o' you,  
 I come to woo your Jenny, quo Jock.

My bairn has tocher of her ain :  
 A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,  
 A stirk, a staig, an' foot breed sawin,  
 A bake-bread and a bannock-stane,  
 A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,  
 A kame but and a kaming stock ;  
 With cogs and luggies nine or ten :  
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?

A wecht, a peest-creel, and a cradle,  
 A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,  
 An ark, an ambry, and a laidle,  
 A millie, and a sowen-pail,  
 A ronsty whittle to shear the kail,  
 And a timber-mell the bear to knock,  
 Twa shelves made of an auld fir-dale:  
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock !

A furm, a furlet, and a peck,  
 A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,  
 A tub, a barrow, and a seck,  
 A spurtle-braid, and an elwand.  
 Then Jock took Jenny by the hand,  
 And cry'd a feast, and slew a cock,  
 And made a bridal upo' land,  
 Now I hae got your Jenny, quo' Jock.

Now dame, I have your dochter married,  
 And tho' ye mak' it ne'er sae rough,  
 I let you wit she's nae miscarried,  
 It's well kend I hae gear enough :  
 An auld gawd gloyd fell owre a heugh,  
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock :  
 Withouten owsen I have a pleugh :  
 May that no ser your Jenny, quo' Jock ?

A timmer plate, a ram-horn spoon,  
 Twa bits of barket blasint leather,  
 A' graith that genes to coble shoon,  
 And a thrawcruck to twyne a teather.  
 Twa crocks that moup among the heather,  
 A pair of branks and a fetter lock,  
 A tough purse made of a swine's blether,  
 To haud your tocher Jenny, quo' Jock.

Good elding for our winter fire,  
 A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,  
 A rake of iron to claut the byre,  
 A deuk about the dubs to paddle;

The pannel of an auld led saddle,  
 And Rob my eem hecht me a stock,  
 Twa lusty lips to lick a laidle,  
 May this no gane your Jenny, quo' Jock?

A pair of hems and brechom fine,  
 And without bitts a bridle renzie,  
 A sark made of the linkome-twine,  
 A grey green cloke that will not stenzie;  
 Mair yet in store—I needna fensie,  
 Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;  
 And are not thae a wakrife menzie,  
 To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,  
 It is well known I am weel bodin :  
 Ye needna say my part is least,  
 Were they as meikle as they're lodin.  
 The wise speer'd gin the nail was sodin,  
 When we have done, tak hame the brok ;  
 The roast was teugh, sae were they boden,  
 Syne gaed thegither Jenny and Jock.



### PATIE'S WEDDING.

As Patie cam' up frae the glen,  
 Driving his wethers before him,  
 He met bonnie Meg ganging hame,  
 Her beauty was like for to smore him.  
 O dinna ye ken, bonnie Meg,  
 That you and I's gaun to be married?  
 I rather had broken my leg,  
 Before sic a bargain miscarried.

Na, Patie; O wha's tell'd you that?  
 I think that o' news they've been scanty,  
 That I should be married sae soon,  
 Or yet should hae been sae flanty,

I winna be married the year,  
Suppose I were courted by twenty;  
Sae, Patie, ye need nae mair spier,  
For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now, Maggy, what mak's ye sae skeigh?  
Is't 'cause that I hae na a mailen?  
The lad that has plenty o' gear  
Need ne'er want a hauf nor a hale ane.  
My dad has a gude grey mare,  
And yours has twa cows and a filly,  
And that will be plenty o' gear,  
Sae, Maggy, be na sae ill-willy.

Indeed, Patie, I dinna ken,  
But first ye maun spier at my daddy;  
Ye're as weel born as I,  
And I canna say but I'm ready:  
There's plenty o' yarn on the clues,  
To mak' me a coat and a jimpy,  
And plaiden eneugh to be trews,  
Gif I get ye, lad, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,  
Come let a wee smacky fa' on thee:  
May my neck be as lang as my leg,  
If I be an ill husband unto thee;  
Gae gang your ways hame e'now,  
Mak' ready gin this day fifteen days,  
And tell your father the news,  
That I'll be his son in great kindness.

It was nae lang after that,  
Wha cam' to our bigging but Patie,  
Weel drest in a braw new coat,  
And wow but he thought himsel' pretty;  
His bonnet was little frae new,  
In it was a loop and a slitty,  
To tie wi' a ribbon sae blue,  
To bab at the neck o' his coaty.



Then Patie cam' in wi' a sten',  
Said, Peace be here to the bigging,  
You're welcome, quo' William, come ben,  
Or I wish it may rive frae the rigging;  
Now draw in your seat and sit down,  
And tell's a' your news in a hurry,  
And haste ye, Meg, and be done,  
And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quo' Patie, my news is nae thrang;  
Yestreen I was wi' his honour;  
I've ta'en three rigs o' braw land,  
And hae bound mysel' under a bonor:  
And now my errand to you  
Is for Maggy to help me to labour:  
I think ye maun gi'es the best cow,  
Because that our hauden's but sober.

Weel, now for to help ye through,  
I'll be at the cost o' the bridal;  
I've cut the craig o' the ewe,  
That had amaist died o' the side-ill;  
And that will be plenty o' bree,  
Sae lang as our well is nae reisted,  
To a' the gude neighbours and we,  
And I think we'll no be that ill feasted.

Quo' Patie, O that'll do weel,  
And I'll gie you brose i' the morning,  
O' kail that was made yestreen,  
For I like them best in the forenoon.  
Sae Tam, the piper did play,  
And ilka ane danc'd that was willing,  
And a' the lave they rank'd through,  
And they held the stoupy aye filling.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd;  
And when that the carles grew nappy,  
They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,  
Wi' a crack o' their thumbs, and a kappie,

The lad that wore the white band,  
 I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,  
 And he took the bride by the hand,  
 And cry'd to play up Maggie Lauder.

### JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,  
 Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang :  
 I spier'd at neibour Bauldy Strang,  
 What are they these we see ?  
 Quoth he, 'ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel'  
 Thinks himsel' cunnin' as the deil,  
 And heret' hey come awa' to steal  
 Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain to his trade,  
 Wi' ill lin'd scull, and back weel clad,  
 March'd round the barn and by the shed,  
 And papped on his knee :  
 Quoth he, my goddess, nymph, and queen,  
 Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een !  
 Tho' ne'er a beauty he had seen  
 But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird neist trotted up,  
 Wi' bawsent naig and siller whip !  
 Cried, Here's my horse, lad, haud the grup,  
 Or tie him to a tree.  
 What's gowd to me ? I've walth o' lan'—  
 Bestow on ane o' worth your han'.  
 He thought to pay what he was awn  
 Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bleth'rin gab,  
 And speeches wove like ony wab ;  
 O' ilk ane's corn he took a dab,  
 And a' for a fey.

Accounts he ow'd through a' the town;  
 And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;  
 But now he thought to clout his gown  
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washin' tubs,  
 A fool cam' neist, but life has rubs;  
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
 And sair besmear'd was he:  
 He danc'd up, squintin' through a glass,  
 And grinn'd, I' faith a bonnie lass.  
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,  
 Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,  
 The sodger not to strut sae big,  
 The lawyer not to be a prig;  
 The fool he cried, "Tee-hee!  
 I kend that I could never fail;"  
 But she prinn'd the dishclout to his tail,  
 And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,  
 And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnie cam', a lad o' sense,  
 Altho' he had na mony pence;  
 And took young Jenny to the spence,  
 Wi' her to crack a wee.  
 Now Johnie was a clever chiel',  
 And here his suit he press'd sae weel,  
 That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,  
 And she birl'd her bawbee.



### SONG.

I've a bonnie bit face o' mine ain,  
 Bodie come here nae mair to woo;  
 I'm gentie and jimp, and weel may be vain;  
 Sae bodie, d'ye think I'll marry you?

I've twa een as black as a slae,  
 Bodie, come here nae mair to woo;  
 I've twa cheeks like pinks on the brae;  
 Sae bodie d'ye think I'll marry you?

I've a wee mouthie ye shall never kiss,  
 Bodie, come here nae mair to woo;  
 On ilka cheek dimples as deep as you'd wiss;  
 Sae bodie, d'ye think I'll marry you?  
 I've a bonnie black mole on my chin,  
 Bodie, come here nae mair to woo;  
 Like ink is the drap, like paper my skin,  
 Auld bodie, d'ye think I'll marry you?

I've a wee foot, it has music in't,  
 Bodie, come here nae mair to woo;  
 In tripping the green it's never behind;  
 Sae bodie, d'ye think I'll marry you?  
 I can sing;—auld bodie gae back,  
 Bodie come here nae mair to woo;  
 I've, atweel, my market to mak',  
 But bodie I'se neer be bought by you.



### NEIL M'KREEMAN.

NIEL M'Kreeman's a braw Highland piper,  
 As e'er in te Highlands were pörn,  
 An' weel does him like a fu' picker,  
 An clean can him trink out him's horn;  
 Him's fater was Tougall M'Kreeman,  
 M'Tavish's priter-in-law,  
 Him's miter was sister to Simon,  
 Wha ne'er frae him's panner could fa'.  
*Heigh doodle, dil doodle, lil doodle,*  
*Eigh heghin dil doodle lil la!*  
*Til lillam, ill dillam, tum roodle,*  
*Heigh hughan, dil dudam tum ta.*

Him's gran' fater's fater was Tanie,  
 Wha play'd to great Lord Allan Crange,  
 Him's miter's gran' fater was Sawney,  
 Wha cam frae M'Kenzie's gran' range ;  
 M'Kenzie's a braw gallant Soger,  
 An' tat a' the world can tell,  
 Tere ne'er were ten clans turst invade her,  
 Or Tuncan would turk her himsel'.

*Heigh doodle, &c.*

Neil might ha' had plenty o' siller,  
 Had he play'd weel, an' never grow'd fu';  
 But they prought ay sae mony shills till her,  
 That she'd trink till she's trunk as a sow :  
 Syne she no could play Gillie Callum,  
 Till Angus would tance owre a swort ;  
 Then she'd trink at eall yill till she'd swall'im,  
 An' sing till she'd no speak one wort.

*Heigh doodle, &c.*

Tere's M'Kenzie, M'Pherson, M'Kreeman,  
 If you heard them but gather the clans,  
 You'd think, when you'll hear them beginnin',  
 The tevil was into their trons :  
 The Irish can play naething till 'em,  
 At pibroch, at reel, or strathspey,  
 Their pags, whan they liket to fill 'em,  
 Would play for twa halves o' a tay.

*Heigh doodle, &c.*

The world's a set o' pagpipers,  
 Wha's pags aye play best when they're fu',  
 I've heard that the man's in't ware players,  
 But pipers is something that's new ;  
 Lang life to the frien's o' braid Scotland,  
 Her enemies a' to the deil,  
 An' here's to the king an' te piper,  
 M'Pherson, M'Kenzie, an' Neil.

*Heigh doodle, &c.*

## TIBBY FOWLER.

*(Old Words.)*

TIBBY Fowler o' the glen,  
 There's o'er mony wooing at her ;  
 Tibby Fowler o' the glen,  
 There's o'er mony wooing at her.

## CHORUS.

*Wooing at her, puing at her,  
 Courtin' at her, canna get her ;  
 Filthy elf, its for her pelf,  
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.*

Ten came east, and ten came west,  
 Ten came rowing owre the water ;  
 Twa came down the lang dyke-side ;  
 There's twa an' thirty wooing at her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

There's seven but, and seven ben,  
 Seven in the pantry wi' her ;  
 Twenty head about the door,  
 There's ane an' forty wooing at her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

She's got pendles in her lugs,  
 Cockle shells wad set her better :  
 Heigh heel'd shoon, an' siller tags,  
 An' a' the lads are wooing at her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

Be a lassie e'er sae black,  
 An' she hae the name o' siller,  
 Set her upo' Tintock tap,  
 The win' will blaw a man till her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

Be a lassie ne'er sae fair,  
 An' she want the pennie siller,  
 A flie may fell her i' the air,  
 Before a man be even'd till her.

*Wooing at her, &c.*



### TIBBY FOWLER.

THE brankit lairds o' Gallowa',  
 The hodden breeks o' Annan water,  
 The bonnets blue o' fair Nithsdale,  
 Are yont the hallen wooing at her.

Tweedshaw's tarry neives are here,  
 Brakshaw gabs frae Moffat water;  
 An' half the thieves o' Annandale,  
 Are come to steal her gear, and daut her.

I mind her weel in plaiden gown,  
 Afore she got her uncle's coffer;  
 The gleds might peck'd her yont the dyke,  
 Before the lads wad shor'd them aff her.

Now she's got a bawsent cowte,  
 Graithing sew'd wi' thread o' siller,  
 Silken sonks to haud her doup,  
 An' half the kintra's trystin' till her.

Sour plumbs are gude wi' sugar bak'd—  
 Slaes are sweet wi' kames o' hinnie;  
 The bowltest carlin i' the land,  
 Gowd can make her straught an' bonnie.

I wadna gie the rosie lips,  
 Wi' breath like mixed milk an' hinnie,  
 Which i' the gloaming dew I kist,  
 For Tibby wi' a mine o' monie.

I wadna gie the haffet locks,  
 Wi' blabs o' dew sae richly drapping;  
 Which lay yestreen upon my breast,  
 For Tibby wi' her lady happing.



## LASS GIN YE LO'E ME TELL ME NOW.

I HAE laid a herring in saut,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!  
 I hae brew'd a forpet o' maut,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a calf will soon be a cow,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!  
 I hae a pig will soon be a sow,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!  
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a but, an' I hae a ben,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!  
 I hae three chickens an' a fat hen,  
 An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now!  
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a kebbuck upon my shelf,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now!  
 I downa eat it a' myself;  
 An' I winna come ony mair to woo.



## THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.

*Written to an ancient Highland air.*

TANNAHILL.

AULD Watty o' Kebbuckston brae,  
 Wi' lear an' reading o' beuks auld-farren,  
 What think ye ! the body cam' owre the day,  
 An' tauld us he's gaun to be married to Mirren.  
 We a' got a bidding,  
 To gang to the wedding,  
 Baith Johnie an' Sandy, an' Nelly an' Nanny ;  
 An' Tam o' the Knowes,  
 He swears an' he vows,  
 At the dancing he'll face to the bride wi' his graunie.

A' the lads hae trysted their joes,  
 Slee Willy cam' up an' ca'd on Nelly :  
 Altho' she was hecht to Geordie Bowse,  
 She's gi'en him the gunk an' she's gaun wi' Willy.  
 Wee collier Johnie  
 Has yocket his pony,  
 And's aff to the town for a lading o' nappy,  
 Wi' fouth o' good meat,  
 To serve us to eat,  
 Sae wi' fuddling an' feasting we'll a' be fu' happy.

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,  
 The body's aye ready at dredgies an' weddings,  
 An' Flunkie M'Fee o' the Skiverton place,  
 Is chosen to scuttle the pies and the puddings.  
 For there'll be plenty  
 O' ilka thing dainty,  
 Baith lang kail an' haggis an' ev'ry thing fitting,  
 Wi' luggies o' beer,  
 Our wizzens to clear,  
 Sae the de'il fill his kyte wha gaes clung frae the  
 Meeting.

Lowrie has caft Gibbie Cameron's gun,  
 That his auld gutcher bore when he follow'd Prince  
 Charlie,  
 The barrel was roustet as black as the grun,  
 But he's taen't to the smiddy and's fettl'd it rarely.  
 Wi' wallets o' pouter,  
 His musket he'll shouter,  
 An' ride at our head, to the bride's a' parading,  
 At ilka farm town  
 He'll fire them three roun',  
 Till the hale kintra ring wi' the Kebbuckston Wedding.

Jamie an' Johnie maun ride the brouse,  
 For few like them can sit in the saddle;  
 An' Willy Cobreath, the best o' bows,  
 Is trysted to jig in the barn wi' his fiddle.  
 Wi' whisking an' flisking,  
 An' reeling an' wheeling,  
 The young anes are like to loup out o' the body,  
 An' Neelie M'Nairn,  
 Tho' sair forfairn,  
 He vows that he'll wallop twa sets wi' the howdie.

Sauney M'Nab wi' his tartan trews,  
 Has hecht to come down in the midst o' the caper,  
 An' gi'e us three wallops o' merry shantrews,  
 Wi' the true Highland fling o' Macrimmon the piper.  
 Sic hippping an' skipping,  
 An' springing an' flinging,  
 I'se wad that there nane in the Lallands can waff it!  
 An' Willy maun fiddle,  
 An' jirgum an' diddle,  
 An' screed till the sweat fa' in beads frae his haffet.

Then gi'e me your hand, my trusty good frien',  
 An' gi'e me your word, my worthy auld kimmer,  
 Ye'll baith come owre on Friday bedeen,  
 An' join us in ranting an' tooming the timmer.

Wi' fouth o' good liquor,  
We'll haud at the bicker,  
An' lang may the mailing o' Kebbuckston flourish,  
For Watty's sae free,  
Between you an' me,  
I'se warrant he's bidden the half o' the parish.

~~~~~

SONG.

My father has forty good shillings,
Ha! ha! good shillings!
And never had daughter but I!
My mother she is right willing,
Ha! ha! right willing,
That I shall have all when they die.

And I wonder when I'll be marry'd,
Ha! ha! be marry'd!
My beauty begins to decay;
It's time to catch hold of somebody,
Ah! somebody!
Before it be all run away.
And I wonder when I'll be marry'd.

My shoes they are at the mending,
My buckles they are in the chest;
My stockings are ready for sending:
Then I'll be as brave as the rest.
And I wonder, &c.

My father will buy me a ladle,
At my wedding we'll have a good song;
For my uncle will buy me a cradle,
To rock my child in when it's young.
And I wonder, &c.

'T WAS AT THE SHINING MID-DAY HOUR.

'T WAS at the shining mid-day hour,
When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breast,
And the poor lad grew faint.
His face was like a bacon ham,
That lang in reek had hung,
And horn-hard was his tawny hand,
That held the hazel rung.

Sae wad the saftest face appear,
O' the maist dressy spark,
And sic the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept close at wark.
His head was like a heath'ry bush
Beneath his bonnet blue,
On his braid cheeks frae lug to lug,
His bairdy bristle's grew.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,
And naething now but solid gear
Could give his heart delyte.
He to the kitchen ran with speed,
To his lov'd Madge he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney nook,
With visage sour and wan.

Get up, he cries, my creashy love,
Support my sinking saul,
With something that is fit to chew,
Be't either het or caul.
This is the how and hungry hour,
When the best cures for grief
Are cog-fou's o' thy lythie kail,
And a good junt of beef.

Oh Watty, Watty, Madge replies,
 I but e'er justly trowed
 Your love was thowless, and that ye
 For cakes and pudding woo'd.
 Bethink thee, Watty, on that night,
 Whan all wère fast asleep,
 How ye kiss'd me frae cheek to cheek,
 Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
 And comfort of your sight?
 How could ye roose my dimpled hand,
 Now all my dimples slight?
 Why did you promise me a snood,
 To bind my locks sae brown?
 Why did you me fine garters hecht,
 Yet let my hose fa' down.

O faithless Watty, think how oft
 I've men't your sarks and hose,
 For you how mony bannocks stown,
 How mony cogs of brose.
 But hark—the kail bell rings, and I
 Maur gae link aff the pot;
 Come see, you hash, how sair I sweat,
 To stech your guts, ye sot.

The grace was said, the master served,
 Fat Madge return'd again,
 Blythe Watty raise and rax'd himsel',
 And fidg'd, he was sae fain.
 He hied him to the savoury bench,
 Where a warm haggis stood,
 And gart his gully thro' the bag,
 Let out its fat heart's blood.

And thrice he cried, Come eat, dear Madge
 Of this delicious fare;
 Syne claw'd it aff most cleverly,
 Till he could eat nae mair.

SONG.

GET up, gudewyfe, don on your claise,
 And to the market make you boun,
 'Tis lang tyme sin' your neighbours raise,
 They're weel nye gotten to the town:
 See you don on your better gown,
 And gar the lass big on the fyre;
 Dame, do not look as ye wad frown,
 But do the thing whilk I desyre.

I speer what haist ye hae, gudeman?
 Your mither staid till ye were born;
 Wad ye be at the tother cann,
 To scour your throat so sune this morn?
 Gude faith, I haud it but a scorn,
 That ye sud wi' my rising mel;
 For when ye have baith said and sworn,
 He do but what I like mysel'.

Gudewyfe we maun needs hae a care
 Sae lang's we wun in neighbours' raw,
 On neighbourhood to tak' a share,
 And rise up when the cock does craw;
 For I have heard an auld said saw,
 They that rise last big on the fyre—
 What wind or weather so ever blaw,
 Dame, do the thing whilk I desyre.

Nay, what do you talk of neighbourhood,
 Gif I lig in my bed till noon?
 By nae man's shins I bake my bread,
 And ye need not reck what I hae done;
 Nay, leuk to th' clouting o' yer shoon,
 And with my rising do not mel,
 For gin ye lig baith sheets aboon,
 He do but what I will mysel'.

Gudewyfe, we maun needs tak' a care,
 To save the geer that we hae wun,
 Or lay awa baith plough and carr,
 And hang up Ring* when all is done;
 Then may our bairns a begging run,
 To seek their mister in the myre,
 So fair a thread as we hae spun—
 Dame do the thing that I require.

Gudeman, ye may weel a begging gang,
 Ye seem sae weel to bear the pock,
 Ye may as weel gang sune as syne,
 To seek your meat amang gude folk?
 In ilka house ye'se get a loak,
 When ye come whar yer gossips dwell:—
 Nay, lo you leuk sae like a goak,
 He do but what I list mysel'.

Gudewyfe, ye promis'd when we were wed,
 That ye wad me truly obey,
 Mess John can withess what ye said,
 And He go fetch him in this day;
 And gif that haly man will say,
 Ye'se do the thing that I desyre,
 Then sal we sune end up this fray;
 Dame do the thing that I require.

I nowther care for John nor Jask,
 He tak' my leisure at myne ease,
 I care not what ye say a plack,
 You may go fetch him gin ye please;
 And gin ye want ane of a mease,
 You may e'en fetch the deel in hell;
 Nay, I wad ye wad let your japin cease,
 For He do but what I like mysel'.

Weel; sin' it will nae better be,
 He tak' my share or a' be gane;
 The warst card in my hand sal flee,
 And, i' faith, I wat I can shift for aye:
 He sel the plew, and lay to wad the waine,
 And the greatest spender sal bear the bell;
 And then, when a' the goods are gane,
 Dame, do the thing ye list yoursel'.



ROBIN'S COURTSHIP.

FROM HERD'S COLLECTION.

"How long have I a bachelor been?
 This twa and twenty year.
 How aft hae I a wooing gane,
 Though I cam' never the near?"

"For Nannie she says, she winna hae me,
 I look so like a clown;
 But, by my sooth! I'm as gude as hersel';
 Sae I'se ne'er fash my thumb.

"She says, if I could loup and dance
 As Tam the miller can,
 Or cut a caper like the taylor,
 She would like me than.

"By my word, it's daftin to lie;
 For I was ne'er sae nimble;
 The taylor he has naething to mind,
 But his bodkin, shears, and thimble.

"And how do ye do my little wee Nan,
 My lamb and slibberkin mouse?
 And how does your father and mother do,
 And a' the gude fowk i' the house?"

" I think nae shame to show my shapes ;
 Nae doubt ye guess my errand ;
 And ye maun gang wi' me, fair maid"—
 " To marry you, sir, I'se warrand.

" But *maun* belongs to the king himsel',
 And no to a kintra clown ;
 Ye might hae said, ' wi' your leave, fair maid,
 And latten your *maun* alane.' "

" O see but how she mocks me now :
 She scoffs me, and does scorn ;
 The man that marries you, fair maid,
 Maun rise right soon i' the morn.

" But fare ye weel, an' e'ens ye like,
 For I can get anither."
 He lap on his horse at the back o' the dyke,
 And gade hame to tell his mither.

When Nan saw that, she wadna wait,
 But she has ta'en the taylor ;
 For, when a lass gets the lad she likes,
 'Tis better far than siller.

But when he heard that Nannie was tint,
 As he sat on yon knowe ;
 He ruggit his hair, he blubbert and grat,
 And to a stane daddit his pow.

His mither cam' out, and wi' the dishclout
 She daddit about his mou' ;
 The diel's i' the chiel ! I think he's gane daft ;
 Get up ye blubbering sow.



I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

JAMIESON.

The warld has cross aneuch o' will ;
 What de'il needs love to mak' it mair ?
 To gnaw and pine, an' plague folk still,
 An' wear their lives out till a hair !

Sin' I lo'ed, black has been my fa';
 But sooth it's time to smoor the fire,
 Whan love remains, an' hope's awa—
 I wish my love were in a mire!

To sigh an' graen the lee-lang day.
 To toss an' tumble out the night:
 To grow as weak's a windle-strae—
 As green as whey—as thin's a wecht;
 To lo'e till a' anes spunk is out,
 Syne get the fuel but the fire—
 Shame fa' his silly head wad do't;
 I loor, my love were in a mire.



WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME.

I AM a young bachelor winsome,
 A farmer by rank and degree,
 And few I see gang out mair handsome,
 To kirk or to market than me.
 I've outsgit, and insight, and credit,
 And frae ony eelift I'm free,
 I'm weel enough boarded and bedded;
 What ails a' the lasses at me?

My bughts of good store are no scanty,
 My byres are weel stocked wi' kye,
 Of meal i' my girnels is plenty,
 An' twa or three easments forby.
 An horse to ride out when they're wearie,
 An' cock with the best they can see,
 An' then be ca'd dawtie and dearie;
 I feirlie what ails them at me.

Behind backs, afore folk I've woo'd them,
 And a' the gates o't that I ken,
 And when they leugh on me I trow'd them,
 And thought I had won, but what then;

When I speak of matters they grumble,
 Nor are condescending and free,
 But at my proposals ay stumble;
 I wonder what ails them at me.

I've try'd them baith highland and lowland,
 Where I a good bargain could see,
 But nane o' them fand I wad fall in,
 Or say they wad buckle wi' me.
 Wi' jooks an' wi' scrapes I've address'd them,
 Been wi' them baith modest and free;
 But whatever way I caress'd them,
 There's something still ails them at me.

O, if I ken'd how but to gain them,
 How fond of the knack wad I be!
 Or what an address could obtain them,
 It should be twice welcome to me.
 If kissing and clapping wad please them,
 That trade I should drive till I die;
 But however I study to ease them,
 They've still an exception at me.

There's wratacks, an' cripples, an' cranshaks,
 An' a' the wandochts that I ken,
 No sooner they speak to the wenches,
 But they are ta'en far enough ben;
 But when I speak to them that's stately,
 I find them aye ta'en wi' the gee;
 An' get the denial right flatly;
 What think ye can ail them at me?

I have yet but ae offer to mak' them,
 If they wad but hearken to me,
 An' that is, I'm willing to tak' them,
 If they their consent wad but gie.
 Let her that's content write a billet,
 An' get it transmitted to me,
 I hereby engage to fulfil it,
 Tho' cripple, tho' blind she sud be.

BILLET BY JEAN GRADDEN.

DEAR Bachelor, I've read your billet,
 Your strait and your hardships I see,
 An' tell you it shall be fulfilled,
 Though it were by nae ither but me.
 These forty years I've been neglected,
 An' nane has had pity on me;
 Sic offers should ne'er be rejected,
 Whoever the offerer be.

For beauty I lay nae claim to it,
 Or, may be, I had been awa;
 Though tocher or kindred could do it,
 I've there nae pretensions ava:
 The maist I can say's I'm a woman,
 An' a wife that I'm wanting to be;
 An' I'll tak exception at no man,
 That's willing to tak nane at me.

An' now I think I may be cocky,
 Sin' fortune has smurtled on me;
 I'm Jenny an' ye shall be Jockey,
 'Tis right we together sud be;
 For nane o' us cou'd find a marrow,
 Sae sadly forfairn were we;
 Fouk sudna at ony thing tarrow,
 Whase chance looked naething to be.

On Tysday speer ye for Jean Gradden,
 When I i' my pens ween to be
 Snug hous'd at the sign o' the auld Maiden,
 Where ye sal be sure to meet me:
 Bring wi' you the priest for the wedding,
 That a' things right ended may be;
 An' the hale we will close wi' the bedding;
 An' wha'll be sae merry as we?

A cripple I'm not, ye foresta' me,
 Though lame o' a hand that I be ;
 Nor blin' is there reason to ca' me,
 Although I see but wi' ae e'e :
 But I'm just the ane that ye wanted,
 Sae tightly our state doth agree ;
 For nae wad hae you, ye hae granted,
 As few I confess wad hae me.



O HEARD YE E'ER OF A SILLY BLIND HARPER.

O HEARD ye e'er of a silly blind harper,
 Liv'd long in Lochmaben town,
 How he did gang to fair England,
 To steal King Henry's wanton brown ?
*How he did gang to fair England,
 To steal King Henry's wanton brown,*

But first he gaed to his gudewife,
 Wi' a' the speed that he cou'd thole :
 This wark, quo' he, will never work,
 Without a mare that has a foal.
This wark, &c.

Quo' she, thou hast a gude grey mare,
 That'll rin o'er hills baith low and hie ;
 Gae tak' the grey mare in thy hand,
 And leave the foal at hame wi' me.
Gae tak', &c.

And tak' a halter in thy hose,
 And o' thy purpose dinna fail ;
 But wap it o'er the wanton's nose,
 And tie her to the grey mare's tail :
But wap, &c.

Syne ca' her out at yon backe yeat,
O'er moss and muir and ilka dale,
For she'll ne'er let the wanton bite,
Till she come hame to her ain foal.
For she'll, &c.

So he is up to England gane,
Even as fast as he can hie,
Till he came to King Henry's yeat;
And wha was there but King Henry.
Till he, &c.

Come in, quo' he, thou silly blind harper;
And of thy harping let me hear.
O! by my sooth, quo' the silly blind harper,
I'd rather hae stabling for my mare.
O! by my, &c.

The King looks o'er his left shoulder,
And says unto his stable groom,
Gae tak' the silly poor harper's mare,
And tie her 'side my wanton brown.
Gae tak', &c.

And aye he harped, and aye he caper'd,
Till a' the lords gaed through the floor,
They thought the music was sae sweet,
That they forgot the stable door.
They thought, &c.

And aye he harped, and aye he caper'd,
Till a' the nobles were sound asleep,
Then quietly he took aff his shoon,
And saftly down the stair did creep.
Then quietly, &c.

Syne to the stable door he hies,
Wi' tread as light as light cou'd be,
And whan he open'd and gaed in,
There he fand thirty good steeds and three.

And whan, &c.

He took the halter frae his hose,
And of his purpose did na' fail;
He slipt it o'er the wanton's nose,
And tied it to his grey mare's tail.

He slipt, &c.

He ca'd her out at yon back yeat,
O'er moss and muir and ilka dale,
And she loot ne'er the wanton bite,
But held her still gaun at her tail.

And she, &c.

The grey mare was right swift o' fit,
And did na fail to find the way,
Fo rshe was at Lochmaben yeat,
Fu' lang three hours or it was day.

For she, &c.

When she came to the harper's door,
There she gae mony a nicher and sneer,
Rise, quo' the wife, thou lazy lass,
Let in thy master and his mare.

Rise, quo', &c.

Then up she raise, pat on her claes,
And lookit out through the lock-hole;
O! by my sooth then quoth the lass,
Our mare has gotten a braw big foal.

O! by my, &c.

Come haud thy peace, thou foolish lass,
 The moon's but glancing in thy e'e—
 I'll wad my haill fee 'gainst a groat,
 It's bigger than e'er our foal will be.
I'll wad, &c.

The neighbours too that heard the noise,
 Cried to the wife to put her in,
 By my sooth then quoth the wife,
 She's better than ever he rade on.
By my, &c.

But on the morn at fair daylight,
 When they had ended a' their cheer,
 King Henry's wanton brown was stawn,
 And eke the poor auld harper's mare.
King Henry's, &c.

Alace! alace! says the silly blind harper,
 Alace! alace! that I came here,
 In Scotland I've tint a braw cowte foal,
 In England they've stawn my gude grey mare.
In Scotland, &c.

Come haud thy tongue, thou silly blind harper
 And of thy alacing let me be,
 For thou shalt get a better mare,
 And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.
*For thou shalt get a better mare,
 And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.*



BOBING JOHN.

JAMIESON.

HEY for bobing John!
 Kittle up the chanter!
 Bang up a strathspey,
 To sing wi' John the ranter.

Johnnie's stout an' bald,
 Ne'er could thole a banter ;
 Bein in byre and fauld,
 An', lasses, he's a wanter.

Back as braid's a door ;
 Bowhought like a filly ;
 Thick about the brans,
 An' o'er the breast and belly.
 Hey for bobing John !
 Kittle up the chanter !
 Queans are a' gane gyte,
 To fling wi' John the ranter.

Bonnie's his black e'e,
 Blinkin', blythe, an' vogie,
 Wi' lassie on his knee,
 In his niece a coggie ;
 Syne the lad will kiss,
 Sweetly kiss an' cuddle ;
 Could wad be her heart,
 That could wi' Johnnie widdle.

Sonse fa' hobing John ;
 Want an' wae gae by him ;
 There's in town nor land
 Nae chiel disna envy him.
 Tlingin' to the pipe,
 Bobing to the fiddle,
 Knief was ilka lass,
 That could wi' Johnnie meddle.



MAGGIE LAUDER.

WHA wadna be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder !
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her.

Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, you hallanshaker;
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see thee;
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee:
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter;
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags;
 Or is your drone in order?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
 Live ye upon the border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Hae heard of Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
 Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 Weel done, quoth he: Play up, quoth she:
 Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;
 'Tis worth my while to play, indecd,
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

THE cantie spring scarce near'd her head,
 And winter yet did blaud her,
 When the Ranter cam' to Anster fair,
 An' spier'd for Maggie Lauder;
 A snug wee house in the East Green,
 It's shelter kindly lent her;
 Wi' canty ingle, clean hearth-stane,
 Meg welcom'd Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
 An' to the kirk they ranted;
 He play'd the auld "East Nook o' Fife,"
 An' merry Maggie vaunted,
 That Hab himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
 Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
 For he made Anster town to ring;
 An' wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk an' loud reports
 That ever gaed against her,
 Meg proves a true an' carefu' wife,
 As ever was in Anster;
 An' since the marriage knot was ty'd,
 Rob swears he couldna want her,
 For he lo'es Maggie as his life,
 An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.



TAK' YOUR AULD CLOKE ABOUT YE.

IN winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill:
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, gudeman, save Cromie's life,
 And tak' your auld cloke about ye.

O Bell why dost thou flyte and scorn?
Thou kens my cloke is very thin :
It is sae bare and overworn,
A crickit thereon canna rin ;
Then I'll nae mair borrow nor lend,
For I'll ance mair apparell'd be,
To-morrow I'll to the town and spend,
And I'll hae a new cloke about me.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a gude kin',
Aft has she wat the bairns' mou',
And I am laith that she shou'd tine;
Get up, gudeman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloke about ye.

My cloke was ance a gude grey cloke,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its scanty worth a groat,
For I ha'e worn't this thretty year :
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die :
Then I'll be proud, since I haes sworn
To hae a new cloke about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trows they cost but ha'f a crown,
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loun;
He was a king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree ;
'Tis pride brings a' the kintra down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloke about thee.

Ev'ry land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule ;

Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklin in the ase?
 I'll hae a new cloke about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we hae had between us twa,
 O' lads and bonnie lasses ten;
 Now, they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloke about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she will guide me if she can;
 And, to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloke about me.



SONG.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 When our goodwife got puddings to mak'
 And she's boil'd them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
 And blew into the floor:
 Quoth our gudeman, to our gudewife,
 "Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussy'f skap,
 Gudeman, as ye may see,
 An' it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year
 It's no be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure;
That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
Shou'd rise and bar the door. ♪

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?
But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak.

Then said the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife,
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the puddin' broo,
That boils into the pan."

O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he;
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi' pudding bree?"

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor:
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door."

THE NURSE'S SONG.

SWIFT.

TUNE—" *Yellow stockings.*"

Hey my kitten, a kitten,
 Hey my kitten a dearie;
 Such a sweet pet as this
 Is neither far nor nearie:
 Here we go up, up, up;
 Here we go down, down, downy;
 Here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy.
 Chicky, cockow, my lily cock;
 See, see, sic a downy;
 Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
 And hey for Dublin towny.
 This pig went to the market.
 Squeek mouse, mouse, mousy;
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,
 And here thy own dol dousy.
 Where was a jewel and pety,
 Where was a sugar spicy;
 Hush a baba in a cradle,
 And we'll go abroad in a triey;
 Did a papa torment it?
 Did-e vex his own baby? did-e?
 Hush a baba in a bosie;
 Take ous own sucky; did-e?
 Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;
 Slavers a threed o' chrystal.
 Now the sweet posset comes up;
 Who said my child was piss'd all?
 Come water my chickens, come clock;
 Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;
 Come, gi'e me your hand, and I'll beat him:
 Wha was it vexed my baby?

Where was a laugh and a craw?
 Where was a giggling honey?
 Goody, good child shall be fed,
 But naughty child shall get nony.
 Get ye gone Rawhead and Bloodybones,
 Here is a child that won't fear ye,
 Come pissy, pissy, my jewel,
 And ik, ik, ik'a, my dearie.



HALUCKET MEG.

REV. J. NICOL.

TUNE—"The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre."

MEG, muckin' at Geordie's byre,
 Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang;
 Ilk daud o' the scartle strack fire,
 While, loud as a lavrock, she sang!
 Her Geordie had promis'd to marrie,
 An' Meg, a sworn fae to despair,
 Not dreamin' the job cou'd miscarrie,
 Already seem'd mistress an' mair!

My neebours, she sang, aften jeer me,
 An' ca' me, daft, halucket Meg,
 An' say, they expect soon to hear me
 I' the kirk, for my fun, get a fleg!
 An' now, 'bout my marriage they clatter,
 An' Geordie, poor fallow! they ca'
 An auld doitet hav' rel!—Nae matter,
 He'll keep me aye brankin' an braw!

I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,
 That the white o' his e'e is turn'd out,
 That his black beard is rough as a heckle,
 That his mou to his lug's rax'd about;

But they needna let on that he's crazie,
His pike-staff wull ne'er let him fa';
Nor that his hair's white as a daisie,
For, fient a hair has he ava!

But a weel-plenish'd mailin has Geordie,
An' routh o' gude goud in his kist;
An' if siller comes at my wordie,
His beautie, I never wull miss't!
Daft gouks, wha catch fire like tinder,
Think love-raptures ever wull burn!
But wi' poortith, hearts het as a cinder,
Wull cauld as an iceshogle turn!

There'll just be ae bar to my pleasure,
A bar that's aft fill'd me wi' fear,
He's sic a hard, near-be-gawn miser,
He likes his saul less than his gear!
But tho' I now flatter his failin',
An' swear nought wi' goud can compare,
Gude sooth! it sall soon get a scailin'!
His bags sall be mouldie nae mair!

I dreamt that I rade in a chariot,
A flunkie ahint me in green;
While Geordie cry'd out, he was harriet,
An' the saut tear was blindin' his een;
But tho' 'gainst my spendin' he swear aye,
I'll hae frae him what ser's my turn;
Let him slip awa whan he grows wearie,
Shame fa' me! gin lang I wad mourn!

But Geordie, while Meg was haranguin,
Was cloutin' his breeks i' the bauks,
An' whan a' his failins she brang in,
His strang, hazle pike-staff he taks:
Designin' to rax her a lounder,
He chanc'd on the lather to shift,
An' down frae the bauks, flat's a flounder,
Flew, like a shot-starn frae the lift!

But Meg, wi' the sight, was quite haster'd,
 An' nae doubt, was bannin' ill luck;
 While the face o' poor Geordie was plaster'd
 An' his mou' was fill'd fou wi' the muck!
 Confound ye! cry'd Geordie, an' spat out
 The glaur that adown his beard ran;—
 Preserve us! quo' Meg, as she gat out
 The door,—an' thus lost a gudeman!



SONG.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Written for this Work.

It fell on a morning whan we were thrang,
 Our kirn was gaun, our cheese was making;
 And bannocks on the girdle baking,
 That ane at the door chapt loud and lang.
 But the auld gudewife and her Mays sae tight,
 Of this stirring and din took sma' notice I ween;
 For a chap at the door, in braid day-light,
 Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksey auld laird of the warlock glen,
 Wha stood without, half cow'd, half cheerie,
 And yearn'd for a sight of his winsome dearie,
 Raised up the latch and came crouselly ben.
 His coat was new and his o'erlay was white,
 And his hose and his mittens were cozey and bein;
 But an wooer that comes in braid day-light,
 Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the Carlin' and lasses sae braw,
 And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straiкет,
 And looked about, like a body half glaiket,
 On bonnie sweet Nanny the youngest of a'.

"Ha ha!" quo' the Carline, "and look ye that way?
Hoot! let na sic fancies bewilder ye clean;
An elderlin man i' the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na na!" quo' the pauky auld wife, "I trow,
You'll fash na' your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly,
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."
He hem'd and he haw'd and he screw'd in his mouth,
And he squeez'd his blue bonnet his twa hands between,
For wooers that come whan the sun's in the south,
Are mair aukwart than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge she is prudent."—"What's that to me?"
"She is eident and sober, has sense in her noddle,
Is douse and respeckit."—"I care na a bodle,
I'll baulk na' my luive, and my fancy's free."
Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny ran laughing out to the green;
For wooers that come whan the sun shines bright,
Are no like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' flung the laird and loud muttered he,
"All the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and
Tweed O,
Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel and
widow,
May gang wi' their pride to the deil for me!"
But the auld gudewife and her Mays sas tight,
For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;
For an wooer that comes in braid day-light,
Is no like an wooer that comes at e'en.

The Harp

OF

CALEDONIA.

PART V.

Descriptive & Sentimental Songs.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

M'EWAN.

THE boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel :
Meikle luck attend the boats,
The murlain, and the creel.
Weel may the boatie row,
And better may't speed,
Weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread.

I cuist my line in Largo bay,
And fishes I catch'd nine;
'Twas three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot of a'
Who wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our porrich meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows, indeed,
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wou'd be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel,
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And meikle lighter is the lade,
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
I trow my heart was douf an' wae,
When Jamie gaed awa';
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel.

And when with age we're worn down,
And hirpling at the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before.

Then weel may the boatie row ;
 She wins the bairns' bread :
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.



THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

REV. J. SKINNER.

TUNE—" *Dumbarton drums.*"

O ! WHY should old age so much wound us ! O,
 There's nothing in't at all to confound us, O,
 For how happy now am I,
 With my old wife sitting by,
 And our bairns and our oys all around us, O.

We began the world wi' naething, O,
 And we've jogg'd on, and toil'd for the ae thing, O;
 We made use of what we had,
 And our thankful hearts were glad,
 When we got the bit meat and the clæthing, O.

We hae lived all our lifetime contented, O,
 Since the day we became first acquainted, O;
 It's true we've been but poor,
 And we are so to this hour,
 Yet we never repin'd nor lamented, O.

We ne'er thought of schemes to be wealthy, O,
 By ways that were cunning or stealthy, O,
 But we always had the bliss,
 And what further could we wiss,
 To be pleas'd wi' ourselves, and be healthy, O.

What tho' we canna boast of our guineas, O,
 We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O,
 And these I'm certain, are
 More desirable by far,
 Than a pock full of yellow stanies, O

We have seen mony wonder and ferlie, O,
Of changes that almost are yearly, O,
 Among rich folks up and down,
 Both in country and in town,
Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.

Then why should folks brag of prosperity, O,
A straiten'd life we see is no rarity, O,
 Indeed we've been in want,
 And our living been but scant,
Yet we never were reduc'd to need charity, O.

In this house we first cam' thegither, O,
Where we've lang been father and mither, O,
 And, tho' not of stane and lime,
 It will last us a' our time,
And, I hope, we shall never need anither, O.

And when we leave this habitation, O,
We'll depart with a good commendation, O,
 We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
 To a better house than this,
To make room for the next generation, O.

Then why should old age so much wound us, O,
There is naething in't at all to confound us, O,
 For how happy now am I,
 With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our oys all around us, O.



THE MINSTREL.

KEEN blows the win' o'er Donocht-head,
The snaw drives snelly through the dale,
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
An', shiv'rin', tells his wae fu' tale:

Cauld is the night, O let me in,
 And dinna let your Minstrel fa';
 And dinna let his winding sheet
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety simmers hae I seen,
 An' pip't whar gorcecks whirring flew;
 An' mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
 To lilt that frae my drone I blew.

My Eppie wak't an' soon she cried,
 Get up, gudeman, an' let him in,
 For weel ye ken the winter night
 Seem't short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow its sweet!
 E'en though she banns and scaulds a wee;
 But when its tun'd to Pity's tale,
 O, then its doubly dear to me!

Come ben, auld carle, I'll rouse my fire,
 An' mak' it bleeze a bonnie flame;
 Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate;
 Ye soudna stray sae far frae hame.

Nae hame hae I the Minstrel said,
 Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha',
 An', weeping, at the eve o' life,
 I wander through the wreaths o' snaw.



I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

BURNS.

I HAN a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' naebody;
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody;

I hae a penny to spend,
 There, thanks to naebody;
 I hae naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I hae a gude braidsword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody;
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.



THE SPINNING O'T.

Now Sandy, the winter's cauld blasts are awa',
 And simmer we've seen the beginning o't;
 I've lang been wearied o' frost and o' snaw,
 And sair hae I tir'd o' the spinning o't:
 For when we were married our cleedin' was thin,
 And poortith, ye ken, made me eident to spin,
 'Twas fain love o' you that first gart me begin,
 An' blessings hae follow'd the spinning o't.

When mornings were cauld, an' the keen frost an' snaw
 War blawin', I mind the beginning o't,
 An' ye gaed to wark, be't frost or be't thaw,
 My task was nae less, at the spinning o't:
 An' now we've a pantry baith muckle an' fu',
 O' ilka thing gude for to gang in the mou',
 A barrel o' ale, wi' some malt for to brew,
 To mak us forget the beginning o't.

An' when winter comes back wi' the snell hail an' rain,
 Nae mair I'll sit down to the spinning o't,
 Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,
 As little think on the beginning o't:

O' sheep we hae scores, an' o' kye twenty five,
 Far less we hae seen wad hae made us fu' blithe:
 But thrift and industry maks poor fouk to thrive,
 A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho' at our marriage our stock was but sma',
 An' heartless an' hard the beginning o't,
 When ye was engaged the owsen to ca',
 An' first my young skill tried the spinning o't:
 But now we can dress in our plaidies sae sma',
 Fu' neat an' fu' clean gae to kirk or to ha',
 An aye look as blithe as the best o' them a',
 Sic luck has been at the beginning o't.



BESSY AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Stirling Vale.*"

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
 O leeze me on my rock and reel;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bein,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en.
 I'll set me down, and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal——
 O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot,
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' cawler rest!
 The sun blinks kindly on the biel',
 Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays;
 The craik amang the claver hay,
 The patrick whirring o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin' roun' my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride o' a' the great!
 Amid their flairing idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel!



FAREWELL, DEAR GLENCOWDEN.

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

FAREWELL, dear Glencowden, where to airy measures
 The streamlet meanders from shade unto shade,
 Where Nature uncultur'd counts o'er her sweet treasures,
 In the lap of rude accident carelessly spread.
 Yet grander by far, are thy ivy bound tresses,
 That wave from the shoulders of yon summit grey,
 Than all the vain pomp, and the fanciful dresses,
 That wide in the garden their foliage display.

Yes, dearer to me is the copse of green hazel,
 Where blooms the pale primrose besprinkled with dew,
 Where no foot is pourtray'd but the foot of the weasel,
 From its crevice sly peeping, its prey to pursue,

Than all the sweet vistas, with chaplets of roses,
That lead on the eye to some prospect afar,
Where nature constrained on the terrace reposes,
With formal improvements for ever at war.

Yes, dearer by far, are thy broom cover'd shoulders,
Where nestles the linnet, or warbles her song,
Or starts from her spray, when the precipice moulders,
And aloud to the echo does ruin prolong.
Yes, dearer than all, that weak symmetry fancies,
Constrain'd decorations that never can please,
When the eye, as 'twere fetter'd, still onward advances,
No wild deviation affording release.

But, ah ! why count over the charms of Glencowden,
The charms of Glencowden are pains unto me ;
These scenes of my youth, in my bosom thick crowding,
Will murder my peace tho' far distant I be.
Then oft will the pleasures I felt at the nutting,
Thy green spreading hazel, with clusters so fair ;
Return o'er my mind when low pensively sitting,
I brood o'er each prospect of sorrow and care.

To gain the sweet purple that glow'd on the bramble,
Or peep at the linnet that chirped on the spray,
How thy rugged sides I would fearlessly scramble !
And chide my companions for timid delay.
Philosophers, tell me, how I may behind me,
Leave all the soft pleasures I oft tasted there ;
Nor drop, tho' reflection should draw to remind me,
For their loss, the slight tribute they ask of a tear.

Ah ! there all your sophistry shrinks from the query,
In vain you pretend that affection is wrong ;
The eye of endearment delights still to tease me,
And doat on those scenes it would wish to prolong.
Then farewell Glencowden, tho' destin'd to wander,
Far, far from thy covert to yon distant scene ;
Long, long in my ear shall thy streamlets meander,
And the boughs of thy bushes long wave in thy stream.

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain.
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn;
 Across her placid azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
 Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear:
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
 These bleed afresh those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
 Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes,
 My peace with these, my love with those;
 The bursting tears my heart declare;
 Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

TARRY WOO.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin;
Card it weel, card it weel,
Card it weel or ye begin.
When its carded, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is haffins done;
But when woven, drest, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing my bonnie harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as they go,
Through the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hind, and fallow deer,
No by hauf sae usefu' are:
Frae kings to him that hauds the plough,
A' are oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds! dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip;
Sing in praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fu';
Leeze me on the tarry woo.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae.
No such music to his ear;
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colley true,
Weel defend the tarry woo.

He lives content and envies none;
 Not ev'n a monarch on his throne,
 Though he the royal sceptre sways,
 Has not sweeter holidays:
 Who'd be a king! can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings sae well,
 Sings sae well, and pays his due,
 Wi' honest heart and tarry woo?



FAREWELL TO A MASON LODGE.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Gude night and joy be wi' you a'."

ADIEU! a heart-warm fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy!
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the Sons of Light;
 And by that Hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa!

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious Architect divine!

That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
 Justly that highest badge to wear!
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard, that's far awa.



THE HUT OF CONTENT.

WHERE restless ambition harasses the mind,
 O'erclouded with care, or encumber'd with state,
 In the gay gaudy circle how seldom we find
 The sweet cherub Peace, that delightful inmate.
 From the splendid alcove, from the gay painted bow'r,
 From the high-vaulted roof, the sweet stranger is sent
 To the humble industrious, the cheerfully poor,
 To the low turf-built cottage, the hut of content.

With health on the cheek, and the bosom at ease,
 The morn may awaken the rustic to toil;
 Tho' hard be his labour, enliven'd by these,
 He can welcome his labour each day with a smile.
 When the lengthening shadow invites to repose,
 And calls from the hour in hard drudgery spent,
 Tho' fatigu'd, with light bosom enraptur'd he goes
 To his low turf-built cottage, his hut of content.

O! pure be the stream, and unstain'd be its course,
 That thro' thy low vale flows unnotic'd along,
 And plays o'er the pebbles in murmurings hoarse,
 The gay blowing sedges and rushes among.

When Spring first unfolds the sprouting bud there,
 How sweet are the blossoms thy borders that scent,
 Ever green be thy banks, and the flow'rs ever fair,
 That bloom round the low turf-built hut of content.

In the morning of life, with no cloud overcast,
 When simple our pleasures, enchanting, tho' rude,
 To gather the wild nut, or search out the nest,
 To wade in the stream; or rove in the wood.
 Then the high buoyant spirits enliven the eye
 Ere age chills the blood, or the spirit is pent,
 Then dear is the pleasure, and sweet is the joy
 That smiles in the low turf-built hut of content.



SCENES OF WOE.

GALL.

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure.
 Now a sad and last adieu.
 Bonnie Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
 Fare thee weel before I gang,
 Bonnie Doon, whare, early roaming,
 First I wove the rustic sang.

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
 First intrall'd this heart o' mine,
 There the saftest sweets enjoying,
 Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine,
 Friends, so near my bosom ever,
 Ye hae render'd moments dear;
 But, alas! when forc'd to sever,
 Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
 Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me;
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be.
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!



SONG.

This is supposed, by Ritson, to be the oldest English Song
 extant: and to be of the age of Henry III.

N. B. *The orthography is modernized.*

SUMMER is come in,
 Loud sings Cuckoo;
 Groweth the seed,
 Bloweth the mead,
 And spring the woods now;
 Cuckoo, Cuckoo,
 Well sings thou Cuckoo,
 Cease thou never now.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
 After calf lowes cow,
 Bullock starteth,
 Buck verteth,
 Merrilie sings Cuckoo,
 Cuckoo, Cuckoo,
 Well sings thou Cuckoo,
 Cease thou never now.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

BURNS.

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling !
 Howling tempests o'er me rave !
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave !

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend !



CAST AWAY CARE.

CARE, away gae thou frae me,
 For I am no fit match for thee;
 Thou bereaves me of my wits,
 Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits;
 Therefore I will care no more,
 Since that in care comes no restore;
 But I will sing, Hey down a dee,
 And cast doilt care away frae me.

If I want, I care to get,
 The more I have, the more I fret;
 Love I much, I care for more,
 The more I have, I think I'm poor:
 Thus grief and care my mind oppress,
 Nor wealth nor wae gives no redress;
 Therefore I'll care no more in vain,
 Since care has cost me meikle pain.

Is not this world a slidd'ry ball?
 And think men strange to catch a fall?
 Does not the sea baith ebb and flow?
 And fortune's but a painted show.
 Why should men take care or grief,
 Since that by these comes no relief?
 Some careful saw what careless reap,
 And wasters ware what niggarts scrape.

Well then, aye learn to know thyself,
 And care not for this worldly pelf:
 Whether thy 'state be great or small,
 Give thanks to God whate'er befall;
 Sae sall thou than aye live at ease,
 Nae sudden grief shall thee displease:
 Then may'st thou sing, Hey down a dee,
 When thou hast cast all care frae thee.

~~~~~

### HAPPINESS.

TUNE—" *To all you Ladies now at land.*"

My dearest maid, since you desire  
 To know what I would wish,  
 What store of wealth I would require  
 To gain true happiness;  
 This faithful inventory take,  
 Of all that life can easy make.

Here happy only are the few  
Who wish to live at home,  
Who never do extend their view  
Beyond their small income,  
An income which should ever be  
The fruit of honest industry.

A soul serene, and free from fears,  
With no contentions vex'd,  
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares  
To be at all perplex'd.  
A body that's with health endow'd,  
An open temper, yet not rude.

A heart that's always circumspect,  
Unknowing to deceive,  
Yet ever wisely can reflect,  
Not easy to believe.  
As to my dress, let it be plain,  
Yet always neat without a stain.

A cleanly hearth and cheerful fire,  
To drive away the cold;  
A moderate glass one would require  
When merry tales are told:  
The company of an easy friend,  
My like in fortune and in mind.

Some shelves of books of the right kind,  
For knowledge and delight,  
Not intricate, nor interlin'd  
With narrow party spite:  
A garden fair, to paint me clear  
Nature's gradations through the year.

To give true relish to delight,  
A chaste and cheerful wife,  
With sweetest humour to unite  
Our hearts as long as life:  
Sound sleep, whose kind delusive turn,  
Shall join the evening to the morn.

So would we live agreeably,  
 And ever be content,  
 To providence aye thankful be  
 For all those blessings lent.  
 O sovereign power ! but grant me this,  
 No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.



## THE WINTER OF LIFE.

BURNS.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green  
 The woods rejoic'd the day,  
 Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers  
 In double pride were gay :  
 But now our joys are fled  
 On winter blasts awa !  
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,  
 Again shall bring them a'.

BUT my white pow ! nae kindly thowe,  
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;  
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,  
 Sinks in time's wintry rage.  
 Oh ! age has weary days !  
 And nights o' sleepless pain !  
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,  
 Why com'st thou not again !



## AULD LANGSYNE.

RAMSAY.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 Tho' they return with scars ?  
 These are the noble hero's lot,  
 Obtain'd in glorious wars :

Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,  
Thy arms about me twine,  
And make me once again as blest,  
As I was langsyne.

Methinks around us on each bough,  
A thousand Cupids play,  
Whilst through the groves I walk with you,  
Each object makes me gay :  
Since your return, the sun and moon  
With brighter beams do shine,  
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,  
As they did langsyne.

Despise the court and din of state ;  
Let that to their share fall,  
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,  
While bounded like a ball :  
But sunk in love, upon my arms  
Let your brave head recline :  
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,  
As we did langsyne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend,  
You may pursue the chace,  
And, after a blythe bottle, end  
All cares in my embrace :  
And in a vacant rainy day,  
You shall be wholly mine ;  
We'll make the hours run smooth away,  
And laugh at auld langsyne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,  
The signs of generous love,  
Which had been utter'd by the fair,  
Bow'd to the powers above :  
Next day, with glad consent and haste,  
Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;  
Where the good priest the couple blest,  
And put them out of pine.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' LAMENT.

BURNS.

Now nature hangs her mantle green,  
On ilka blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white,  
Out o'er the grassy lea.

Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,  
And glads the azure skies;  
But nought can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milkwhite is the slae.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis mild, wi' mony a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest:  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

The meanest hind in fair Scotland,  
May rove these sweets amang;  
But I, the Queen o' a Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
Where happy I hae been;  
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,  
As blythe lay down at e'en.



And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,  
And mony a traitor there ;  
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
My sister and my fae,  
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword  
That thro' thy soul shall gae.

The weeping blood in woman's breast  
Was never known to thee :  
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of woe  
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine ;  
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
That ne'er would blink on mine.

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee :  
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
Remember him for me.

O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns  
Nae mair light up the morn !  
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
Wave o'er the yellow corn.

And in the narrow house o' death  
Let winter round me rave ;  
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,  
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

MRS. COCKBURN.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling :  
I've felt all her favours, and found them decay.

Sweet was their blessing,

And fond their caressing ;

But now they are faded, and fled far away.

I've seen the forest, adorned the foremost,

With flowers of the fairest, so pleasant and gay :

So bonnie was their blooming,

With sweets the air perfuming ;

But now they are wither'd, and faded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,

And loud tempests storming before middle-day.

I have seen Tweed's silver streams

Shining in the sunny beams,

Grow drumly and dark as it roll'd on its way.

Ah ! fickle Fortune, why this cruel sporting ?

Why so perplex us, poor sons of a day ?

Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,

Nae mair your frowns can fear me ;

For the flowers of the forest are faded away.



## THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

BURNS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,

Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;

For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !

And aye the saut tear blins her e'e.

Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,

A waefu' day it was to me ;

For there I lost my father dear,

My father dear and brethren three.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin' gray, an' a' that?  
Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;  
An honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
Is chief o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a cuif for a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
His ribband, star, an' a' that;  
The man of independent mind,  
Can look, an' laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
'Tis what he maunna fa' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
His dignities, an' a' that;  
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,  
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it shall for a' that;  
That sense an' worth o'er a' the earth  
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Its comin' yet, for a' that;  
That man an' man, o'er a' the earth,  
Shall brithers be an' a' that.

---

# ESSAY

ON

## Scottish Song Writers.

---

**T**O attempt recovering the long lost names of our Lyric Poets, is perhaps the most futile of all pursuits. If we may judge of the past, from the present, they were never certainly known, nor were they at all inquired after, till oblivion had spread over them her cloud of impenetrable darkness.

Songs that have been wrote by professed Poets are generally, though not always, to be found in their works; but a great many of our best songs have been written by private gentlemen, by shepherds, by farmers, and mechanics, who made no pretensions to the poetical character; and who, from modesty or timidity, never gave them to the world in their own names. Perhaps they were never intended to be seen by any but the fair objects who had inspired them, or the few friends for whose amusement they were composed. Songs of merit, however, soon find their way into the world. They are transmitted, sometimes *viva voce*, sometimes by copies surreptitiously obtained, over a wide extent of country, and in different districts ascribed to different names, or, perhaps, supposed to be too good to be any thing else than relics of the olden time, whose felicitous authors are no longer remembered by name. In this way, all who have ever taken any interest in the subject, and have had any thing like experience, know that many

modern songs have been widely disseminated, and have, under the disguise of antiques, obtained a celebrity, which they could never have reached under the auspices of any modern name.

There is something in the human mind which delights in mystery; which clothes what is unseen and unknown with all the sublimities of terror, or with all the attributes of grace and of goodness. How much has the interest of these admirable works, "Waverly," "Guy Mannering," &c. been heightened by the mystery in which their origin has been shrouded? How much has that fine strain, "The Flowers of the Forest," gained in public estimation, by being supposed the work of a poet contemporary with the event, and who had witnessed all the misery and devastation which he so feelingly deploras? Had many a warm admirer of this production been introduced to Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston, as the real authoress, I question but they would have felt the one half of their admiration annihilated. How many of the fine strains of Burns have been thus enigmatically ushered into the world, and all at once obtained that celebrity which, upon songs, it would appear, can only be bestowed by the venerable hand of time.

But though it be mortifying to poetic vanity, to reflect that the very names of men so distinguished for taste and genius have perished, it is little less so that, even when their names have been preserved, there is frequently nothing else—no traits of character, no insight into their habits or pursuits, can now be obtained. In this predicament, I am obliged to leave not a few whose names grace the Harp of Caledonia.

The authors of the greater part of English or Classic songs, that have been admitted into the Harp, are familiar to every reader of poetry. Of living authors I do not think it proper to say any thing: I have given their names along with their songs when permitted, and I doubt not but after times will do justice to their merits. Of those who may more properly be denominated Scottish

poets, I shall give such brief notices as I have been able to collect, and as I have room to detail, beginning with those of whom I have nothing to tell but the names.

SIR ROBERT AYTON, author of "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair," was private secretary to Queen Anne of Denmark, wife to James VI. Dr. AUSTIN was a physician, and on the eve of being married to Jean, daughter to John Drummond of Meginch, when she deserted him, and was married to James duke of Athol, which gave occasion to the song, "For lack o' gowd," &c.

"War' na my heart light I wad die," is by Lady GRIZZEL BAILLIE, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswood. Of Mr. CRAUFORD, author of the beautiful song of "Tweedside," &c. all I have learned is, that he was of the house of Auchinames, and was unfortunately drowned in crossing over from France. The Mary of the song is said by Burns to have been a Mary Stuart of the Castlemilk family, and to have been married to a Mr. John Relches. Walter Scott, Esq. with more probability, says she was Mary Liliass Scott, of the Harden family, and known by the appellation of The Flower of Yarrow. "Low down in the broom," is said to be the work of the late JAMES CARNEGIE, Esq. of Balnamoon, a beautiful estate on the slope of the Grampians, about five miles N. W. of Brechin. A correspondent, who has kindly furnished the substance of this notice, says, "I have conversed on the subject with a worthy farmer of fourscore, who has lived upon the Balnamoon estate from his infancy. The garrulous old fellow observed, 'I kent the auld laird weel, he was a curious bodie, and there's nae doubt but he made up the sang.' He was firmly attached to the House of Stuart, and 'out in the forty-five.'" After the quelling of that unhappy rebellion, he lived for some time in the capacity of a shepherd to one of his hill farmers; but the interest of the Arbuthnot family,

with whom he was connected by marriage, soon restored him to his home and to the world."

LORD BINNING, author of "Ungrateful Nanny," was son to the Earl of Haddington, and died at Naples in the year 1732. "My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep hook," is the work of Sir GILBERT ELLIOT, father to the late Lord Minto. The "Wee Wifiekie" is by ALEXANDER GEDDES, L. L. D. a gentleman well known in the literary world. Several Scottish poems from his pen, of considerable merit, are to be found in the first volume of the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. His life has been most copiously detailed by his friend Mr. Mason Good, as also by Dr. Irvine, in his Lives of Scottish Poets. He died at London, on the 26th day of February, 1802, in the 65th year of his age.

The "Highland Queen" is, on the authority of Dr. Blacklock, stated by Burns to be the work, music and poetry, of a Mr. M'VICAR, Purser to the Solway man-of-war. "Bess the Gawkie" is, on the authority of a Mrs. Copland, stated by Cromek to be the work of the late Rev. Mr. MOREHEAD, minister of the parish of Urr in Galloway. RICHARD HEWIT, author of "Roslin Castle," was, during Dr. Blacklock's residence in Cumberland, engaged to lead him. On quitting the doctor's service, he addressed to him a copy of verses, in a note on which the doctor has told us that he was a good reciter of the rude narrative songs of his native county; and this is all that I have seen or heard of his history. The original Tweedside, beginning "When Maggy and I were acquaint," is said to have been written by a LORD YESTER. "The Boatie Rows" is by a Mr. M'EWEN, of whom I know nothing, but that he was a gentleman of Aberdeen. Mr. SKIARIN, the author of "Tranent Mair," was a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Haddington. Lieutenant Smith, of whom he makes such *honourable* mention in the ninth stanza, sometime afterwards sent him a challenge to meet him at Haddington, to answer for the notice he had taken of him

in his song: "Gang awa' back," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae time to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak' a leuk o' 'im, and, if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him, and if no, I'll just do as he did, I'll rin awa'." "Auld Robin Gray" is the work of a Lady ANN LINDSAY, but of her family I know nothing. "Ca' the ewes" is the work of an ISABEL PAGAN of Muirkirk, a woman of no very reputable character; and "O'er the muir amang the heather" is by a JEAN GLOVER, whom Burns has stated to be both a — and a thief. "The Scottish Exile" is the work of a Mr. JAMES SCADLOCK, who was by profession a copperplate engraver. He was the intimate friend of Tannahill, and his life was for the most part spent in Paisley and its neighbourhood. He died July the 4th, 1818, lamented by his friends, respected by his neighbours, and probably without an enemy in the world. He has left a wife and four small children to bewail his loss. An elegant little volume of his poetical works has been lately published for their benefit. ARCHIBALD FYFE, author of "Erewhile on the gloom of my fate," was also a native of Paisley; a man of great worth, but of the most retired habits. He never himself gave any of his poetical productions to the world. He died in the year 1806. A small volume of his works was published at Paisley soon after his death, for the benefit of his family. WILLIAM MUIR, author of "The Woods of the Glorat," was a native of the parish of Campsie, Stirlingshire: he died in the month of October, 1817, aged 51. He left behind him a vast collection of poems in MS. from which a volume has lately been published, for William Turnbull, bookseller, Glasgow, with a short notice of his life. Many of his pieces possess very superior merit, and are distinguished for a sweetness and pathos which are rarely to be met with in self-educated poets.

WILLIAM ALLAN, author of "Lovely Jean," was a native of Arbroath, where he was born about the year



1780. Various of his pieces have been published in the Scots Magazine. As a further specimen of his powers, "The Man of Sorrow" is subjoined, which he wrote under the languor of a disease which, a few months after, carried him to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." He died in the summer of 1803.

### THE MAN OF SORROW.

When the tempest howls loud through the dark wither'd grove  
And the rude blasts of winter all nature deform,  
Around the dire scenes unappall'd I could rove,  
And rest undisturb'd by the rage of the storm.

Yet why, when the wild winds of winter are flown,  
When hush'd to repose are the winds of the sea;  
When Spring o'er the earth her green mantle has thrown,  
And the sweet voice of gladness is heard from the tree:

When all the fair objects that earth can bestow,  
Combine to inspire me with transports of joy,  
Oh! why on my tongue dwell the accents of woe?  
Why bursts from my bosom the sorrow-fraught sigh

When the blushes of morn tinge the clouds of the east,  
I seek the lone cave on the wave-beaten shore,  
Where the sea-bird screams wild as she starts from her nest,  
And the loud sounding surges in hollow rocks roar;

I sit by the rock, hoary, rugged, and bare,  
That rears its broad breast in the midst of the waves,  
Where the mermaid, they say, often combs her dark hair,  
And sings o'er the sailors that rest in their graves.

When the sun sinks behind the high hills of the west,  
'Mid the wild haunts of Nature I wander to mourn,  
And call to remembrance the days that are past,  
The days of delight that shall never return.

I see, with regret, where the hawthorn tree stood,  
And the yellow furze blossom'd, the marks of the plough;  
Yet pleas'd I behold the rock shatter'd and rude,  
And view with delight the bleak mountain's bare brow.

Beneath the tall elm, waving dark in the air,  
Oft I rest, when the moon lights her lamp in the sky,  
Ah! why must I tell that my Peggy sleeps there,  
And that there all my hopes and my happiness lie!

STEWART LEWIS, author of "Annan's winding stream," "O'er the muir among the heather," &c. was a native of Ecclefechan, and by trade a tailor. He entered into business as a merchant, and was for sometime, to all ap-

pearance, prosperous; but his partner made an elopement, and carried off the whole cash belonging to the concern, which involved him in ruin. He served as a private in the Hopetoun Fencibles, and, upon the breaking up of the corps, published a small volume of poems, dedicated to his former officers. In the latter part of his life he seems to have wandered round the country gratifying his curiosity, and supporting himself by the sale of his publications and the casual generosity of the admirers of his genius. The most extensive of his works is a legendary ballad, entitled "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel," which has gone through various editions. A few of his songs, however, are all of his works that are likely to go down to posterity. After all his wanderings he died at an advanced age, in the summer of 1818, at Ecclefechan, and was buried in the same grave with his immediate predecessors for four or five generations.

There's "Nae luck about the house" is a disputed production. It has been given to a JEAN ADAM, sometime a schoolmistress about Port-Glasgow, or Crawforddyke, and who died in the Town's Hospital, Glasgow, on the 3d of April, 1765. I have no doubt, from all the evidence that I have seen, that the song is the production of WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, who was the son of a clergyman in Dumfries-shire, and once a brewer in Edinburgh of the first eminence. Not being successful in business, he relinquished it, and went to England, where, after publishing a variety of works, both in verse and prose, he died in the year 1788. His translation of the *Lusiad* by Camoens is well known and generally admired, and his poems have placed him high in the estimation of his countrymen. He died universally respected as a man of virtue as well as a man of genius.

In a sketch of this general kind, it would be unpardonable to omit HAMILTON of Bangour; the friend and the assistant of Allan Ramsay in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*. A number of his songs are inserted in the *Harp*. He

was a very sweet poet; and has left behind him a most amiable character. He died March 25th, 1754, aged 50. An elegant edition of his works, with a portrait by Strange, was published at Edinburgh, 1760. Nor must I forget Dr. ALEXANDER WEBSTER of Edinburgh, author of the song beginning "O how could I venture to love a ne like thee," one of the most elegant love songs to be found in any language. These lines in the third stanza,

When I see you I love you, when hearing adore;  
I wonder, and think you a woman no more:  
Till, mad wi' admiring, I canna contain,  
And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

appear to me to be the purest offspring of passion, improved by the greatest delicacy, and conveying the most elegant compliment. Dr. Webster was born in Edinburgh about the year 1707, received his education at the university of that city, and, in 1733, was ordained minister of the parish of Culross, and translated to Edinburgh, 1737. He remained in that city in 1745, when it was taken by the rebels, and employed his universal popularity and vigorous eloquence in the interest of the House of Hanover. He projected the scheme of the fund for the widows and children of the Scottish clergy; and, in the year 1755, drew up for the information of Government, an account of the population of Scotland. He was a man of unrivalled eloquence, and extremely witty and fascinating in company. I have been told that the lady, the subject of the above song, was of noble birth; that the first time he was introduced to her was in the character of agent for a gentleman who was her lover, that he exerted himself for his friend with great zeal and ability, but received a flat denial, the lady at the same time adding, that a man always spoke most persuasively in the first person. The doctor improved the hint, and, at no very distant period, made her his wife. There is an anecdote told of him and the late Lord Dundonald, who was one of his admirers, and had him very often for company,

which marks very strongly both the readiness and the causticity of his wit. That nobleman, one night conversing with him on the subject of charity, remarked, that he read in his Bible, that he who gave to the poor lent to the Lord, and that he would repay him. "Now Sandy," added he, "I have brought, at my own expense, a pipe from the Pentland hills to one of the public charities (which he named), whereby some hundreds of poor people can when they please drink of the finest water in Scotland: now, when all the good deeds of others are remembered, that of mine will not surely be forgotten." "No doubt," replied the doctor drily, "if you have done it from proper motives you will not want a reward." "I think, Sandy, to use the words of Mr. Rutherford, a good old though homely divine, I might ride through hell on a windlestrae, an' no hae a hair o' my mare's tail singed." "You had better, my Lord," said the doctor, taking the pipe from his mouth with great deliberation, "you had better take your water pipe behind you; in case of accidents." The doctor died at Edinburgh, January 25th, 1784.

The recollection of Dr. Webster naturally forces upon my attention another poetical divine, JOHN LOGAN, who was born on the southern extremity of Mid Lothian, in the end of the year 1747, or the beginning of 1748, and was educated by his parents, who were Burgher Seceders, for the office of the holy ministry. He however abandoned the Secession, and was ordained a preacher in the National Church, on the 27th of September 1770; and ordained to the second charge at South Leith, April 2d, 1773, where he continued till October, 1785, when he resigned upon a small annuity, and removed to London, at which place he died, on the 28th of December, 1788. The life of Logan was chequered with great vicissitudes, but his end was truly Christian. When he became too weak to read himself, he employed his time in hearing such young persons as

visited him read the scriptures. His conversation turned chiefly on serious subjects, and was most affecting and instructive. The approach of death he foresaw, and prepared for it with the utmost composure.

He was a man of considerable learning, and possessed a fine talent for poetry, of which his "Yarrow Braes" will remain a memorial as enduring as the language in which it is written. His hymns, though attempts in that way have been innumerable, are superior to any thing of the kind that our language can boast; and his sermons may safely be ranked among the first of the first class. His poems, including Runemede, a tragedy, have been printed in various forms, of which the best edition perhaps is that in foolscap 8vo. printed for Bell and Bradfute, William Blackwood, &c. Edin. 1812.

As a specimen of that charming simplicity which distinguishes the muse of Logan, the reader may take the following:—

#### ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail! beauteous stranger of the grove,  
Thou messenger of Spring;  
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green  
Thy certain voice we hear,  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wand'ring through the wood  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts the new voice of Spring to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear,  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee,  
We'd make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the Spring.

To this notice of the unfortunate John Logan, I may add one of the still more unfortunate JOHN LOWE, who was born at Kenmore in Galloway, in the year 1750. He was the eldest of a numerous family, and, after receiving the education common to the Scottish peasantry, was apprenticed to the profession of a weaver. He however found means afterwards to obtain a regular education, in the course of prosecuting which he was employed as tutor in the family of Mr. M'Ghie of Airds. A young gentleman of the name of Miller, who had been engaged to Mary, one of Mr. M'Ghie's daughters, was at this period unfortunately lost at sea, which called forth Mr. Lowe's powers in that beautiful song, "Mary, weep no more for me," which alone makes his history an object of interest to the public.

His views were directed to the church; but, seeing no prospect of a living, he determined to try his fortune in America, and for that country he embarked in the year 1773, being invited as tutor to the family of a brother of General Washington's. From this circumstance, he seems to have cherished hopes which were never realized. He kept for some time an academy for young gentlemen, in Fredricksburgh, Virginia, and at length took orders in the Episcopal Church, obtained a living, and became eminently respectable for his talents, his learning and his sociable and pleasant manners. An event, however, soon took place, which clouded the meridian of his life, and blasted his happiness for ever.

While in the family of Airds he had become engaged to a sister of Mary, whom he has immortalized by his song, and after he had been two years in America, he wrote to her in the most impassioned strains. He soon afterwards, however, became enamoured of a beautiful Virginian lady, and forgot his first love on the banks of

the Ken. The lady, however, was deaf to all his addresses, and he had the mortification to see her bestowed on a more fortunate and deserving lover. At the same time, a sister of this lady's became passionately fond of him, and, in a moment of silly chagrin, he allowed himself to be united to her, merely, as he said, from a principle of gratitude. Every propitious planet hid its head at the hour that made them one. She proved every thing bad, and Lowe soon saw in his wife an abandoned woman, totally regardless of his happiness, and unfaithful even to his bed. Overwhelmed with disappointment and shame, he had recourse to the miserable expedient of dissipating, or attempting to dissipate, at the bottle, the cares and chagrin that preyed upon his heart. Habits of intemperance were thus formed, which, with their usual attendants poverty and disease, brought him to an untimely grave, in the 48th year of his age.

The circumstances attending his death, as described by one of his friends, were truly distressing. "Perceiving his end drawing near, and wishing to die in peace, away from his own wretched walls, he mounted a sorry palfrey, and rode some distance to the house of a friend. So much was he debilitated that scarcely could he alight in the court and walk into the house. Afterwards he revived a little, and enjoyed some hours of that vivacity which was peculiar to him. But this was but the last faint gleam of a setting sun: on the third day after his arrival at the house of his friend, he breathed his last. He now lies buried near Fredricksburgh, Virginia, under the shade of two palm trees, but not a stone is there on which to write "Mary weep no more for me."

The abandoned woman, to whom he had so foolishly linked his fortune, made no inquiry after him for more than a month, when she sent for his horse, which had been previously sold to defray the expenses of his funeral.

Lowe was in his person very handsome. His figure was active, well proportioned, and rather above the middle size. His hair was auburn, his eyes blue and

penetrating, his nose aquiline, and the whole expression of his countenance open and benevolent. These qualities, united to a lively and insinuating manner, made him a favourite with the fair sex. He was, however, in love, "more susceptible than constant; and one act of infidelity, will, by some, be supposed to have been sufficiently punished by the subsequent misfortunes of his life." His first love on the banks of the Ken was, after his death, married to a respectable country gentleman, and was alive in 1810.

The remainder of this brief essay I shall devote to a few names, that may more properly be denominated Scottish poets, beginning with Allan Ramsay, who, though not the father of Scottish poetry, was certainly the reviver of it; and, his exertions, whether we regard their extent, their quality, or the time when they were made, certainly entitle him to a very marked regard.

There had been a long interregnum of any thing like poetry in Scotland. She had experienced a length of

"Dark and dismal days,  
When meek Religion, to the desert fled,  
Beheld unoccupied her public ways;  
Butcher'd her sons, in fields, on scaffolds bled,  
Or, with the bestial tribes, in dens or caves were hid."

A happy revolution had hurled a race of contemptible tyrants into merited obscurity, prelatic domination had perished with them, and the scriptural and rational institutions of Presbytery had just uninterruptedly begun to work, when ALLAN RAMSAY made his appearance. He was born in Crawford Muir, in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, on the 15th of October, 1686. In 1701, being then in his 15th year, he was apprenticed to a barber in Edinburgh; and, in 1712, he married Christian Ross, the daughter of an inferior lawyer in that city. She, in the subsequent year, brought him his eldest son, Allan, who inherited his father's genius, and rose to great eminence, both as a painter and a scholar. For several years she brought him a child every year, a fruitfulness



this of which the Poet delighted to boast; a proof that he was utterly ignorant of the terrible tendencies of "the principle of population," as developed by that *great philosopher* and *eminent divine*, Mr. Malthus. In the same year in which he was married he became a member of the Easy Club, to which he addressed the first of his poems that is known; and, in 1715, he was chosen by the club poet laureate. The Rebellion that year, however, put an end to the club, the members of which were all Jacobites. One of the last acts of this club, dated May 12th, 1715, declared Dr. Pitcairn and Gawin Douglas [Allan Ramsay], to be gentlemen, having conducted themselves for three years as good members of the club.

From the year 1715 he seems to have paid less attention to his amusement, and more regard to his interest. Next year he published "Christ's Kirk on the Green," from an old manuscript collection of Scottish Poems, to which he added a second canto of his own. In 1718, he republished it with a third canto, which went through five editions in the course of two or three years. In 1721, he collected and published all his poems in one volume 4to, by which (so great was his popularity,) he cleared 400 guineas. In 1724, he published the first volume of his Tea-table Miscellany, which was followed by three more, after he had become a bookseller by trade. In 1725, he published the Gentle Shepherd, and, in 1728, he collected and published in 4to, a second volume of his poems, including the Gentle Shepherd, which was as favourably received by the public as the first. After this he seems to have given up writing. The latter years of his life were spent happily and independently. He died in the year 1758, after he had completed his 71st year, and was interred in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, where his wife, Christian Ross, had been buried twelve years before.

Among poems so numerous as those of Allan Ramsay, allowing that they had been originally all of equal merit,

It is impossible but that the lapse of a century must have rendered some of them less interesting. There are, however, many of them that may still be read with unabated pleasure; time having had no other effect upon them than to render them more venerable, and more authoritatively imposing. And though it were true that his smaller poems had lost that interest which they once had with the public, the "Gentle Shepherd" still places him at an immeasurable distance from any Scottish poet whatever.

It is true there have not been wanting pretenders to criticism, and Scotsmen too, who have had so little regard to their own reputation, and so little respect for the united voice of their countrymen, as to pronounce the "Gentle Shepherd" barbarous and stupid, and Ramsay himself a mere alehouse buffoon. But, into any refutation of criticisms so absurd, and assertions so malevolent, the lines which Ramsay himself addressed to such mean detractors, forbid me to enter:

"Whae'er shall with a midden fight,  
 "Of victory will be beguil'd,  
 "Dealers in dirt will be to dight,  
 "Fa' they aboon or 'neath they're fyl'd."

The brevity which I am obliged to study in these notices will not admit of a formal criticism on the "Gentle Shepherd," but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the testimony to its merits of a few, whom all the world will admit were competent judges: Mr. Roscoe, the accomplished biographer of Lorenzo de Medici, says, "The beautiful dramatic poem of the Gentle Shepherd has exhibited rusticity without vulgarity, and elegant sentiment without affectation." Dr. Blair, "Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd will bear being brought into comparison with any composition of the kind in any language." Dr. Beattie, "The sentiments are natural, the circumstances interesting; the characters well drawn, well distinguished, and well contrasted; and the fable has more probability than any other pastoral drama I am acquainted

with." Honourable to Ramsay as these testimonies are, there is one behind more honourable still—the strong and unbroken feeling of the truth and propriety of his characters and descriptions, which is common to all his unsophisticated countrymen. Perhaps no work of amusement was ever so truly and so extensively useful. In how many infant bosoms has it sown the seed, or awakened the latent principle, which in manhood has sent forth a rich harvest of all the virtues! And the probability is, that so long as the Gentle Shepherd continues to be universally Scotland's favourite, so long will the character of her peasantry remain unbroken and unrivalled.

It has been objected to Ramsay, that he is sometimes gross and indelicate; and, to a certain extent, the charge must be admitted. Some of his songs, as well as some of his poems, possessing the most exquisite humour, are, for this reason, unfit for indiscriminate perusal; but this was perhaps as much the fault of the age, as of the man or the poet. Pope, and Gay, and Swift, who had all the advantages of rank and education, and were, moreover, at that time, the great gods of popular idolatry, are, in their writings, more gross than Ramsay, and, by the ablest of his imitators, he has been, in this respect greatly surpassed. In short, it may be safely affirmed, that he excelled all his models, and left at least one which no poet as yet has been able to copy.

ROBERT FERGUSON, one of the brightest ornaments of Scottish poetry, was born at Edinburgh, September 5th, 1750. He was originally intended for the church, and his friends procured a bursary for him in the university of St. Andrews, where he entered a student at the age of thirteen. Here he distinguished himself as a youth of superior genius; and became conspicuous among his brother collegians, as "a fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy." Here too he became a particular friend of professor Wilkie, author of the *Epigoniad*, and was honoured by him with particular marks of distinction.

Here also he formed the plan of a tragedy, on the story of Sir William Wallace, but the design was never completed.

After the expiration of his bursary, which extended to four years, he returned to Edinburgh. His father had now been dead two years; he had abandoned his intention of entering into the church, and his prospects were sufficiently gloomy. He had no employment for the present, and no fixed resolution for the future; a situation, perhaps, above all others, painful and perilous. Under these circumstances, forgetting a striking maxim in his first favourite book, the Proverbs of Solomon, "Enter not into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity," he paid a visit to a maternal uncle near Aberdeen, who was in affluent circumstances, in the hope of deriving some advantage from his influence. Here he was received with some show of civility, but afterwards dismissed in the most incivil manner: he returned on foot to Edinburgh, and, after suffering, from toil and vexation, a severe illness, consoled himself by writing verses on *The Decay of Friendship, and Against Repining at Fortune*.

After this he obtained a place in the commissary clerk's office, which he relinquished, and was again for a considerable time without any employment. At length he was received into the sheriff clerk's office, where he continued till his intellectual powers were quenched in the gloom of melancholy and misfortune. He died in Bedlam, on the 17th day of October, 1774, when he had just completed his 24th year.

From the above sketch of his life, it is evident that a great part of Robert Ferguson's best days must have been spent in anxiety and idleness, and, of course, they could scarcely be harmless. Any little time he bestowed upon poetry (though Mr. Ruddiman occasionally allowed him a small pecuniary compensation for his contributions to the Weekly Magazine, where the whole, or the greater part, of his works originally appeared), tended only to

embarrass his progress, and to multiply and strengthen those temptations which he was naturally but ill qualified to resist. His conversation is allowed by all to have been of the most fascinating kind. Lively, good humoured, and an admirable singer, his company was courted by people of every description. From caresses of this kind few men have ever derived any solid advantages. Men of intellect, and especially the children of fancy, ought never to forget, that the men of the world can enjoy those ecstatic moments which the man of genius only can light up, and, after the hour of separation, think no more of the gifted being who has contributed so largely to their enjoyment, except perhaps to envy him that vivid conception, that rapidity of utterance, and especially that flow of spirits which, to their lumpish understanding, sets him beyond the dangers and above the necessities of ordinary men.

Of all the acquaintances of poor Ferguson, and they must have been numerous, only one appears to have had the power and the will to befriend him. This was a Mr. Burnet, who settled in the East Indies; and who, as soon as he had arranged his own affairs, sent him a cordial invitation to visit India, accompanied with a draught of one hundred pounds, to defray the expenses of his voyage. This bounty, however, came too late—before its arrival Ferguson was beyond the world, either in its smiles or its frowns. At the same time, this detracts nothing from Mr. Burnet's generosity; and he has the enviable distinction of being the only man who stretched forth his hand to extricate the unfortunate poet from ruin.

Ferguson was of a middle stature, and of a somewhat slender form. His countenance, which in other respects had a slight tinge of effeminacy, was rendered highly animated by the expression of his large black eyes. In his address he was genteel, and free from all affectation.

As a Scottish poet, he stands in the very first class. His Odes to the Bee and to the Gowdspark, are, in their kind, unrivalled. His "Hallow Fair," "Leith Races,"

"Auld Reekie," "Caller Oysters," "Caller Water," "Braid Claith," "King's Birth-day," &c. have an airy lightness altogether peculiar, and which is to be found in no other Scottish poet. His "Farmer's Ingle" is at least equal to any poem of the kind, either in the Scottish or English dialect, and has besides the merit of being, in point of time, the first of its kind. Than the picture of the Grandmother, in this poem, nothing can be more true to nature, nor, to the feeling heart, more truly interesting. Her conversation, her industry, and particularly the fine glimpse of the last glimmering of earth-born hope, with which the poet finishes the description, display the bold and easy hand of a master.

In rangles round before the ingle's low,  
 Frae gudedame's mouth auld warld tales they hear,  
 O' warlocks loupin round the wirrikow;  
 O' ghaists that win in glen or kirkyard drear,  
 Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shake wi' fear.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be  
 Sent frae the deil to fetch us for our ill;  
 That kye hae tint their milk wi' evil e'e;  
 And corn been scowder'd on the glowin' kil'.  
 O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,  
 Ye in life's bravest spring wi' reason clear;  
 Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,  
 And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;  
 The mind's aye cradl'd whan the grave is near.

Yet *thrif*t, industrious, bides her latest days,  
 Though age her sair-dow'd front wi' runkles wave;  
 Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays;  
 Her e'enin stent reels she as weel's the lave.  
 On some feast-day, the wee things buskit braw,  
 Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,  
 Fu' caidgie that her head was up and saw  
 Her ain spun cleedin on a darling oy;  
 Careless though death should make the feast her soy.

Burns seems to have fully appreciated the merits of Ferguson. He has more imitations of him than of all other poets beside, and has paid the warmest tribute of applause to his genius. He likewise, highly to his credit, erected a monument over his grave, with the following inscription.—

*No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lag,  
 No storied urn nor animated bust!  
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way  
 To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.*

And on the opposite side,

By special grant of the Managers  
 To ROBERT BURNS, who erected this Stone,  
 This burial-place is ever to remain Sacred to the Memory of  
**ROBERT FERGUSON.**

ROBERT BURNS, or, as his name was originally, **BURNES**, was born on the 25th day of January, 1759, in a small cottage, about two miles from the town of Ayr. At the age of six he was sent to school at Alloway Miln, about a mile from his father's house, where he was taught English and writing; at fourteen, he attended the parish school of Dalrymple; at fifteen, he was boarded for sometime with Mr. Murdoch, a teacher in the town of Ayr; and at nineteen he spent a summer in Kirkoswald, where was a school of great celebrity, learning mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c. During these years, however, he was at intervals employed upon his father's farm, along with his father and the rest of the family, which his biographers have held forth as the most depressing toil, and the source of all that *melancholy* to which they have represented him as at length habitually subjected. In his twenty-second year, in order to prosecute a mercantile scheme, he became a flax-dresser at Irvine; and here too the philanthropy of his biographers has been severely wounded, because he lived upon *oatmeal* and the produce of the dairy, which *he did not purchase*, but had sent him from his father's house. An accidental fire, which consumed his workshop, while he and his partner were welcoming in the New Year, put an end to the scheme, and he returned to his friends. He afterwards, in conjunction with his brother Gilbert, rented the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline, on which he entered with many resolves to be wise. But he was still not wise, or

not fortunate, perhaps not much of either, and the disappointment of his expectations, together with the consequences of a love concern, determined him to set out for Jamaica. In order to defray his expenses, the first edition of his poems was published at Kilmarnock, in the year 1786. They were certainly very favourably received, yet his publisher durst not undertake a second edition, to be paid out of the sale; and Burns himself seems to have had no great expectations from them, for his effects were on the road to Greenock, at which place he intended to embark for the West Indies, and he had "composed the last song," as he thought, "he should ever measure in Caledonia," when fortunately the sight of a letter from Dr. Blacklock to Dr. Laurie of Newmilns, led him to try his fortune in Edinburgh. Here, what from the influence of his friends, the charm of novelty, together with his real merit, he met with encouragement, perhaps as flattering as ever fell to the lot of any poet. A new edition of his works was published, which brought him nine hundred pounds. After spending four hundred in excursions of pleasure, &c. he settled upon a farm of Mr. Millar's of Dalswinton, at a rent of his own or his friends' making, with five hundred pounds. But farming was not his forte. He had never himself been a regular workman at any period of his life, and he was too restless to wait upon others to do it for him. Among the many schemes of ease and aggrandizement with which, like other ambitious young men in his situation, he had amused his fancy, a gaugership happened to be one. In an evil hour a gaugership came to be in his power, and he embraced it under an idea which nothing but indolence could suggest, viz. that he had no other alternative. The consequences were exactly what every man of common understanding would have foreseen. His farm was abandoned, he retired to Dumfries to prosecute his disgusting employment, gave himself up to low company and low pursuits, and finally closed a career, that commenced with the most brilliant promise, in a manner



which admiration of his genius, and respect for humanity, forbid to detail. He died at Dumfries, on the 21st of July, 1796, in the 38th year of his age; and, being a member of the Dumfries volunteers, was buried with military honours. An elegant mausoleum has since been erected for him by his admiring countrymen.

“ Burns was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and intelligence. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting and expressive. On a first view, his physiognomy had a certain air of coarseness, mingled, however, with an expression of deep penetration, and of calm thoughtfulness approaching to melancholy. There appeared in his first manner and address perfect ease and self-possession, but a stern and almost supercilious elevation, which bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents. Strangers, that supposed themselves approaching an Ayrshire peasant who could make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an honour, found themselves speedily overawed by the presence of a man who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of correcting forwardness, and of repelling intrusion. But though inaccessible to the approaches of pride, he was open to every advance of kindness and benevolence. His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good-will, of pity, or of tenderness, and assumed, with equal ease, the expression of the broadest humour, of the most extravagant mirth, or of the most sublime emotion. In large and mixed parties, however, he was often silent and dark, sometimes fierce and overbearing, jealous of the proud man's scorn, jealous to an extreme of the insolence of wealth, and prone to avenge, even on its innocent possessor, the partiality of fortune.”

His works have been printed in almost every possible form, and have obtained high celebrity. That they

possess merit of a very peculiar kind is indisputable, yet a great proportion of his poems are debased by ribaldry, and deformed by the most wanton profanity. His letters are sometimes very amusing, but, for the greater part, cumbrous and inflated, and often burdened with a sickly sentimentalism altogether unworthy of his genius. His songs are many of them superior to his other works; superior indeed to any thing of the kind which our age has produced. For beautiful simplicity, and truth of colouring, what can excel his ballad of "Bonnie Jean?" For fervid, pure, and dignified passion, where shall we find any thing to compare with the "Lass of Ballochmyle;" or for melting tenderness with the "Lovely Lass of Inverness," or "Highland Mary." Of his songs (as he had collected them) Dr. Currie has remarked, with his usual judgment and good taste, that, "like all his other writings, they exhibit independence of sentiment; they are peculiarly calculated to strengthen those ties which bind generous hearts to their native soil, and to the domestic circle of their infancy; and to cherish those sensibilities, which, under due restriction, form, the purest happiness of our nature. If, in his unguarded moments, he composed some songs upon which this praise cannot be bestowed, let us hope that they will speedily be forgotten."

HECTOR MACNIEL, who was born at Rosebank, near Roslin, on the 22d of October, 1746, "amidst the murmur of streams, and the shades of Hawthornden, may be said to have inhaled with life the atmosphere of a poet." As he was born in a poetical atmosphere, so was he born to a poetical fortune; for his father, who had been a captain in the 42d, or Highland Watch, by the practice of soldierly generosity and Highland hospitality, soon found himself under the necessity of selling off his property, and retiring to a farm on the banks of Lochlomond. Here too misfortune overtook him; and our poet, at the age of fourteen, was taken charge of by a relation in Bristol, who, intending him for the sea,

sent him on a voyage of trial to St. Christopher's. The voyage out completely sickened Macniel of the sea, and he remained in the West Indies under a variety of fortune for several years, after which he returned to Scotland. Fortune proving still unfavourable, he again went to sea, and made two cruises in the grand fleet under Kempenfelt, went to India under Sir Richard Bickerton, and, after three years, returned as poor as he went away, fortune never having vouchsafed him one single smile. Upon the wreck of an annuity he now contrived to settle himself in the neighbourhood of Stirling, where, for two years, he gave himself up wholly to literary pursuits, particularly the study of poetry. Finding, however, that poetry was as little likely to advance his fortune as seafaring, he determined once more upon an adventure, and set out for Jamaica, being now in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and just as unprovided for as when he set out on his first voyage at fourteen. Here he was as unfortunate as ever, and, except that he found two friends, one of whom was useful to him afterwards, returned much in the way he went away. For some years after this he lived with a friend in Stirlingshire, whose wife's sister he became engaged to marry, in the event of procuring any situation, that might enable him to maintain a family. Disappointed in his expectations of patronage, the *prudential check* overcame his love, and he tore himself from the object of his affections for ever. He now retired to Argyleshire, and lived for a time among his father's relatives. He then visited Glasgow, and, through the generosity of a friend and namesake, was on the eve of entering into a mercantile concern, when the events of 1793 overturned for a time the commercial prosperity of that city, and put an end to the design. Having recovered a little more from the wreck of his annuity, he now took up his residence in Edinburgh, where he was attacked with a nervous disorder, which, for six years, subjected him to the most excruciating pains of body, and the most dismal depression of mind. During this

night of darkness and disease, he retired to St. Ninian's, where he again turned his attention to poetry, and produced "Will and Jean," which wafted his name at once from one end of the island to the other.

But what is the empty breath of fame to him who labours under the pressure of disease, and the darkness of despair? The voice of fame, instead of soothing, rather seemed to aggravate his distress, and he resolved once more to visit Jamaica. Fortune now smiled upon him when he least expected it. One wealthy friend he found returning to Britain, who insisted upon his acceptance of a small annuity; two other friends left him legacies, which rendered him, if not affluent, in some measure independent, and he spent the last fifteen years of his life in Edinburgh, enjoying in serenity its enlightened society, and the love and respect of all who knew him. He died on the 15th of March, 1818.

His productions have been various, both in prose and verse, but his fame will rest principally upon his ballad of "Will and Jean," and his songs. "Will and Jean" may be safely pronounced the first poem of its kind in our language: "Watty and Meg," from which the idea of it was probably taken, has equal truth of colouring, and exhibits greater strength, but comes infinitely short of it in point of elegance and delicacy. His songs, in general, are rich with the glow of love, breathe the utmost tenderness, and the most charming simplicity. I cannot afford room for extracts, but the reader of taste has only to look into them to be delighted; and, to the reader who wants this faculty, his beauties are of a kind too delicate to be laid open by any analysis.

ALEXANDER WILSON was born in Paisley, July the 6th, 1766. He lost his mother in early life; but by his father was destined for the church, and educated accordingly, till a second marriage and a rising family put an end to the project, and he was apprenticed to the profession of a weaver, in his thirteenth year. At eighteen he became his own master, and, from that time appears never to

have returned to the loom but when compelled by necessity. He resided sometime at Lockwinnoch, afterwards at Queensferry, travelled the country as a pedlar and a poet, and landed in America in the month of July, 1794. He had previously published a volume of poems, which exhibited many traits of genius: but, "unstable as water," it was impossible that any of his schemes could succeed. The following anecdote, told of him by one of his friends, marks the unsettled disposition of the man in the strongest colours; and is the more remarkable when contrasted with that astonishing perseverance which he afterwards exhibited. "In the beginning of the year 1794, he came to my school, requesting to be taught some branches of arithmetic, in which he was deficient, in order to qualify him to become a clerk to some merchant or manufacturer. I cheerfully undertook to teach him all I knew, and he sat down at a desk, apparently in good earnest; but before to-morrow another thought had struck him; he never returned to school, and, so far as I recollect, I did not see him again till one evening in the month of May that year, when he called at my lodging to bid me a final farewell." Such, at twenty-eight years of age, was Wilson, who, at forty, sat down to acquire the art of drawing, and patiently persevered till he surpassed all his teachers, and was able to draw and colour the subjects for his American Ornithology, a work which rivals the most splendid of European productions. Such contrasts of character, in the same individual, forcibly arrest the attention of the moralist and the philosopher; but the limits allowed for these cursory notices forbid entering into any inquiry on the subject.

There is a provoking complacency in his letters from America, for a year or two after his arrival, when he speaks of the eating and drinking, the smoking and slumbering, the fine fruits to be had for the pulling, with other *et cetera* that belong merely to animal life, and which the hog enjoys, probably, in greater perfec-

tion than reasoning man. But the energetic mind of Wilson could not long be so debased. He had been restless, he had been unfortunate, and unhappy, because he wanted a proper aim. He at last found one, but it was in a land of barbarians, which offered him no assistance, and held out no encouragement save that of boundless forests for the field of his exertion; where, if he chose to divide empire with the snake of the waste, the wolf and the bear of the forest, the alligator of the flood, and the pestilential vapour of the swamp, no one would hinder him; and he did encounter them; and triumphed over them all, almost in his own individual strength. These would-be philanthropists and philosophers, the Jeffersons, the Madisons, and the Monroes, the governors and the judges of these bragadocio, slave-driving, and swindling republicans, laughed him to scorn; and, with the exception of a few generous individuals, whose kindness he most gratefully acknowledges, he may truly be said to have finished alone a work which does honour both to his natural and his adopted country. How painful his own account of the work, when he had almost finished it! "Owing to its vast expense, this work has ill repaid me for my exertions, you will be surprised when I assure you, that up to this day, I have never shared a single cent of its profits." Severe labour, embarrassed circumstances, and harassed feelings now conspired to impair the constitution of poor Wilson, so as to render him incapable of resisting the attack of a disease which cut him down in the flower of life. In addition to his furnishing the letter-press and the whole of the drawings for the Ornithology, he was obliged to colour many of the prints with his own hand, as he found no assistant equal to a task so delicate. The hours which should have been given to repose were given to the exhausting toil of mental exertion; and, as the nerve and spirit of youth no longer supported his frame, he sunk under the accumulated pressure. He died at Philadelphia, on the 23d of

August, 1813, in the 48th year of his age. His death, probably unexpected, seems to have aroused public feeling, and to have made *even the Americans* ashamed of their conduct towards him, for, his funeral was attended by the clergy of all descriptions, by the scientific characters of the city; and the Columbian Society of Fine Arts, of which he was a member, walked in procession before the hearse, and wore crape round their arms for thirty days afterwards.

Wilson's poems have been several times reprinted, in one volume, and some of his poems have been printed separately too often to be here specified. His "Loss of the Pack," "Laurel Disputed," "Rab and Ringan," "Watty and Meg," particularly the latter, are poems of no ordinary merit. "Watty and Meg" is a painting from real life, true to nature, and dashed, regardless of softening or ornament, with the bold and savage hand of a Rosa. Perhaps there is no poem of the kind extant that can be compared with it for truth of colouring, and, throughout, a sustained unabated vigour. Among the peasantry, who alone are capable to appreciate its merits, it has always been, and probably will ever be regarded as one of the happiest efforts of the Scottish Muse.

Of ROBERT TANNAHILL, who has added so much to Scottish Song, there is almost nothing to be told. He was born in Paisley, June 3d, 1774, bred to the profession of a weaver, and, with the exception of a two years' residence at Bolton, which produced nothing interesting, spent his life in his native town. He was early attached to poetry; but, from a dignified and laudable spirit of independence, pursued it only as a recreation amidst his daily toils, which he seldom or never neglected. His pieces were occasionally published in newspapers and magazines, and to see them inserted in such works was, probably, for many a day the height of his ambition. Songs of his were also from time to time set to music, some of them by his friend Mr. R. A. Smith,

and some of them by Mr. Ross of Aberdeen, and in this way found an extensive circulation, and a most favourable reception. At length he collected them all, and, with some originals, published them in a small volume, which was very favourably received. The song part of the volume was particularly admired, and, from that time, song writing seems to have been his principal study. The applause with which the volume was received, however, the writer of this has reason to think, did not by any means come up to the expectations of the author; and the want of care, the neglect of sound advice, the deceitfulness of friends, and the malice of critics, were common topics of complaint with him ever after. His songs, notwithstanding, increased in celebrity. He continued to add to their number; and, in those additions, reached still higher excellence. To atone for the fault, as he supposed, of his first and rash attempt, he re-wrote his poems, cancelled some, altered others, and added a few which, it is probable, were more highly finished than any of his former productions. The whole were submitted to a bookseller, who, either ignorant of their merit, or afraid to run the risk of the expenses, declined to publish them. This was too much for the poet to bear. The irritability of his temper, which, under much bashfulness, and perhaps a great deal of modesty, was, to the skilful observer, always visible, flamed out all at once into something nearly allied to insanity. His writings of every kind were without discrimination thrown into the fire. His confidence in his friends was entirely destroyed, yet he could not avoid pouring his complaint of malevolence and deceitfulness into the ears of every one of them whom he chanced to meet; and a lamentable scene of dissipation at clubs and masonic meetings, with supposed friends, who have had the brutality, since his death, to detail with wanton merriment the lapses of thought and language into which, in the honest simplicity of his heart, and in the moments of decaying intellect, he fell, brought the life of a man



who was, upon the whole, an ornament to human nature, and an honour to his country, to an end, over which religion weeps, and which shuddering humanity attempts to veil.

In stature Robert Tannahill was rather diminutive, and his appearance was not by any means prepossessing. In the company of strangers he had a degree of bashfulness, which might easily have been construed into suspicion; yet he was truly honest, and, with his friends, open as the day. His education had not been liberal, and his information never became extensive. His powers of conversation were feeble; and, from vanity, or false pride, he had an inveterate antipathy to the company of superiors, where the errors and defects of his education might have been in part corrected, the sphere of his observation enlarged, and his latent powers of expression awakened, and expanded, and strengthened. He supposed himself humble and modest, when he avoided company exalted above him in point of rank or learning, for the little circle of his ordinary acquaintances, where his monosyllables, "few and far between," were heard with all the reverence due to oracular responses. This was indeed the cardinal defect of his character; and this at last, from a fatal combination of circumstances, led to the lamentable catastrophe to which I have already alluded.

In his youth he met with a disappointment in love, which, though the fault seems to have been in a great measure his own, had no doubt much influence upon his after life, as he never again paid his addresses to any of the sex. It would appear that he parted with the object of his love, as he frequently parted with his best friends, from peevish misapprehension—but, with regard to his friends, he soon discovered his error. They were not disposed to notice those little coldnesses into which he was apt to fall, and, of course, he found them still the same. She probably knew him less perfectly; and,

having a deeper interest at stake, became afraid that these fits of coldness would degenerate into fixed dislike; and an opportunity offering of being settled in life, perhaps every way as comfortably, she embraced it, and the poor poet was, in some degree, rendered miserable for life.

Though I have said that his powers of conversation were not shining, no man enjoyed company with a higher relish; and though he spoke little, from that sympathy which he manifested in all that was said, his company was often deeply interesting. When he did speak, it was in praise of depressed merit; to mitigate the censures which the world is always liberal in bestowing upon the unfortunate; against chicanery and oppression, which, of all kinds, he held in the deepest abhorrence; or against faithless friendship, of which he never spoke but with the keenness of one whose heart had been deeply wounded.

Of his works it is unnecessary to say much. The public have already given a judgment upon them, which time may modify, but will, in all probability, never reverse. His poems have little in them either of strong conception or brilliant diction; yet they contain maxims of morality sometimes happily expressed, and specimens of natural and easy versification which may be perused with a considerable degree of pleasure. His songs partake very much of the same character. They discover neither brilliancy of imagination nor intensity of passion; but they are natural and neat, and, in many instances, though not uniformly, easy. In short, their great excellence consists in giving a happy expression to that mediocrity of feeling which, fortunately for themselves, taking mankind on the average, characterizes ninety-nine out of the hundred. They will, of course, be always popular with the many, and, while, the exquisitely tender strains of Macniel, and the spirit-rousing effusions of Burns, are read and perused from an affectation of

superior discernment, from a principle of imitation, or from mere vanity, the songs of Tannahill will be read, and sung, and acted upon, till the incrustations of time render the language of all the three alike unintelligible, and the revolutions of society render their descriptions alike inapplicable.

ALEXANDER ROSS was born in the parish of Kincardine, county of Aberdeen, and educated at the university of the latter place, where he took the degree of A. M. and was settled as parochial schoolmaster at Birse, in his native county. He afterwards removed to Lochlee, in Angus, where he died at the age of 83.

His pastoral tale "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," was published at Aberdeen, 1768, together with a few songs. A second edition appeared in 1778. This work is not without merit, but sadly deformed by coarse vulgarity. The reader may take the following apostrophe to Scotland as a specimen:—

Come, Scots, thou that anes upon a day  
Garr'd Allan Ramsay's hungry heart-strings play  
The merriest sangs that ever yet were sung;  
Pity anes mair, for I'm outhrough as clung.  
'Twas that grim gossip chandler-chafed Want,  
With threadbare claithing and an ambry scant,  
Made him cry on thee to blow thro' his pen,  
Wi' leed that weel might help him to come ben,  
And crack amo' the best o' ilka sex,  
And shape his houghs to gentle bows and becks.  
He wan thy heart, weel wordy o't, poor man!  
Tak yet anither gangrel by the han':  
As gryt's my mister, an' my duds as bare,  
And I as sib as he was ilka hair:  
Mak me but half as canny, there's nae fear,  
Tho' I be auld, but I'll yet gather gear.

JAMES TYTLER, author of "The Bonnie Brucket Lassie," &c. was the son of a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Brechin; and, under the care of his father, acquired an accurate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and an extensive acquaintance with polite literature and scholastic theology. He was apprenticed to a surgeon in Forfar, and afterwards sent to attend the medical classes in Edinburgh. His religious opinions

connected him with a society of Glassites, and involved him in a marriage with a member of the society, which terminated in a separation. He settled as an apothecary for some time at Leith—removed from that to Berwick, and then to Newcastle. In 1772, he returned to Edinburgh, in extreme poverty, and took refuge from the molestations of his creditors within the precincts of Holyrood House. Here his wife deserted him and their five children, and returned to her relations. He was now compelled to become an author by profession, and displayed a versatility of talent, and a facility in writing, unexampled in the history of the press. He commenced with *Essays* on the most important subjects of natural and revealed religion, which issued from the asylum for debtors, under the peculiar circumstances of being composed by him at the printing case, from his own conceptions, and wrought off with his own hands at a press of his own construction.

He soon became known to the booksellers, and from them he obtained constant employment. He was the principal editor of the second edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*; and finished with incredible labour a large proportion of the more scientific treatises and histories, and almost all the minor articles. He had an apartment assigned him in the printing-house, where he performed the offices of compiler and corrector of the press, at a salary of *sixteen shillings a-week!* He was engaged for a third edition at a more liberal salary, and wrote a larger share in the early volumes than the general preface ascribes to him. He conducted for some time with success a manufacturing process for preparing magnesia, of which he was the inventor: but, after he had disclosed the secret to the gentlemen at whose expense it was carried on, he was dismissed, without obtaining any suitable compensation for his services. He was the first in Scotland who adventured in a fire balloon constructed upon the plan of Montgolfier, and thence was complimented with the appellation of Balloon Tytler.

The failure of his balloon scheme deprived him of the public favour, and involved him in new difficulties, and he again had recourse to his pen. He now became a friend of the people, and, under the auspices of the British convention, published a handbill, which rendered him obnoxious to government; and, on a warrant being issued to apprehend him, he fled to America, where he established a newspaper, in connexion with a printer in the town of Salem, state of Massachusetts, which he continued till his death, which happened in the year 1805, in the 58th. year of his age.

RICHARD GALL, author of "My only Jo and Dearie, O," "Captain O'Kean," &c. was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, in the year 1776. He acquired English, writing, and arithmetic, at an early age, in the school at Haddington; and, after trying different trades, was apprenticed, in the year 1789, to Mr. David Ramsay, Printer, Edinburgh, with whom he continued till his death, which happened on the 10th of May, 1801, in the 25th year of his age.

The poetical works of Mr. Gall have just been published, with a copious and well written life of the author subjoined. His songs have long been before the public, and have always been ranked among the best productions of the kind. In his lifetime he was personally acquainted with, and enjoyed the friendship, of Burns and Macnair; and perhaps the highest praise that can be given him, (and it was his highest ambition when in life) is, that his writings bid fair to accompany theirs down to the latest posterity.

The Rev. JOHN SKINNER, author of "Tullochgorum," &c. had the pastoral care of the Episcopal congregation at Longside, a remote parish in the north of Scotland, for nearly 65 years. He died on the 16th of June, 1807, in the arms of his only surviving son, the Right Reverend John Skinner, bishop of the diocese of Aberdeen, at the advanced age of 86. His sorrowing people have erected

a handsome monument to his memory in the churchyard of Longside.

WILLIAM FALCONER, author of the song beginning "The smiling plains profusely gay," and still better known as the author of "The Shipwreck," one of the most beautiful poems in the English language, was born at Edinburgh, about the year 1730. When very young he entered as an apprentice on board a merchant vessel at Leith. He was afterwards employed as a servant by Campbell, the author of *Lexiphanes*, when purser of a ship, who is supposed to have materially improved the rude poet's scholarship, and to have procured him the situation of second mate in a vessel employed in the Levant trade. This vessel, we learn from Falconer himself, was named the *Britannia*, and was, on her voyage from Alexandria to Venice, wrecked on the coast of Greece, near *Cape Colonna*, three only of her crew, of which Falconer was one, being saved. Of his life after this, nothing is certainly known, till he obtained the patronage of Edward Duke of York, by dedicating to him the poem of "The Shipwreck," in the spring of 1762. He had, however, so early as the year 1751, appeared among the poets of his country, to lament the death of Frederick Prince of Wales; but his efforts, on this occasion, do not appear to have attracted much notice. Soon after the publication of "The Shipwreck," he was rated midshipman on board the *Royal George*, but the ship was paid off the following year; and, being advised by his friends to exchange the military for the civil line in the royal navy, he was, in the same year, appointed purser of the *Glory* frigate. About this time, he married a young lady of the name of Hicks, who, his biographer, J. S. Clarke, supposed, was still living, (1806) but where or how he does not say. The death of his patron in 1767, seems to have cast him again on the world, for, at the time of publishing his *Marine Dictionary*, 1769, he was a Garreteer in the metropolis; and partly supported himself by writing in the *Critical*

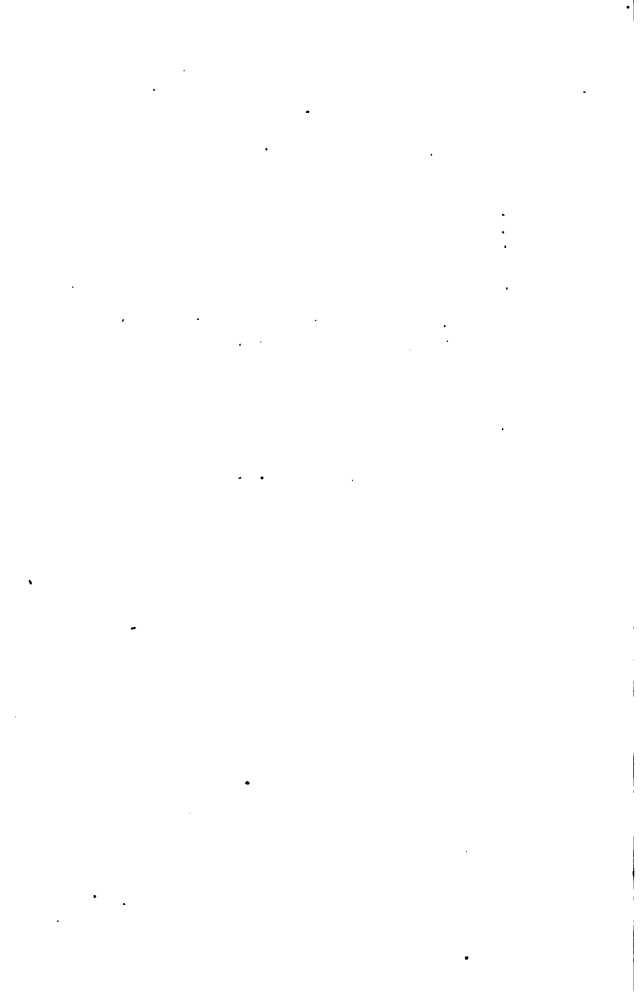
Review, then under the direction of his countryman Mallet, author of "The Birks of Invermay," "William and Margaret," &c. This same year he was appointed purser to the Aurora frigate, captain Lee, which was ordered to convey out to India, Henry Vansittart, Esq. Luke Scrofton, Esq. and Col. F. Forde. To these gentlemen he was also to act as private secretary. The Aurora sailed from England on the 30th of September, 1769, touched at the Cape of Good Hope in December, and was never more seen nor heard of; save that one person, a black, who was examined before the India Directors, on the 19th November, 1773, affirmed, "that he was one of five persons saved from the wreck of the Aurora: that the said frigate had been cast away on a reef of rocks off Mocoa: that he was two years upon an island after he had escaped; and was at length miraculously preserved, by a country ship happening to touch on that island."

"In his person, Falconer was about five feet seven inches in height, of a thin light make, with a dark weatherbeaten complexion, and rather what is termed hard-featured, and considerably marked with the small-pox: his hair was of a brownish hue. In point of address, his manner was blunt, awkward, and forbidding; but he spoke with great fluency, and his simple yet impressive diction reminded his hearers of the terseness of Swift. His disposition was warm and friendly, yet he was fond of controversy, and inclined to satire. In his natural temper he was cheerful, and frequently used to amuse his messmates by composing acrostics on his favourites, in which he particularly excelled. As a professional man, he was a thorough seaman; and, like most of that profession, kind, generous, and benevolent." That he had a sufficient portion of that constitutional gloom which almost always composes a part of the poetic temperament, many parts of his poem abundantly demonstrate. As a very beautiful specimen, the reader may take the following account of himself; and, with it,

**I shall shut up these very imperfect and I fear unsatisfactory notices.**

But what avails it to record a name  
That courts no rank among the sons of fame ;  
Whose vital spring had just begun to bloom,  
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom ?  
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms  
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms ;  
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,  
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower :  
But soon adversity with freezing blast,  
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.  
Forlorn of heart, and, by severe decree,  
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,  
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,  
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.  
Hither he wander'd anxious to explore  
Antiquities of nations now no more ;  
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,  
And range excursive o'er th' untravell'd zone :  
In vain—for rude adversity's command,  
Still on the margin of each famous land,  
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,  
And every gate of hope against him clos'd.





# INDEX.

## VOLUME SECOND.

### AUTHORS.

|                                                            |                        |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|-----|
| Adown winding Nith I did wander, ... ..                    | <i>Burns,</i>          | 6   |
| Adieu, thou darling of my heart, ... ..                    | <i>Bro. T. Russel,</i> | 88  |
| Adieu, my love, yon purpled east, ... ..                   | <i>A. Jamieson,</i>    | 117 |
| Adieu, adieu, my only life, ... ..                         | ...                    | 238 |
| Adieu, a heart-warm fond adieu, ... ..                     | <i>Burns,</i>          | 370 |
| A friend o' mine came here yestreen, ... ..                | ...                    | 275 |
| Ah woe is me! poor Willie cry'd, ... ..                    | ...                    | 36  |
| Ah Scotland, my country, nae mair shall I view, ... ..     | <i>Conroy,</i>         | 232 |
| All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, ... ..              | <i>Gay,</i>            | 44  |
| Alone to the banks of the dark rolling Danube, ... ..      | <i>Campbell,</i>       | 76  |
| Although I be but a kintra lass, ... ..                    | ...                    | 382 |
| Ask me not how calmly I, ... ..                            | ...                    | 65  |
| A slave to love's unbounded sway, ... ..                   | <i>Burns,</i>          | 91  |
| As I came in by Teviot side, ... ..                        | <i>Ramsay,</i>         | 121 |
| As I stood by yon roofless tower, ... ..                   | <i>Burns,</i>          | 183 |
| As Patie came up frae the glen, ... ..                     | ...                    | 322 |
| A southland Jenny that was right bonnie, ... ..            | ...                    | 312 |
| At Willie's weddin' on the green, ... ..                   | ...                    | 315 |
| Auld gudeman ye're a drucken carle, ... ..                 | <i>Capt. Oswald,</i>   | 277 |
| Auld Wattie o' Kebbuckstane brae, ... ..                   | <i>Tannahill,</i>      | 332 |
| A weary month has wander'd o'er, ... ..                    | <i>Waller Scott,</i>   | 167 |
| Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms, ... ..        | <i>Burns,</i>          | 288 |
| Awake, my love, with genial ray, ... ..                    | ...                    | 101 |
| Below, my boy, he still and deep, ... ..                   | ...                    | 102 |
| Behold the hour the boat arrive, ... ..                    | <i>Burns,</i>          | 12  |
| Blaw softly ye breezes, ye streams smoothly murmur, ... .. | <i>Nicol,</i>          | 11  |
| Blythe, blythe, blythe was she ... ..                      | ...                    | 276 |
| But lately seen in gladsome green, ... ..                  | <i>Burns,</i>          | 377 |
| By Cart's gentle stream as I'm pensively straying, ... ..  | <i>R. M' Dougal,</i>   | 81  |
| By yon castle wa' at the close of the day, ... ..          | <i>Burns,</i>          | 184 |
| Can I cease to care, ... ..                                | <i>Burns,</i>          | 46  |
| Care awa' gae thou frae me, ... ..                         | ...                    | 374 |
| Caledonia, my country, thy rivers and fountains, ... ..    | <i>Smith,</i>          | 160 |
| Chanticleer wi' noisy whistle, ... ..                      | ...                    | 197 |
| Charming Sally, ... ..                                     | <i>Ross,</i>           | 132 |

|                                                  |                     |
|--------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Clavers and his Highlandmen, ... ..              | 189                 |
| Come, lovely maid, the balmy gale, ... ..        | <i>Nicol,</i> 18    |
| Coming through the broom at e'en, ... ..         | 192                 |
| Cope sent a challenge frae Dushbar, ... ..       | 213                 |
| Come listen every lord and lady, ... ..          | 235                 |
| Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair, ... .. | <i>Burns,</i> 257   |
| Come gie's a sang the lady cry'd, ... ..         | <i>Skinner,</i> 298 |

|                                                           |                          |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Dear land of my birth, of my friends, and my love, ... .. | <i>Frazer,</i> 225       |
| Dear Bachelor, I've read o'er your billet, ... ..         | <i>Jean Gradden,</i> 343 |
| Down in yon meadow a couple did tarry, ... ..             | 278                      |
| Dorothy sits in the caul' ingle neuk, ... ..              | <i>Tannahill,</i> 284    |
| Drink to me only with thine eyes, ... ..                  | <i>Ben Johnson,</i> 84   |
| Duncan Gray came here to woo, ... ..                      | <i>Burns,</i> 97         |

|                                         |    |
|-----------------------------------------|----|
| Encompass'd in an angel's frame, ... .. | 82 |
|-----------------------------------------|----|

|                                                                |                          |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Farewell thou stream that winding flows, ... ..                | <i>Burns,</i> 39         |
| Fare thee well thou first and fairest, ... ..                  | <i>Burns,</i> 78         |
| Fair lady, have parade and show, ... ..                        | <i>Richardson,</i> 88    |
| Faintly bray'd the battle's roar, ... ..                       | <i>Penrose,</i> 155      |
| Farewell thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, ... .. | <i>Burns,</i> 168        |
| Farewell to Mackenzeth, great earl of the North, ... ..        | <i>Walter Scott,</i> 178 |
| Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong, ... ..                   | <i>Burns,</i> 182        |
| Farewell to a' our Scottish fame, ... ..                       | 216                      |
| Farewell ye streams sae dear to me, ... ..                     | <i>Cunningham,</i> 248   |
| Farewell Scotia's mountains grey, ... ..                       | <i>A. Fullerton,</i> 247 |
| Farewell dear Glencowden, where to a'ry ananures, ... ..       | 366                      |
| Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes, ... ..        | <i>Burns,</i> 60         |
| Forlorn, my love, no comfort near, ... ..                      | <i>Burns,</i> 54         |
| For a' that and a' that, ... ..                                | <i>Burns,</i> 363        |

|                                               |                    |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Gane is the day, and mirk's the night, ... .. | <i>Burns,</i> 270  |
| Get up gudewife, and don your claise, ... ..  | 337                |
| Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land, ... ..      | <i>Ramsay,</i> 297 |
| Gin living worth could win my heart, ... ..   | 15                 |
| Go fetch to me a pint o' wine, ... ..         | <i>Burns,</i> 77   |

|                                                  |                        |
|--------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Harp of Memnon sweetly strung, ... ..            | <i>Montgomery,</i> 152 |
| Here is the glen, and here the bower, ... ..     | <i>Burns,</i> 18       |
| Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie, ... .. | 101                    |
| He that loves a rosy cheek, ... ..               | <i>Carew,</i> 139      |
| Hersell pe aughty cirs and twa, ... ..           | <i>Hogg,</i> 245       |
| Hearken, and I will tell you how, ... ..         | 304                    |
| Hey for bobbing John, ... ..                     | <i>Jamieson,</i> 347   |
| Hey my kitten a kitten, ... ..                   | 354                    |
| How can my poor heart be glad, ... ..            | <i>Burns,</i> 19       |
| How long and dreary is the night, ... ..         | <i>Burns,</i> 25       |
| How sweetly smiles the summer green, ... ..      | <i>Ramsay,</i> 49      |
| How sair my heart hae man shall ken, ... ..      | 129                    |
| How sweetly on Leven's silver streams, ... ..    | <i>Rankin,</i> 130     |
| How fen's te Dick, there's fearfu' news, ... ..  | <i>Anderson,</i> 177   |
| How long hae I a bachelor been, ... ..           | 381                    |

|                                      |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| 'am a young bachelor winsome, ... .. | 341 |
|--------------------------------------|-----|

|                                                              |                        |     |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|-----|-----|
| I carena for your een eae hine, ...                          | ...                    | ... | 128 |
| If hush'd the loud whirwind that ruff'd the deep,            | <i>George Canning,</i> | ... | 252 |
| I hae a wife o' my ain, ...                                  | <i>Burns,</i>          | ... | 363 |
| I had a horse, I had nae mair, ...                           | ...                    | ... | 313 |
| I hae laid a herring in saut, ...                            | ...                    | ... | 331 |
| I met four chaps yon birks amang, ...                        | ...                    | ... | 326 |
| In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,          | <i>Sir H. Erskine,</i> | ... | 145 |
| In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, ...                    | ...                    | ... | 350 |
| In the midst of the sea, like a tough man of war,            | ...                    | ... | 227 |
| I lov'd a lass, a fair one, ...                              | <i>Withers,</i>        | ... | 52  |
| I'll through the lonely valley by yonder spreading tree,     | ...                    | ... | 118 |
| Jockey's taen the parting kiss, ...                          | ...                    | ... | 73  |
| It was the charming month of May, ...                        | <i>Burns,</i>          | ... | 38  |
| It was a' for our rightfu' king, ...                         | ...                    | ... | 126 |
| It fell about the Martinmas time, ...                        | ...                    | ... | 352 |
| It fell on a morning when we were thrang, ...                | <i>Joanna Baillie,</i> | ... | 357 |
| Jockey said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?                  | ...                    | ... | 105 |
| Is this thy plighted, fond regard, ...                       | <i>Burns,</i>          | ... | 43  |
| I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth, ...                 | <i>Burns,</i>          | ... | 272 |
| Is there a heart that never lov'd, ...                       | ...                    | ... | 144 |
| I wish I were where Anna lies, ...                           | <i>W. Gifford,</i>     | ... | 141 |
| I've been courting at a lass, ...                            | ...                    | ... | 100 |
| I've heard a liltin' at our ewes milking, ...                | ...                    | ... | 158 |
| I've a bonnie bit face o' my ain, ...                        | ...                    | ... | 326 |
| I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling, ...              | <i>Mrs. Cockburn,</i>  | ... | 381 |
| Keen blows the win' o'er Donocht head, ...                   | ...                    | ... | 362 |
| Late in an evening forth I went, ...                         | ...                    | ... | 291 |
| Let them boast of the country gave Patrick his fame,         | <i>Hogg,</i>           | ... | 191 |
| Let Bardies tune the rural strain, ...                       | <i>M'Phail,</i>        | ... | 261 |
| Let drunkards sing in praise of wine, ...                    | <i>Charles Gray,</i>   | ... | 266 |
| Little wat ye wha's coming, ...                              | ...                    | ... | 211 |
| Life ay has been a weary roun', ...                          | ...                    | ... | 283 |
| Long the sport of fortune driv'n, ...                        | ...                    | ... | 55  |
| Mary, I believ'd thee true, ...                              | <i>Moore,</i>          | ... | 79  |
| May morning had shed her red streamers on high,              | <i>Hogg,</i>           | ... | 250 |
| Meg mucking at Geordie's byre, ...                           | <i>Nicol,</i>          | ... | 356 |
| 'Mong Scotia's glens and mountains blue, ...                 | <i>Hogg,</i>           | ... | 242 |
| My Chloris, mark how green the groves, ...                   | <i>Burns,</i>          | ... | 27  |
| My days have been so wondrous free, ...                      | <i>Parnell,</i>        | ... | 85  |
| My dear little lassie, why what's a' the matter,             | <i>Nicol,</i>          | ... | 137 |
| My daddy left me gear enough, ...                            | ...                    | ... | 288 |
| My only love, I canna rue, ...                               | <i>Laing,</i>          | ... | 21  |
| My heart is a-breaking, dear tittle, ...                     | <i>Burns,</i>          | ... | 59  |
| My heart is sair, I darena tell, ...                         | ...                    | ... | 64  |
| My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent, ...                  | <i>Byrom,</i>          | ... | 70  |
| My Lord a-hunting he is gane, ...                            | ...                    | ... | 93  |
| My love has built a bonnie ship, and set her on the sea, ... | ...                    | ... | 23  |
| My name it is laigh country Sandy, ...                       | <i>Balfour,</i>        | ... | 199 |
| My name it is Donald M'Donald, ...                           | <i>Hogg,</i>           | ... | 197 |
| My name is Bauldy Fraser, man, ...                           | <i>Hogg,</i>           | ... | 239 |
| My love she's but a lassie yet, ...                          | ...                    | ... | 319 |
| My father has forty gude shillings, ...                      | ...                    | ... | 334 |
| My dearest maid, since you desire, ...                       | ...                    | ... | 375 |

|                                                      |     |     |               |     |     |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|---------------|-----|-----|
| Nancy's to the green wood gane,                      | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 309 |
| Niel M'Creeman's a pra highland piper,               | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 327 |
| Now rosy May comes in with flowers,                  | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 9   |
| Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,        | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 44  |
| Now Spring has clad the groves in green,             | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 48  |
| Now Scotia, her heroes that bathe in her fountains,  | ... | ... | Nicol,        | ... | 220 |
| Now sheath'd is the sword, and the battle is o'er,   | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 232 |
| Now the sun's gane out o' sight,                     | ... | ... | Ramsay,       | ... | 274 |
| Now Sandy the winter's cauld blasts are awa,         | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 364 |
| Now Nature hangs her mantle green,                   | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 379 |
|                                                      |     |     |               |     |     |
| O bonnie buds yon birken tree,                       | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 22  |
| O come, my love, and let us stray,                   | ... | ... | D. M' Millan, | ... | 5   |
| O come awa, come awa,                                | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 112 |
| Och hey, Johnny lad,                                 | ... | ... | Tannahill,    | ... | 114 |
| O came ye here the fight to shun,                    | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 120 |
| O dread was the time, and more dreadful the omen     | ... | ... | Walter Scott, | ... | 163 |
| Of all the torments, all the care,                   | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 27  |
| Of all the girls that are so smart,                  | ... | ... | H. Carey,     | ... | 36  |
| Of all the gay flowers on the Don blooming fair,     | ... | ... | Wood,         | ... | 99  |
| Of Nelson and the North,                             | ... | ... | Campbell,     | ... | 160 |
| O for my ain king, quo' gude Wallace,                | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 217 |
| O great were thy heroes, Marengo and Lodi,           | ... | ... | J. Ross,      | ... | 168 |
| O gude ale comes and gude ale goes,                  | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 271 |
| O gin my luv'e were yon red rose,                    | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 99  |
| Oh open the door some pity to show,                  | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 120 |
| O how can I be blythe and glad,                      | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 80  |
| O heard ye e'er o' a silly blin' harper,             | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 344 |
| O Helen, when I think on thee,                       | ... | ... | D. M' Millan, | ... | 10  |
| Oh where's the plague in love,                       | ... | ... | Bradley,      | ... | 33  |
| O haud awa, bide awa,                                | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 113 |
| O I hae lost my silken snood,                        | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 123 |
| O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,                      | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 216 |
| O light is the heart and the e'e,                    | ... | ... | Laing,        | ... | 8   |
| O look not thus woful, my wanderings recounting,     | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 138 |
| O leeze me on my spinning wheel,                     | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 365 |
| O my luv'e's like a red red rose,                    | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 66  |
| O Mary, ye'se be clad in silk,                       | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 128 |
| On Whitsunday morning,                               | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 24  |
| Once the harp through the vallies of Erin resounded, | ... | ... | Trotter,      | ... | 234 |
| On Linden when the sun was low,                      | ... | ... | Campbell,     | ... | 143 |
| O once I lov'd a bonnie lass,                        | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 92  |
| O Phely, happy be that day,                          | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 92  |
| O poortith cauld and restless love,                  | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 96  |
| O saw ye my dear, my Phely,                          | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 24  |
| O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn,        | ... | ... | Ramsay,       | ... | 60  |
| O sweet in the calm dewy gloaming,                   | ... | ... | Laing,        | ... | 11  |
| O tell me Harper wherefore slow,                     | ... | ... | Walter Scott, | ... | 168 |
| O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,                        | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 301 |
| Our auld forbears when o'er their yill,              | ... | ... | M' Phail,     | ... | 258 |
| O what a plague is love,                             | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 30  |
| O wert thou in the cauld blast,                      | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 67  |
| O wha is she that loves me,                          | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 69  |
| O whistle and I'll come to you my lad,               | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 95  |
| O waly waly up yon bank,                             | ... | ... | ...           | ... | 106 |
| O when shall I visit the land of my birth,           | ... | ... | Montgomery,   | ... | 251 |
| O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,                      | ... | ... | Burns,        | ... | 362 |

|                                                          |     |                  |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----|------------------|-----|
| O why should old age so much wound us, O!                | ... | Skinner,         | 361 |
| Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,                  | ... | Ramsay,          | 61  |
| Rob's Jock came to woo our Jenny,                        | ... | ...              | 320 |
| Red gleams the sun on yon hill top,                      | ... | ...              | 194 |
| Rin saftly thou stream through the wild spangl'd valley, | ... | ...              | 125 |
| Sae flaxen were her ringlets,                            | ... | Burns,           | 22  |
| Saw ye Johnnie coming quo' she,                          | ... | ...              | 105 |
| Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,                    | ... | Gall,            | 372 |
| Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,                          | ... | Burns,           | 147 |
| See my country's banners fly,                            | ... | Nicol,           | 219 |
| Should auld acquaintance be forgot,                      | ... | ...              | 256 |
| Shepherds have you seen my Sally,                        | ... | Ross,            | 133 |
| Should auld acquaintance be forgot,                      | ... | Ramsay,          | 377 |
| Sing a' ye bards wi' loud acclaim,                       | ... | Glen,            | 164 |
| Since my uncle's dead I've lads anew,                    | ... | J. Brown,        | 110 |
| Sit ye down here my cronies, and gie us your crack,      | ... | Watson,          | 267 |
| Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature,          | ... | Burns,           | 26  |
| Surrounded wi' bent and wi' heather,                     | ... | A. Scott,        | 228 |
| Summer is come in,                                       | ... | ...              | 373 |
| Sweet are the charms of her I love,                      | ... | B. Booth,        | 42  |
| Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds,               | ... | W. Gifford,      | 140 |
| Tarry woo, tarry woo,                                    | ... | ...              | 369 |
| There was a lass and she was fair,                       | ... | Burns,           | 3   |
| The eastern clouds were fring'd wi' gowd,                | ... | Nicol,           | 13  |
| Thine am I, my faithful fair,                            | ... | Burns,           | 16  |
| The winter's gane, the storms are past,                  | ... | R. M'Leese,      | 47  |
| The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,                   | ... | Burns,           | 68  |
| Tho' for seven years and more honour should reave me,    | ... | Ramsay,          | 63  |
| This is no mine ain house,                               | ... | Ramsay,          | 66  |
| Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,   | ... | Burns,           | 75  |
| The shadows of eve 'gan to steal o'er the earth,         | ... | ...              | 78  |
| There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,           | ... | Burns,           | 94  |
| There's braw lads on Yarrow braes,                       | ... | Burns,           | 98  |
| The night had gently edg'd away,                         | ... | R. Hatrick,      | 116 |
| The cowslips sweet the banks adorn,                      | ... | A. Jamieson,     | 147 |
| The splendours of the evening sky,                       | ... | W. Allan,        | 119 |
| The sweetest lass the sun shone on,                      | ... | Smyth,           | 134 |
| The gowan-glitters in the sward,                         | ... | Joanna Basillie, | 142 |
| They lighted a taper at the dead of night,               | ... | Campbell,        | 158 |
| Thou sword of true valour, though dim be thy hae,        | ... | J. Finlay,       | 166 |
| The forest of Glenmore is drear,                         | ... | Walter Scott,    | 175 |
| There once was a day, but old time then was young,       | ... | Burns,           | 184 |
| The chevalier being void of fear,                        | ... | Skirvin,         | 192 |
| The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,   | ... | Burns,           | 196 |
| There's some say that we wan,                            | ... | ...              | 201 |
| The sun sets in night and the stars shun the day,        | ... | Mrs. J. Hunter,  | 221 |
| There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,            | ... | Campbell,        | 238 |
| Thou dark winding Carron once pleasing to see,           | ... | Tannahill,       | 224 |
| The heath-cock crew o'er muir and dale,                  | ... | Nicholson,       | 178 |
| The evening shade around is spread,                      | ... | Glass,           | 259 |
| There was a wee bit wifukie was coming frae the fair,    | ... | Dr. Geddes,      | 264 |
| There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,                          | ... | Duke of Gordon,  | 281 |

|                                               |     |     |                  |     |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----|-----|------------------|-----|
| There's could hail in Aberdeen,               | ... | ... | ...              | 280 |
| The meal was dear shortsyne,                  | ... | ... | ...              | 307 |
| The widow can bake and the widow can brew,    | ... | ... | Ramsay,          | 326 |
| The bride came out o' the byre,               | ... | ... | ...              | 317 |
| The brankit lairds o' Galloway,               | ... | ... | ...              | 280 |
| The warld has cross enough o' will,           | ... | ... | Jamieson,        | 340 |
| The boatie rows, the boatie rows,             | ... | ... | M'Euen,          | 359 |
| The gloomy night is gathering fast,           | ... | ... | Burns,           | 368 |
| The lovely lass of Inverness,                 | ... | ... | Burns,           | 381 |
| 'Tis not a cheek that boasts the ruby's glow, | ... | ... | Rev. T. Russell, | 87  |
| 'Tis I have seven braw new gowns,             | ... | ... | ...              | 311 |
| Tibby Fowler in the glen,                     | ... | ... | ...              | 329 |
| To all you ladies now at land,                | ... | ... | Duke of Dorset,  | 73  |
| Toll for the brave,                           | ... | ... | Cowper,          | 241 |
| 'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin,     | ... | ... | Burns,           | 47  |
| 'Twas at the shining mid-day hour,            | ... | ... | ...              | 335 |
| The pauky auld carle came o'er the lea,       | ... | ... | King James V.    | 285 |
| There came a young man to my daddy's door,    | ... | ... | ...              | 290 |
| The carle he came o'er the craft,             | ... | ... | Ramsay,          | 298 |
| The dotted auld carle came o'er the craft,    | ... | ... | Jamieson,        | 294 |
| The carle he came o'er the craft,             | ... | ... | Laing,           | 295 |

|                                                          |                 |                     |                   |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|---------------------|-------------------|-----|
| Was is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e,               | ...             | ...                 | Burns,            | 84  |
| Weel may we a' be,                                       | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 282 |
| While some to distant regions sail,                      | ...             | ...                 | Nicol,            | 7   |
| Where are the joys I have met in the morning,            | ...             | ...                 | Burns,            | 15  |
| When love's pleasing passion in life's cheerful morning, | ...             | ...                 | Nicol,            | 17  |
| Why tell thy lover,                                      | ...             | ...                 | Burns,            | 55  |
| When innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,            | ...             | ...                 | Ramsay,           | 56  |
| When I think on my lad I sigh and am sad,                | ...             | ...                 | Ramsay,           | 68  |
| Where low the winding Lemno fa's,                        | ...             | ...                 | Laing,            | 80  |
| When thy beauty appears in thy graces and air,           | ...             | ...                 | Parnell,          | 83  |
| When love with unconfined wings,                         | ...             | ...                 | Lovelace,         | 86  |
| When January winds were blowing cauld,                   | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 90  |
| What ails this heart o' mine,                            | ...             | ...                 | Mrs Blamire,      | 100 |
| When merry hearts were gay,                              | ...             | ...                 | Macnicol,         | 108 |
| Where Eak its silver current leads,                      | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 194 |
| Where, Genius of my country, where,                      | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 170 |
| Why rises the murmur thus solemn and slow,               | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 174 |
| When we went to the field of war,                        | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 186 |
| When war had broke in on the peace o' auld men,          | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 187 |
| When our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,       | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 188 |
| When nature with wild flowers bespang'd the mountains,   | ...             | ...                 | Cunningham,       | 238 |
| When William Tell was doom'd to die,                     | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 232 |
| While Monseer is trowing our nation he'll ruin,          | ...             | ...                 | R. Hatrick,       | 246 |
| When Britain first at Heaven's command,                  | ...             | ...                 | J. Thomson,       | 256 |
| When I hae a saxpence under my thumb,                    | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 255 |
| When poortith cauld and sour disdain,                    | ...             | ...                 | Tannahill,        | 289 |
| While fops in saft Italian verse,                        | ...             | ...                 | President Forbes, | 300 |
| Wha wadna be in love,                                    | ...             | ...                 | ...               | 349 |
| Wide o'er Bannock's heathy wold,                         | ...             | ...                 | Cunningham,       | 225 |
| Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,                            | ...             | ...                 | Burns,            | 303 |
| Willie was a wanton wag,                                 | Wm. Walkinshaw, | Esq. of Walkinshaw, | ...               | 516 |

|                                                   |     |     |              |     |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|--------------|-----|
| Ye flowers that so lately fresh blooming and gay, | ... | ... | ...          | 112 |
| Ye sweet scented primroses deck'd out sae braw,   | ... | ... | A. Morrison, | 138 |

|                                                       |           |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-----|
| Ye mariners of England, ... ..                        | Campbell, | 149 |
| Ye warlike men with tongue and pen, ... ..            | ...       | 214 |
| Ye sons of the brave who erst conquer'd at Cressy, .. | ...       | 231 |
| Young Roger of the Mill, ... ..                       | ...       | 28  |
| Young Jockey was the blythest lad, .. ..              | Burns,    | 83  |

---

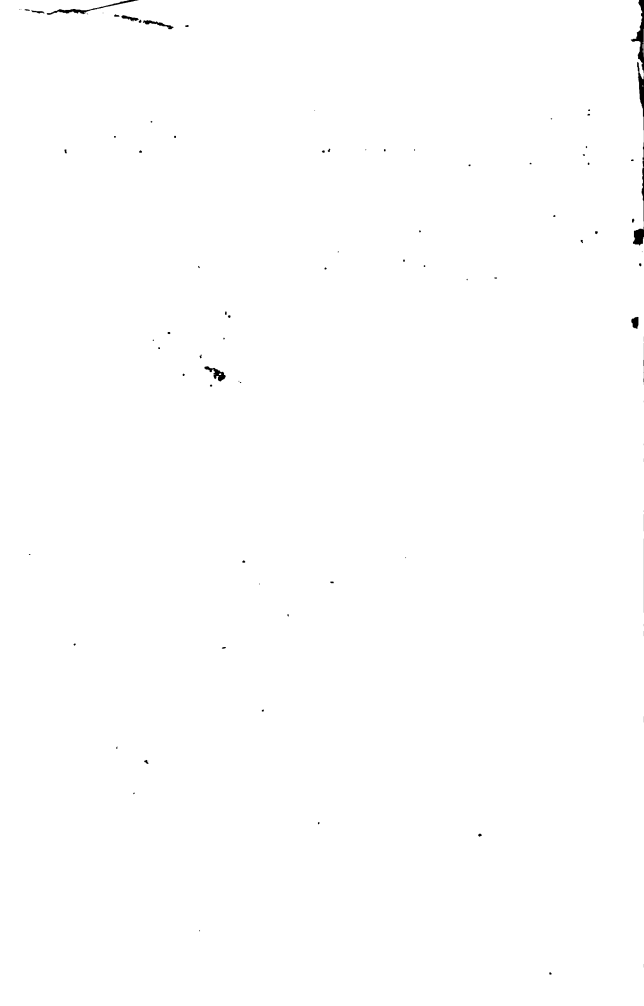
N. B. The Songs marked with the letters *O* and *Z*, the additions to *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut*, and the *Dirge on the Death of Sir John Moore*, are by the Editor.

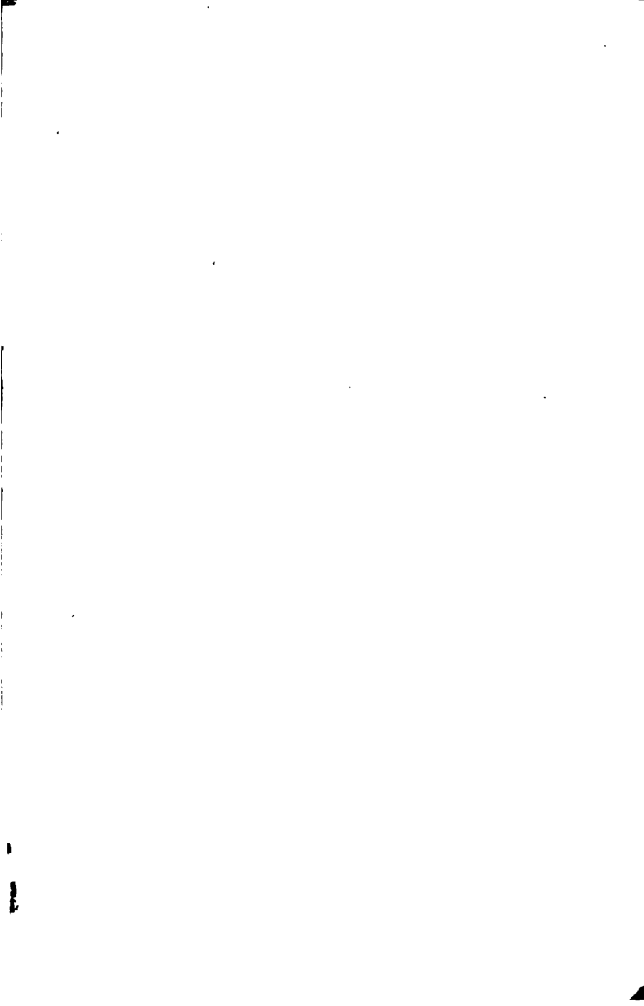
END OF VOL. II.

---

Khull, Blackie, & Co. Printers,  
Glasgow.











3 2044 019 211 887

